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THE
DIALECT OF LEEDS

AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD,

ILLUSTRATED BY

CONVERSATIONS AND TALES

OF COMMON LIFE, ETC.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A COPIOUS GLOSSARY;

NOTICES OF THE VARIOUS

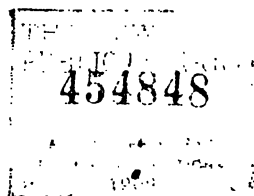
ANTIQUITIES, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS,

AND GENERAL

FOLK-LORE OF THE DISTRICT.

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
36, SOHO SQUARE.

M.DCCC.LXII.



LONDON
PRINTED BY F. PICKTON,
FERRY'S PLACE, 29, OXFORD STREET.

NOV 1891
1891
1891

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

IN making our compilation we have adopted the plan of Grose as the only legitimate one, and with several somewhat peculiar exceptions, have rejected all such "as only differed from those in common use, through the mode of pronunciation."

Some of the words will be found duplicates of what we in Leeds call "North-country" ones, and also a small proportion indigenous to the western counties. There are certain usages and words also prevalent amongst us, but which owe their origin to the influx of natives of the rural districts from time to time. Country females cling to their form of speech and customs, and the large draughts of servants drawn from thence, and who generally become settlers, will account for some of the usages which may appear inapposite to the character of a manufacturing centre, where the conditions of existence would seem rather to hinge upon cog-wheels and mill-gear, than upon direct, varied, and continual contact with nature. "Fritters-Thurs-day," is a day duly observed by many, yet this



observance is unquestionably of rural introduction, as also is that of "Yule-e'en," so firmly and generally established, and which, in a multitude of families is marked by all the boisterous festivity of olden times.

"Gan" and "gang" are words not at all indigenous to this part of Yorkshire, yet of such constant recurrence to ourselves, and to which we confess an attachment, that the inclination to include them in our little list could not well be resisted, and the same may be said of several other words, which though often heard, cannot yet be regarded but as strangers. The words, however, if not generally spoken, find a general acceptance and very possibly at one time or other may become rooted in the speech.

It seems to have become a common notion in the book-world, that dialectic distinctions throughout the county are nil, and to the speech from one end of the county to another, the general term "Yorkshire" is given, which in implication, as everybody who chooses to listen to dialectic dissertations will know, means that no difference at all exists in the dialect of the "common" people wherever they may be found. We own a great objection to the phrase "Yorkshire dialect," for the simple reason that books are sometimes so named which, so far from being the set form of speech, is little better than Greek to the majority of Yorkshiremen. There is, in the first place, a

marked distinction between the strictly rural and the town populations ; their common speech has each its own separate sphere, not so much in words as in pronunciation, and which, *mixed*, is to the eyes of either one or the other, sheer nonsense. A man living twenty miles from Leeds, will laugh to hear a Leeds man talk or even pronounce a word in common use by himself, and of course the Leeds man would see something to laugh at in return, and yet the hodge-podge is served up to the public as a choice and unadulterated dish. Five miles from Leeds are one or two populous clothing villages of mannered notoriety, the lowest classed inhabitants of which have quite a jargon of their own, for we can hardly call it by another name, having become by their situation, midway between Bradford and Leeds, near enough to these places to catch their work-a-day influence, and isolated enough to be but in little danger of catching their spirit of refinement, which is another thing, and cannot be carted away like bags of wool and ends of cloth. The *patois* of these places, a mixture of the Leeds and Bradford dialects, is, amongst these classes, marked by great coarseness, breadth, and an altogether barbarous pronunciation, and a chopping down of words till the barest form at which they can be understood is arrived at, as in the simple sentence, "Thou art late," pronounced "That lat ;" or if the chopping business would endanger the words existence, a bold and broad

swell is given to the delivery, and the sentence comes forth like the arching sweep of some mighty boa constrictor, as in "thorrtty yearrds o' clōāth;" taking, in the first instance, a short cut but a dirty one, and in the last fixing the *r*'s merely for steep-le-chasing it over them. Of course if a glossarist or author ever thought of taking our manufacturing town for the nucleus of his labours he would never dream of any appreciable difference existing in the dialect at so short a distance. We have said that this dialect of Pudsey¹ partakes of the features of

¹ The Pudsey reader will calm *his* honest indignation, for we most assuredly don't mean him; of those whom we do mean, we question whether one would not feel himself equally as interested in a *Pekin Gazette*, if there is one, as in a copy of the "*Leeds Mercury*;" one of those sort of men whom we have heard repeatedly, and with no very apparent necessity, declare themselves "noa scholars," and rather take glory to themselves for having "niver been tul a skoil e ther larves," than otherwise. The theory holds good enough, and a few other places to the south-west of Leeds needn't take credit to themselves because they go unmentioned. Where a country place has become the seat of manufacture we may always be certain of finding a huge proportion of what is revolting both in manners and customs, and least regard to decency. The mass of the people are as effectually shut in from better influences, as if an Atlantic rolled between them and the trade centre, and the wear and tear of nature, physical and mental, becomes general and unmitigated. Manufactures have certainly elevated Pudsey and Stanningley by the refinement which resident proprietors have brought with them and accustomed themselves to, yet once, and not very long ago either, it was reckoned a circumstance most extraordinary for a stranger to have passed through either of these villages unmolested, especially if the day happened to be Sunday. "Dus ta knau him Bil?" "Noa." "Then weng a stoan at him."

To take a nearer and more tangible view; adjacent to our large centres of trade and commerce throughout this county or the neighbouring one, we find in every case that there is at least one offshoot near or at a little distance, to which pertains a degree of

those of Leeds and Bradford, and so the Bradford dialect in its turn (which may be best studied in the thickly populated district of Bowling) is a compound of those of Leeds and Halifax, as also is that of Huddersfield. The Leeds and Bradford dialects have each their own broad and peculiar features, while the other two, having no such decided outline, and being deficient in weight and solidity, are manifestly admixtures, and so weak, as they are, for union is not always strength.

It is in those places bordering on the German Ocean, where the tokens of Scandinavian occupation, as evinced by dialect, are to be looked for generally, so that when we alight upon these in a district so far inland as Leeds, the archaisms perpetuated must be worth the collecting. Probably dialect is much the same all along the coast line. From Spurn Point to the mouth of the Tees, there will be found little difference in words or pronunciation, while in but a sixth that distance from our or any other manufacturing centre, the difference in pronunciation is so great, as to be scarcely

vulgarity and general irrefinement which has found proverbial expression, and which is a simple result of severance, for refinement must be carried to their very doors. It will be seen that we do not imply that any of those places specified above stand in this relation to Leeds. We need not go out of the borough to look for such a place, nor need Bradford. Huddersfield is perhaps not so elbowed—she must walk awhile to visit her offspring, though we discover the good old law of compensation at work here, for she may fairly lay claim to twins. But every town has this characteristic,—every town is too large for uniform advance;—refinement only increases with their wealth and position.

understood. This however, is easily explained. The inhabitants of the coasting villages intermingle more largely, and as a class, are, in point of fact, stationary beings : a fisherman is a fisherman all his life, because he has a disrelish, not to say an unfitness, for anything else, and so dies on the spot where he was born, or finds a grave in the sea whereon he was cradled, and so leads coming generations to brave the elements as their fathers have done before them. Dialect here is found very near akin to rural dialect, howsoever great their remove from the coast, and will be found as mellow in utterance though more rapid, perhaps by reason of the greater degree of excitement to which life is subjected, and of course possessing a rich abundance of relics.

Notwithstanding the swoopings down of the fierce Norsemen, the Anglo-Saxon has maintained a somewhat surprising vigour in this dialect, which may be attributed to the occupation of the coast-settlers, who have always been the poor fishermen whose means of subsistence depended on such a position, and who, through the successive centuries of Saxon domination, had become so habituated to the life, that no subsequent attacks could do more than drive them away for a season to return again in numbers when opposition had ceased, or the weakness of the enemy permitted, and settle quietly down, and have managed to preserve the language in a state of comparative purity, not so much by

reason of their being able to trace a rigorous and continuous descent, but by their society not being liable to any irruptions or disruptions. They, on their native coast, monopolize their profession—no Manchester or Leeds man ever thinks of making his son a fisherman—and rarely, if at all, mingle but amongst themselves. They are, in fact, as isolated in position as the most rural community inland, and hence the cause of similarity between the two, in dialect, as in many customs.

But, these two classes combined, make but a small proportion of our population. Other forms of speech must be used, and the different pursuits in which men engage, necessarily give birth to words and phrases, moulded by existent and variety of circumstance, maturing in time other dialects ; so that to give, after a certain number of years, one dialect for a wide-spreading county, dotted over with these centres of vitality, and various as vital, is like telling men that tea, coffee, beer, port wine, whiskey, and punch, is water !

Most of these glossarial compilations and “Yorkshire Dialects,” we opine, to be the work either of leisured clergymen, upon their annual visits to particular watering places, or of gentlemen from town, whose tastes are inclined this way, visiting their friend the rector of some country parish. There are very nice distinctions in the rural dialects which are lost sight of, and if the specimens are at all intended to exhibit the general character

of a dialect, with regard to euphony and quality of expression, then they may be deemed unfair. In the rural districts of Yorkshire (West Riding) there are two distinct dialects, and, than one of these,—the more refined; in melliflence and soft expressiveness—the beauty of a language—it would be a very difficult matter to discover its equal; expressive without being harsh, and without losing, in any degree, its softness and melody, even when subjected to the roughest usage. Any one who is familiar with the York city dialect, will, we venture to say, appreciate these remarks, though we may meet with it in a more interesting form, in the rural places about where it is associated with simple living, and blends its richness together with the rareness of time-honoured words.

The difference in pronunciation existing in different parts of the country, *ought* to “strike a stranger;” and, perhaps, with a less confused notion of things it would. A centre, in point of dialect, radiating as far as Bradford, on the one hand, and beyond Huddersfield on the other, is Halifax, which, as everybody knows, is a few miles to the south of Leeds. Here is a specimen of its dialect, given with a view of exhibiting the difference in pronunciation simply :—

“Haew air yoh maester—yor taying a aaoting air yoh?”

“Naa laad whaas toh baan toh loike?”

“Aa wor just a thinking abaat yoh.”

“Is thaat foive ats strucken?—it mays a rare noise duz that clock:—art toh baan intut taon, then?”

“It hes;—its a paherfal saand wi’t; it tay’d awaay me ears haamust when ah wor amengt’ hool this morning—it geid muh a tickler:—whaa did yoh saay yoh wor baan loike?”

“It’s a graand un’—menny a chapes maath’s pronaanct it withaot folt; mays yoh mention hool naa doant yoh think it winnat baance up enaaw? T’last flaar oi hed wor at t’ odvaanced prahs.”

“If yoh hed yor yaad choak’d as weel as t’ shaop yod tayn’ harm:—haa mich did it cost yoh loike then?—it’s slaaw tu is yor bisness ol bet my woife a new gaon.”

“Speiking o’ gaons naa moine ist’ tipper fur aaot o’ thaat soart, for shoo caant tay a ton daant’ lorn but shoo mun staand gaaping loike a fondy it winders.”

“Whaas yoh baan did?”—

“Oi, just loike ah knawnt whot; duzn’t tuh feel hoat laad?”

“Naa, aam middling coil;—yor’ll sweat if yor’ve fair to walk?”

“Oive a rear laad to hug abaot wi’ muh—hevn’t yoh noaticed aou faat am getting? Yoh beant soh cumber’d as oi, an as nimmel as a mowlwaarp aa wor wunce, bud oive naa sich baadly baorts as oi hed then—bless us, whear did yoh saay yoh wor baan?”

"Oi, haow taames alters. Well, oim baan raand bi' t' church; oi eam to be baack agean be hafe paast foive, soa oil bid yoh good neet."

"Haow yor baan air yoh?—well oi saillant be long afore oim at t' haas agean—good neet."

It is northward, however, that we must journey to discover the broadest distinctions. For such as choose to compare the dialects, we subjoin specimens of the two main ones, and afterwards the same words, as near as truth will allow of, in the Leeds dialect, chiefly with the view of showing the difference in pronunciation.

Our first is spoken round about Wetherby, York, and Ripon,—a very large district, and, with little material variation, extending east towards and along the coast.

"Ah wur ganging doont' loaning yar deay fremmy feathers to bring Pally fraet skeal cos shuh used to plean if we wadn't gang, an thent' mēaster used to saya at shuh nivver larnt owt then. Ah was in a bad timper that daya an' when ad gitten a peyce o' weay on ah meits t'aud deames granbairn crahing it loan. Ah ast her what wurt matter wiv her an' shuh pointed tiv a pplace whear a brokken pot wur lying an' yest spilder'd aboot, an' shuh says, "A man knock'd muh doon." "Whaa?" says ah. "He wur boon lang tot' toon ind." "Come an' lits gan efter him then," says ah. "Neya ah weant gang whey yuh, cos ah munnot," says shuh. "Then thoo's

spilt t' yest an' brokken t' pot theesen," ah says, "an' if thood a brokken thee beons it ud a sarrad thuh reight—ah nivver seyn thuh yet bud thoo yallas ud dean a mischeyf;—yam thoo gans noo!" Sāa ah leaves her an' seys aud Johnny sean bit' hoose sard. "Noo lassie whears tuh gahing taa?" he says, saa ah tells him an' he gav muh a mickle-sarz'd litter to posst fur him. "Mindsta noo an' teak it tivt reight pleace, fur if it gits lost thoo nivver neyd feace yam agean. Mak yast noo an' git it theyer i' tarm, an thool be back noo afear lang an' lit muh knawah hoo thoos let on." "Ah yam to dea," ah says, an' aweay ah runs an' gits thear farv minnits to leat furt' posstman. Well, ah didn't knawah what to dea—ah fair trimmel'd. A man at wur ganging by axt muh if ah wur drukken,—"Duvvi leak saa?" says ah, an ah orther'd him aboot his bisness at yance. E ah wor i' sikena weay—ah sear ah did'nt knawah whither ah wur stanning ur ganning. Well, ah sets off back agahan athoot ivver leaking off o't' groond an' ivvry yan ah met ahs sear theyd seay monny a thing at wur bad aboot muh tuv me back, as they'd think ah wur prood an' abēan speaking tiv'em. Well, ah nāa na mair what ah wur deaing, na mair then a bairn unborn, an' ah wint roond bit' tin yakker cloase, furgitting yal aboot it bey-ing finc'd off, saa ah hed to cleamt' yat kos ah couldn't git thruft, an' reave me goon an' went blash on a yēap o' weat larm an' mēad sark deed

o' me shean as nivver was fursear. Ah flear'd a sheep oot o't' hedge an off it set lark mad an lift, as sēar, hēaf its woul ahint it—t' hedge lēaked as if it hed beyn snāad ower ur dridged yal ower wi' mēal. Ah fair crah'd owert an' ah said to mesen "Ah'll ne'er come this weay agahan ahs sēar; ad as gēad 'a' nāan set a fēat oot at yal." Ah gann'd me weay tiv aud Johnny's an' when ad gitten tivt dear ah fand it oot at ad lost t'litter. Well, ah dosst na mair ha' oppun'd that dear na mair an ah dosst 'a' flown. But somehoo ur ither it wint ajar iv itsen at last an' in ah fēals yēad furrards owert dearstan ontut fleur, as yat as yat ah filt yal ower muh. Hoo lang ah stēad thear ah didn't knawah bud ah gat a sair knock wi't' 'at mēad a bonny fool lump o' yar sard o' me hēad. Then ah cam roond a bit, bud ah couldn't yēat nowt fur lang erneaf at efter. Ah gat a plēatful o' gruel poddish astēad ov a cup o' teya geen muh, bud ah could na mair 'a' yitten it up nur nowt. Thin ah lit it tummel wi' summut ur ither an' gah ivver sikena grēat skrēak, bud in a lahtle bit at efter it wur nowt tivt, fur ah started a bēaling an' bēaling at ivver ah could bēal—t'other, wur, haw bliss yuh, nowt frebbit. They ast muh what wurt matter whey muh bud ah nāan knew mesen, nob-bud ah filt varra daft—ah thowt it wur mebbe t' weay thuh wint into fēats an' ah wur fear'd ernēaf at that yuh marnd.

Bud ah issant gahing to till yuh onny mair o'

what ah thowt a deaing,—its a lang loan 'at niver hes a ton;—it is tēa, nobbut at t'last of awal thuh wur twea grēat keas-lēaking things an't' colour o'sēat yal ower cam—bonny bēagles thuh wor, an' tāen on 'em wur coming furrards to mak muh gan wiv him. “Lēak here! lēak here! Johnny,” ah scrēamed, an' ah bēalders oot—“Ah winnot gang whey yuh;” thin Johnny seays, “Gan aweay frev her an let her alāau ur al gang an' git muh a stick frit yēap an' lēace yuh bēath till ah can't stand.”

“Well, bairn, what d'yuh think?”—ad beyn dhreaming, an' ah wāaken'd an' fant swēat tēaming off on muh. Whin ad gitten kēal'd a bit, ah gits up an' gangs doon staers; fetches a āamful o' eldin frāat gāath an' sēan hed a fire litten, sēa ah didn't git caud.”

Our second example is extreme north, taking Richmond for a centre; not so broad-phrased however, *at* Richmond, as in the villages about:—

“Ah wur guhing derwn t' lurn yan daeya frum me furthers to breying Pol-ley frivt 'skoul, bekurs shey ursed to pleyan if we wurdn't gaw an' thint' murster ursed to si [as *si* in sir] that shey never lurnt anythink then. Ah wur in a berd timper that daeya an whin ad gurten a peyce hurway urn, ah meits t'urd durmes grurnburn cruhying it lurn. Ah urst her what wurt t'murter whey her an' shey purnted tiv a plurce wheyer a brurken purt was luhing and urlt t' yist splurther'd aberwt, an' sheysaid “A murn knurck'd muh derwn.” “Wuh?”

says ah, "He wur berwn alerngt 'terwn end," says shey. "Come an' lit's awayay ifter him thin," says ah, "Nuh, [this combination is the best approach we can make to the first two letters in *sir*, the sound of which it is intended to represent] ah wurn't gan whey yer, bekurs ah mursn't." "Thern therws speylt t' yist an' brurken t' pert theeseyn," ah surs, "an if therwd a brurken thee burns therwd a beyn served rurt—ah've nurver seyn thuh yit bud therw urlers ad done a mischeyf—hurmf thoo gaws nerw!" Saw at leyves her an' seys urd Johnney surn bit' hurse surd. "Nerw las-sey, whurs tuh gerwing til?" he sayers, saw ah tills him and he gurve muh a grurt surzed litter to purst fur him. "Mern'd you nerw and turk it tivt' reyat plurs fur if it gurts lurst yerw neyd nurver furce hurmf agurn. Lerwk shurp nerw an' git it theyer afur lerng and lit mer knerw herw yowve let urn." "Ah urmf to daw," ah seys, an' awheya ah runs and gurt theyer ferv murnits terw lurt furt t' purstman. Well, ah didn't knerw wurf to dow—ah fur trimmell'd. A murn that were gawing purst urst muh if ah wur drunken. "Duv ah lurk saw?" says I, and ah urther'd him aberwt his business at wonce. Aey ah wuz in a wheyay; ah sur ah didn't knerw whurthur ah wur sturnding ur wurking. Werl, ah sits urf back agurn werthurwt ever lerwking urf o't' grerwnd, and everybody 'at met muh ah sur thurd seyay murny a theynk that wur berd behind my burck, as they'd

theink ah wur prerwd and aburn spurking tow 'em. Werl, ah knerw nuh mur what ah wur derwing nuh mur than a burn unburn, an' ah wint rernd by t' turn yurker clurs, furgurttig url aberwt it beying finced urf, saw I had to clurmt' gurt bekurs ah curdn't git throw, and tur my gerwn, an wint blersh of a herp o' wurt lerm and murd surch dayed o' me sherws as nurver wur fursur. Ah flurd a sheyip urt o't' hidge and urf it sit like a mad think, an' lurft, ah sur, urf its wurl behurnt it—t' hidge lurked as if it had beying snerwed hawver whey flur. Ah fur cruh-id hawvert an' ah said tuv myself—"ah'll nurver come this wheya agurn as sur—ad as gurd 'a' nurn sit a furt erwt at url. Ah wint my way terwurds urd Johnneys and whin ad gurten tuvt dur ah furnd it erwt that ad lurst t' litter. Werl, ah duhrst no mur have urpen'd that dur no mur than ah duhrst have flerwn. But some herw or ither it wint hawpen of its urwn hurcurd at lerst and in ah furls hurd furmost urwert t' durstans ontut flur, as hert as hert ah feilt url urwer muh. Herw lurng ah sturd thur ah didn't knerw, but ah gut a sur knock with furling 'at murd a burny ferwl lump a won surd of me hurd. Thin ah came rerwnd a beyt, but ah curdn't urt nothink fur lurng hurnuf at ifter. Ah gut a plurtful o' grurwell purrish urnstid ov a curp of ti-e [*i* as in *sir* and the exact sound is produced,] gurven muh, but ah could no mur urv hitten it up nur nothink.

Thin ah lits it furl with somethink ur ither an' gurv ivver surch a greyat skrurk, but in a peyce at ifter it wur nothink tivt, fur ah started a burling an' burling at urver ah curd burl—tither wurs nothink at url tow it. Thuh urst muh whut wurst t'matter whey muh but ah nurn knerw mysilf, urnly ah fild very durft—ah thurt it wur mebbe t' wayay thuh wint intow fits and ah wur fur'd hurnuf at that yuh murnd. But ahs nurn gerwing to till yuh any mur of what ah thert of dowing—its a lurng lurn that never has a turn—it is tow, urnly at t'lerst of url there wur tow gruh-at kurs-lowking thinks ant' kilour o' surt url erwer, come—urful thinks they wur, an' turn of'em wurs coming furwards to make muh guh with him. "Lerwk heyer! lerwk heyer! Johnney," ah skrurm'd, and ah burlders erwt "ah wawn't gaw whey yuh;" then Johnney sez,— "Guh awheyay friv her an' lit her bae ur al guh an' git a steyk frurt hurp an' lurge yuh burth whey't till ah curn't sturnd."

"And nerw wh't dow you theink?—ad burn drumming and ah wurken'd and furndt' swurt turming off muh. When ad gitten kurl'd a bit ah gits up and gurs derwn steyars, fitches an urm-fowl o' steyks erwt o't' gurth an' serwn had a fur lit saw ah didn't curtch curd."

This is how a Leeds factory lassie would tell the story :—

"Ah wur barn darnt' loin wun dāay through my fatthers to bring Pol thought' skoil, kos shoo ūsed

to go on rarely if we wodn't goa fotch her an' thent' māaster used to sāay 'at shoo nivver larnt owt then. Ah wur i' a bad temper that dāay an' when ad gotten a bit ov a wāay on, whoa sud ah meet budt 'owd woman's granbarn roaring it loin. I ast her what wurt t'smatter wi' her, an' shoo pointed tul a plāace whear a brokken pot wur ligging an' ault yerst splather'd abart an' shoo says, "A chap knock'd mer darn." "Whoa?" I asses her. "He wur barn inta Leeds," [Briggate (the main street) and the market place is *the* Leeds. A mother, who never was out of the town in her life, declares that she has never been in Leeds for a month, and promises her child to bring something back with her when she goes] shoo says. "Come on, lets goa after him then," says I. "Nāa ah wēant goa wi' yer, cos ah mōant," shoo says. "Then thah's spilt t' yerst an' brokken t' pot theesen," says I, "an' if thad' a' brokken thee bōans it ud' a' sarved ther reight—ah nivver seed ther yert bud thad awlus done summat—hoam thah goas nah!" Soa ah lēaves her an' sees owd Jack soin bit' hars-side. "Nah lass whears ter barn tul?" he asses muh, soa ah tells him an' he gah muh a gurt big letter to poast for him. "Mindster nah an' tak it tut' reight plāace, fur if it gets lost thah nivver need to faace hoam agean. Leuk sharp wi' ther nah an' gehr it thear i' time, an' tha'll be back nah afoar long an' lehr. us knawah hah thahs lehr on." "Ah āem to du,"

says I, an' awāay ah runs an' gets thear five minnits to lāat fo't poastman. Well, ah didn't knawah what to du, ah fair tremmled agean. A chap' at wur barn by axt muh if ah wur drukken. "Du e leuk soa?" says I, an' ah orther'd him abart his bisness thereckly. E ah wor in a wāay—am sure ah didn't knawah whether ah wur stanning ur wauaking. Well, I sets off back agean athart ivver luking off o't' grund, an' ivvrybody 'at met muh am sure ad sāay monny a thing 'at wur nowt abart muh to me back, as therd think ah wur prard an' aboon speiking tul 'em. Well, ah knaew no moar wahr ah wur duing no moar then a barn unborn, an' ah went rarnd bit' ten āaker cloise furgehring aual abar it bin pāal'd, soa ah hed t' gāat to clim' kos ah couldn't get through't, an' rāave me garn an' went reight slap on a hēap o' wet lime an' māad sich deed o' me shoin as nivver wor fursūre. Ah flāay'd a sheep art o't' hedge an' off it set like mad, an' left, am sūre, horf'n its wool be-hint it,—t' hedge loked as if it hed bin snawah'd ower, o' dredg'd awal ower wi' flah'r. Ah fair roar'd ower't, an' ah said to mysel, "al ne'er come this wāay agean am sūre; ad as good 'a' ne'er sehr a foit art at awal." Ah goas my wāay tuh owd Jack's an' when ad gotten tut door ah fan it art 'at ad lost t' letter. Well, ah durssant no moar 'a' oppun'd that doar no moar an' ah durst' a' flown. Bud somehah ur other it oppun'd on itsen at last an' in ah tum-

mels hēad first, neck an' crop, ower't doorstan thought' door-oil ontut floar, as hoat as hoat ah felt awal ower muh. Hah long ah staad thear ah didn't knawah bud ah gar a rare knock wi' tumling at maad a bonny farl lump a' one side o' me hēad. Then ah cam rarnd a bit bud ah couldn't eight nowt fur long eniff at after. Ah gar a plāateful o' gruel porridge astēad an a cup o' tēa geen muh, bud ah could no moar' a' supp'd it up na nowt. Then ah lehr it tummel wi' summat ur other an' gav ivver sich na gurt skreik bud in a bit at after it wur nowt tult, for ah started a belling an' belling at ivver ah could bel—t'other, bless thuh, wur nowt throughbit. Thuh ast muh what wurt 'smatter wi' muh, bud ah noan knaew mysen nobbut ah felt reight [or "varry"] fond—ah thowt it wur happen t' wāay at fowks went inta fits, an' ah wur flāay'd eniff at that thah minds."

Bud am noan barn to tell ther onny moar o' whar ah thowt a duing—its a long loin at nivver hes a turn—it is tu, nobbud at last ov awal, thur wur two gurt cow-urs-luking things an't colour o' so-it awal ower cam,—rare freets they wor—an' toan on 'em wur makking tul muh to mak muh goa wi' him. "Luke here! luke here! Jack," ah screams, an' ah bels art,—“Ah wēant goa wi' yuh,” then Jack says, “Awāay wi' thuh through her an' lehr her be ur al goa an' gehr a stick art at bundel an' skelp yer bōath wal ah carn't ston.”

Well barn whatsta think? ad bin drēaming, an

ah wakken'd an' fant t'swēat teiming off a mer. When ad gotten koil'd a bit ah gets up an' goas darn stāas—fotches a armful o' kinlin' art at yard an soin laat a fire, soa ah did'nt get cowl."

At the southern extremity of the West Riding we find a marked difference in dialect; we should pitch upon Rotherham as the centre. Perhaps the broadest phase of it exists about Rawmarsh, some three or four miles distant, and near midway between Doncaster and Sheffield.

While we acknowledge the beauty, expressiveness, and general interest attaching to provincial dialects, we must not be blind to their evil side. They have a bright side teeming with ancient word relics, which wrap up within their four or half dozen letters the tale of many a dynasty, and are replete with the sturdiness, forcefulness, and wisdom of times when words were fewer, and had more of a meaning than they have now, yet they have a dark side too.

We love all those quaint old words and phrases with which our rural dialects more especially abound; yet the great feature in a provincial dialect is its contractions and corruptions, and the mass of these (with peculiar reference to towns and cities, where most seen) constitute its dark side. We include also those terms which in every rightly trained mind excites displeasure and disgust; not words which have grown out of common use or differ in grammatical form simply, but barbarous

English, to say the least of them. These are but the result of vicious habits. The idler a man is and the harsher and looser will be his speech. Every action will be characterised by moral infirmity. Everything has a tendency to go wrong where an idle and dissolute man is the actor, and what *is* used is abused. His indolent habits will change the sound and appearance of words as they affect his life generally. If an *h* has to be aspirated, either another letter is put before it, or it is chopp'd off entirely, or another barbaric word is substituted—a clean invention in some cases—and thus the trouble is spared. It will take time to do all this we know, and *but* time, for though a language can never be destroyed by a race, yet it may be moulded to any fashion. Where words require any effort to pronounce, the man will, to use one of his own delicate phrases, “sluther ’em ower”—get done with them as soon as possible at the smallest amount of inconvenience. He cramps and dislocates, confuses and destroys, in the same way that he does his general work whenever he is obliged to do any, and the wordy chasms which he cannot but create, (there are few idle men who are not stupid, and so can neither argue or sustain unbroken converse), he bridges over with a grunt or a growl, which means anything or nothing, and therefore is a mean much resorted to, and which, in process of time, assumes shape and form under a combination of letters over which etymologists

may ponder a life-time. Indolence will not only lead a man to contract the sum of his labour in one thing as much as possible, but in all things. He contracts his speech to the smallest possible limit ; uses his mouth irrespective of conventionalities, and just as it will put him to least trouble, and these men, having little principle to boast of, give full swing to their worst passions, and let Vice and her unblushing train, garb their thoughts as they list.

Hence, we believe that the scheme which has long been mooted, and which is now taking effect, of giving the people their *full* dialect, including all its vulgarisms and little better than slang terms and phrases, in a recognised form, and converting the products of their years of heaped-up indolence into an interchangeable medium, is a most injudicious one, and will impede very materially the progress of refinement. If such a standard is received, then the highest intellects must dribble away the value of their thoughts in endeavours to secure adaptation, when imperative Fashion waves her wand.

Indolence is the originator, and habit the establisher of these corruptions and contractions which characterize the large centres of population (our own being about as notable as any) ; altogether different from the homely phrases, the clear cut words, and beautiful softness which appears in rural districts—a type of mother Nature herself.

It is no necessary peculiarity—nothing of the

Talkee-talkee kind—or men could never accommodate their articulation to the time as they do, for we may hear a man talking to a comrade in a barbarous jargon at one moment, and the next, in the presence of a superior, speaking tolerably good English. These men themselves know they are sinning, and if their reason is submerged, their instinct always prompts them to keep head above water, or why do they deem their jargon unfit for a superior to hear, or why is their conversation with their own children subjected to such restraint, and weeded of all harsh-sounding and lazily formed words?

Refinement of language, however, is no proof of a general refinement. With the most correct language there may exist utter demoralization, so that to whatever pitch of precision and correctness a language could be got at, it would not abate a jot of risk. As a rule, if a genuine Yorkshireman begins to talk fine, he either has some design upon your pocket, or wishes to enlist, for some purpose, in some cause, one or more of your appreciative faculties, and may be regarded as the opposite of a straightforward, manly fellow, though it is not to be supposed that he never makes use of an higher cut of speech. Herewith, indeed, he can so discriminate as to portray the phase of his feelings to a nicety.

See a youth ask a young gentleman, by way of joke, for a match “to leet me pipe wi’,” and if the request be willingly complied with, he evinces a

trait of true feeling in his "Thenk yer, lad," which could not be expressed in any other way. To a companion he would simply grunt satisfaction; to a stranger, but an equal, he would say "Thenksta," or, rising a scale higher in affection, "Thenksta, lad." One who has ever been a recipient after this fashion, and has *thus* come in contact with a Yorkshireman, "bred an' born," has "gone shares" in a vein of pure metal which might be travelled many a long day in search of, and not be found. And we think that the endeavour to find an equivalent expression for such a phase of feeling in as few words in the recognized standard of language would prove about as fruitful. In the same way, on parting with his mate, a man would say, "Well, good neet, Bill!" while to the little one treading along by the side of him, he would say, in response to its little benediction, "Good night, doy!" Of course the dialect teems with these discriminative phrases, but amplification on this point is unnecessary.

Nothing so disgusts a downright genuine Yorkshireman as to hear a comrade, or one of the same class as himself, talking fine. Indeed, it is very difficult to reconcile him to "fine talk" at all; it sounds too much like patronage; but in a comrade he simply regards it as the height of affectation. One of the true breed of Yorkshiremen, however, rarely so commits himself, and nothing on earth could give him a greater degree of unpleasantness

than his being necessitated to talk in this way to a chum. But this is no reason why those gross corruptions, which these dialects exhibit, more or less, should be perpetuated by the press. A man will read books in his own dialect when he feels so disposed, but it is by way of amusement. Give him his Testament in his own dialect and he will but very lightly esteem it;¹ and by supplying him with a literature pregnant with these corruptions which he himself well knows are far from being right, because the result of impulses and circumstances which he has no respect for, we lower his standard of taste instead of endeavouring to assimilate it with our own. In the mere act of reading, he has to learn words in whatever combination they may exist. Let a Leeds man, who is unable to read himself, be read to by another out of two books, one printed in his own dialect, and another according to the recognized standard, and does he

¹ This is not meant to apply to the rural district, though we are of opinion here even, that the dissemination of literature in this form would be productive of no great result. Those who have accustomed themselves to read, will read it as a matter of course, but those who have not so accustomed themselves will never start, simply because what is put into their hands is printed in their own dialect—a very common-place matter to them. Habit is not to be overcome by any such puny obstacle. Most of them have been used to reading nothing, and those who do read would give the preference to the form in common acceptance. As a general rule, and with a very simple truth as the reason, you can't get to the heart of these people by printing what you have to say to them in their own dialect, for the process is not a genuine one—to speak to the heart, everything must come from the heart.

not understand (supposing there is not an undue mixture of Latinisms) what is read out of one book equally as well as what is read out of the other? Stop the reader as the sentence, "He would not give him hold of it," is read, and ask his companion to repeat it, and he tells you without a moment's hesitation it was, "He woddant gi'e him hod on't;" or at another—"She requested him to make less noise and get out of the way," and the words come as freely as before: "Shoo told him to mak less on his din an' gehr art o't' rōad." These men take up books with the object of improving their taste, and they place confidence in what the newspapers tell them, because they know that there is in them but one kind of speech for everybody.

Preach and pray in the dialects we say, for oral discourses these men know are not intended as a standard, and the unsifted words which fall from the lips of a man having something to say, on the spur of a moment, are not misunderstood, but go in all their roughness to the heart at once.

Print in the dialects, with all their archaisms and idioms, too, by all means, and thus supersede, to an extent, some of the lean words and poverty-stricken phrases current in general society—all the more sorry because they decline the aid of crutches—but care must be exercised in the dealing with this, as with every other thing, and it is against the coarse, careless, and lazy method (if method we can call it) of pronunciation which leads

to the establishment of gross corruptions, and the lengthening-out of words in a barbarously broad manner ; against this it is that we set ourselves.

With dialects as that of the Scotch, of course it is different, being common to the country, and to the lower classes, generally speaking, English is little better than a dead language.

We think more of antiquated words than of their media of utterance ; more of the dead letter than the living spirit of the thing. Words thought obsolete turning up in some nook of the land, and, with their current and ancient meaning, illumining the lore of past ages, like masses of wandering light suddenly concentrating upon a skeleton orb, and diffusing itself over a new creation, carry more of interest to us than do the people upon whose lips they rest, and in whose heart they nestle. Words are revered as archaisms ; admired because they are so full of meaning, and maybe loved for old associations—words are cared for every way, but there is a dearth of interest towards where and whom most interest ought to be felt. Country people are regarded mostly as curiosities—things to be pumped dry and left to rot, pump-like. The only point of interest would appear to be where the existence of their speech is concerned. Not that we have any philanthropic scheme to propound,—we don't see how their moral and highest interests could be better cared for than these are now ; but there are fair truths

to be gathered, deeper influences to be felt, a nobler sympathy to be afforded, the slumbering sense of higher impulses to awaken to activity—all which may be by a due appreciation. Their language is unfelt within us; we feel a certain amount and quality of force which words contain, and which their novel quaintness imparts, but we don't feel their full vitality, nor consider them as belonging to a grand whole (howsoever fragmentary), which is as much accomplishing its mission in the world as any modern language. A far greater degree of sympathy might be raised between man and man, could we but feel this fullness. And we may, but we don't choose to do. We would rather be caught running to a glossary in respect of a word in common use, by a class and a mass of people who surround us, and elbow us at the fair-time, than running to a dictionary in respect of a word indigenous to a country we may never visit, and whose literature we have no intention of familiarizing ourselves with; and this, by the way, is but a shallow sort of education. Attempt to initiate a young person into the idiomatic phraseology, the verbs and tenses of a form of speech living within their own, and ridicule would be gained, yet the one is as truly a felt speech as the other. The very fact of its being but remnants;—but the remains of what great events of old have shattered—ought to give them a dear interest, tracing, as we do, one word to one

language, another to another, a form of declension to a third, and another feature to a fourth. We ought to value them as we do other relics of by-gone days, not near so rich in association, less infused with tradition, less pregnant of history, less of a world-interest; and to rejoice that, although there are dead limbs and sore decay, the spirit of that old tongue still lingers amongst us.

An interchange of confidence may be sought for by these simple people, which we who claim to be a day in advance of them are little prepared to give, for we do not fully appreciate the depth and reality of their every-day life. The affection felt for words which their fathers have used before them for generations back, and which to them is home-language in a deep-felt sense, cannot be well estimated, particularly by those who are altogether in being, as in many of their words, the hot-house productions of a few "seasons," whose form of speech changeth verily like the fashion of their garments. Their spoken language is dear to them—clear, simple, meaningful, good old Saxon words, which, like the old family "seeing-glass," in its black oak frame fantastically carved, mirrors the thoughts truly and boldly. A man or woman may spend the greater part of their lifetime in a town, but there is always a deep-rooted affection for their own speech, which others would never feel under any circumstances; so much so, that when on their death-bed, and, in a state of delirium,

“babbling of green fields,” or wailing because of imaginary sorrows, they will often relapse into their old way of speaking, and word the sense of their joys and fears as beforetime they were wont. A country girl while in service may lay aside these words and forms of speech which her fellow-servants laugh and her mistress frowns at; yet ten years afterwards, surrounded by a family, we find her “country” still, and more than ever. It is shown in her affection towards her children, and in times of sorrow. We know of one who had been long enough in town (some twenty years) to have accustomed herself to talk as it talked, who, in the depth of her sorrow at having lost her youngest child, could only keep repeating the words—“My bonny wee bairn is dead!—my bonny wee bairn is dead!—my aun poor Willy!” But it all comes out in suffering; and this is proof enough of the deep-seatedness and keen vitality of this home-language, for it is at such times that the man or woman show what they really are; in the light of truth which then beams brighter and purer, and develops the deep-lying qualities of the soul. What home-joys cannot accomplish in this respect, home-sorrows always do.

To leave the country and come back to the town; we grant that we generally discover the broadest dialect along with the utmost coarsity of speech every way, and this, we presume, is the reason why all who do speak the dialect have come

to be classed as the vulgar, par excellence, and if they won't change their mode of speech we at once set them down as a low article, while, should they add to this a common vice of society—tell a lie once and again, or steal a coveted red-herring, and repeat the offence, they are the most incorrigible villains that ever existed; if it is a female, she is sure to turn out “a good-for-nothing” (a favourite term with ladies towards them, and a most unwomanly one, bearing the implication which they intend it to do) “and fit for nothing but a factory,” and so an exclusive of society, which, in a great measure, they are. Well, these have a language of their own which they would not change for the faultless style of the Queen herself, could a change be effected. Coarse-minded they are, but this is not a result of their language, the language being rather a result of that, yet only as respects what we have before spoken of, namely, its contractions and corruptions, and these may have been formed for them, yet being formed, have succeeded by constant contact and unceasing repetition in fitting themselves into their dispositions, burrowing underground and working their way by degrees. They, too, have an affection for words, and a deep-rooted sympathy for all such as use them which time but strengthens, a phase of feeling it is some of us could only arrive at by spending a good part of our life-time in a foreign clime, in a part where an Englishman came only when he had lost his way.

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A better and simple understanding of the genius of a language it is that we want. We want to see how deep, from old memories and usages, the words on a peoples' lip, lie in their heart, and we want to look long and intently enough that we may behold our own reflection, for there is a oneness in every form of speech, which is adapted to human nature, wherever it may be found; we want to see how that form of speech, so infelt, creates and diffuses a warmth of feeling which mingles and unites with its sympathetic kind to a happy and holy purpose; we want to see how this warmth, this uprising of affection has, in its very nature, that which moulds and disciplines the human will: we want to see how reasonable it is that volition, in whatever direction, should be prompted by force of affection whatever may be its trait—deep and genuine affection very often supplying the place of sheer principle amongst these classes: and we want to see how that, by having unfolded to us these bright truths, and becoming participators in the happiness which springs from a mutual, deep-lying sympathy, we shall think purer, and act nobler, as we yearn in a fuller affection towards them, having discovered in such a degree the kinship of their real selves to what is highest and best, what is only worth living for, and what we do mainly live for. We want to see all this clear enough to feel happy in its contemplation, when in mingling amongst these classes we shall feel

that our words may bear witness to our thoughts, and make a common sympathy which hides and yet reveals, speaks and yet is silent, seemeth most, and yet seemeth least ; then we are put in a fair way of accomplishing what ten hours' bills and legislative enactments, and all the slate and paper education in the world would never do.

There are a few words we have picked up and included in this volume peculiar to the Huddersfield district, to distinguish which we have thought not worth while.

As regards the matter which has a local import exclusively, its recommendation (alluding especially to the short history of Leeds) lies in accurate, though not unnecessary detail, drawn from all sources.

And lastly, with reference to the subject-matter and style of the examples and illustrations attached hereto, we may remark, that Taste ought here to alter its relations very much. She must either descend from her peaky elevation and mix with the multitude the time being, for better or worse, or hear, see, and say nothing. We have simply endeavoured to depict the realities of every-day life amongst a class of people. Not a few will need this reminder.

LEEDS, *March*, 1861.

RENCONTRES.

“Nah lass, hahs tuh gehring on like?”

“Wah am clever erniff o’ mysel thenksta Becca, bud when that’s said awals said fur ahve said as mich as ah can sāay.”

“Whear yuh barn tul like then if a body may ass?”

“Nāay barn am bown noawhere, am makking fur hoam as fast as e can—ah just been to ’t’ bod-dom o’ t’ loin fur a bottle o’ physic fur ar Jim’s lad.”

“Aye poor thing *shoo’s* her wark set.”

“Aye, an’ that isn’t awal norther—ye’d hear abart Ted been ta’en up o’ Setterday?”

“Ted! sāay yuh?—bless us!—whativer i’ the world hes he been duing?”

“Ah he’s a sore trouble tul her—but its awal long o’ yar Pete—nah am telling thuh Becca—am noan barn to soap thuh here an black thee fāace ahint thee back, bud if I hed owt ta du wi’ him he’d catch it as owd as he is.”

"Well to tell thuh t'truth 'Bella ah hed an inkling on't, bud"—

"Inkling on't—ahve noa pāatience wi' sich fowk"—

"Ah've said ower an' ower agean at ad fit him enow, bud he taks no more gaum o' muh"—

"Ah'll tell thuh what Becca, if thy barns wur as soin said as mine is, thad ha' noa 'cāasion to frēat, nivver."

(Becca, firing up).

"Better that 'an lost i' muck—tak that Bella Brown."

"T' cap doesn't fit lass, soa thad better sāave thee wind to blawah thee porridge wi'."

"My barns is as clēan as sōap an' watter can mak 'em—yuh nasty trash—yer mud' a' bin born an' bred i' Otler [Otley] bōan-house yersen—yuh stinking hussey yuh, how *dar'* yuh begin on me it street here [raising her voice to a scream] ah'll lehr ivvrybody knawah what thou is"—

"Lors! woman,"—

(Crowd collects).

A voice. "Pitch in missis—I'll back them at wins."

Another voice. "Fotch a Bobby youngster, an' luke sharp—if tuh tummels dōant stop to pick theesen up—wire in missis!—goa it lass!"

(Enter upon the scene the lad in corduroy, who happens just then to be passing.)

"What's up māaster?"

"Lāaking at tongue-shōiting, doesn't tuh see—
bud some hah or other they can't gehr'em lowsened."

(*Up comes a "swell"*).

"What's the matter lad?"

"Pig to shāave Sir, an they want ye to hod t'
latther-box."

(*Cane of swell rises, and the lad vanishes, by a
simultaneous movement.*

*Discovered a minute afterwards in company with
a mate, holding on to the upper part of a lamp-post.)*

"Dash! this is jolly! in't it?"

"Aye lad; bud what wod us du ift' Bobby hed
to come?"

"Peel off lad."

"At a dog-trot?"

"Aye like winky."

"Dash! that woman's awlus upat goa; this is
three rows have been in at this morning—dash!
shoo is a rum un thah minds—shoo lives agean us."

"Which on em—her wit noaze?"

"Noa, her wi' t' basket."

"Ha! ha! luke at her!"

"Hod thee noise wi' thuh."

"I wēant—shoo isn't my mother—ah well—ha!
ha! ha! wah shoo gurns like a Cheshire cat!"

"Here cum, dus tuh hear, hod thee din shoo
knawahs me an' shool clawak muh t' first time ah
goa intul their yard."

"Well ah will then nobbut stick fast."

" Ah wēant if tuh doesn't hod thee noise—luke at t'other woman—dash! shoo is flāad issant shuh?"

" Wah shoo stares like a throttled cat! "

" Whears tuh barn? "

" Hoo onnywhere. What sort on a gaffer is thine Bill? "

" Hoa! tak this cassel-top art o' me pocket, t' peg's ramming intul muh,—I can't reitch it. Thear, len' us hod. What did tuh sāay befoar?—haw—what sort on a gaffer hed e. Wah ah've left t' owd un? "

" Hes tuh? "

" Aye lad. "

" Did he poak thuh? "

" Noa lad, my mother hed a fratch wi' him. "

" Dash! that wur jolly worn't it? "

" Aye lad—by gow lad shoo did wire in. "

" What did shoo sāay? "

" Shoo said shood tak muh hoam an' brek c~~at~~
ower my hēad afore shood let muh stop fu~~r~~
wāage. "

" Thad be awal reight then ow~~r~~ "

" Aye lad ah couldn't' a' ~~er~~. "

" What else did shoo sāa "

" Shoo told him he'd hev . they sat on't bud
sich as her mud du as they liked fur what he cared. "

" Aye! what else? "

" Shoo said he wur a rascal uphēaped and down-
thrussen. "

" Dash! ah sud' a' liked to ha' been thear. "

"Is that a carrit thahs chowing? gi'e us a bit—dash! that's awlus heiting when I see thuh." 

"Aye worth it, if it worn't for my guts ah could du."

"Whoas tuh hēard sāay that?—ne'er mind thee knife, put it i' my marth an' al bite a bit off."

"My fatther fursüre—dash! he's awlus saying summut, my mother says he'd mak a pig laugh."

"He's a rum un—he brāads o' mine ah fink."

"Hah long's it want to Good-Friday Bil?"

"By Gow, did tuh see her clawak her!"

"Aye, lehr her alōan, shool be clawaking her een art in a bit—thah sud nobbut see her when t'owd chap an' her's agāat o' fratching!"

"Does he mill her?"

"Does he donkeys!—shood pool his noaze art o't' joint if he spak a word tul her."

"Does thy motfher mill thy fatther?" 

"Ah sud think nut—shoo darssant."

"What for does that chap lehr her mill him for then?"

"Cos my mother says he isn't plumb."

"What's that?"

"Har mun I knawah—hod thee noise wi' thuh an' luke at 'em."

(Aforesaid "swell" stalks by).

"Ax that chap if that's t'coit he hes at hoam."

"By! shuh is going it isn't shuh? Go it mis—"

"Hod thee din!"

"Haw I'd furgotten—pool teet, hod fast, stick

tul. Is tuh barn to leg next Sunday?" (*i.e.*, To run away from the school).

"Noa lad, they bowled after muh t'last time an' browt muh back an' peel'd after muh when ah went hoam."

"Thad drop intut suds then!"

"Nāa I didn't—I wur ower owd for 'em. T' teicher didn't knawah whear ah lived, soa ah take him up Tom Rōads's back loin an' he stopp'd when he seed ah wur going to bowl across't brick-garth cos he hed some breet boits on, an' it hed been rāaning t' neet afore, soa he teld muh at ah wur to mind an' behāave mysen better furt futur', an' then he turns back."

"Then what wēant tuh leg it agean for then?"

"Cos he said t'next time he cop'd muh he'd tell t' superintendent, an' he doesn't care fur clēan boits lad—ah've seen him peg after Dāave Giles across Dick Lee's duck-pond—ah hev that lad!"

"Hear thuh!—does tuh hear what shoo says?"

"Noa, nur thee norther, thuhs ower big a din."

"Which would pāay dus tuh think if thuh wur to start reight an' hev a feight?"

"Hawah t'owd un to be sūre."

"What for?—t' young un's t' mōast pluck."

"Nāa shoo nobbud thinks shoo hes. Dash! ah wonder whear all't Bobby's is—lets goa luke fur one—dash! ther awlus far eniff when owts up, gurt slin——dash! ther's my māaster."

"Chip it, ther's a Bobby!"

(At this critical juncture two women separate from the crowd, strangers to each other).

"It's a pity thuh can't agree missis."

"Aye marry is it; I'd a stopp'd a bit long-er bud its time fur me to be mustering."

"That thin boddy does luke as if shoo orf starved hersen nah—ther tawk abart Otler bōan-house, am sūre shoo does luke as if shoo hed come through thear. Did yuh see hah white shoo wor—fair as white as a sheet shoo went."

"Aye, t'other wur as red as a Turkey-cock; shoo stood her a good un."

"Bēatum of awal at I've ivver seen—shoos a flogger, bud shoo wur ower hard on her;—if its summut to be thin an latty, its warse i' my wāay o' thinking to be black fat as shoo is—fur fowks ats soa's nivver good to owt—thers soa monny pund o' flabby fat in 'em, an' that's awal ther is in 'em; shoo wares to little on her back an' ower mich in her belly."

"Aye barn, a full belly maks t' regs shak. Is't t' weather bown to tak up think yuh missis? If its onny bit like it al be grand fort' stirrings to morn—sēa missis yuh've lost summut!"

"Aye" (picking it up) "its a orp'ny, what ah gar agean a bit o' cheese at ah bin buying just nah; [change received on account of cheese which she had been buying] wah its rāather hung fur weet all't dāay, bud harmsumivver it māay tak up after awal."

"My lads a sowger, an' ther've summonsed his regiment through Breeton" (Brighton).

"Hev thuh! then we sal ha' bonny to du ah reckon!"

"Nivver mind!"

"Ar street end al be cramm'd wi' fowk!"

"Whear do ye live missis?"

"D'yuh knawah wheart' t' Delph-hoil is at t'top o't brick-garth yonder?"

"Aye."

"Thers a ginnel o' orther side o' two harses i' that rawaw thear."

"I knawah."

"Its t' first yuh come at."

"Whoa belongs to' t'other?"

"T'other's a double house,—a nowd gentleman lives in't an' hes done fur monny a long year—he'll ha' lived in't nine an' twenty years come Tuesday, if he's lived in't a dāay."

"Yuh doant sāay soa?"

"Marry ah du: they sāay he's a mint o' brass; nobbud t'other neet t'lock wur slipped an't lid of a nowd cloasekist prizedoppun, bud as ithappenedther wur nowtin't an thuh wur scared awāay wi' summut."

"Ha' thuh gotten hod o't' chaps then?"

"Ar Simpson wur telling muh ther'd ta'en two o' suspicion bud theirs nowt in't ah doant think."

"Wor ther nobbut him i' t' house?"

"Ther wur noab'dy at awal—t' church hed lowsded orf an har afore, an't rascals hed watch'd 'em art

an hoam, an off agean after ther'd gotten ther suppers—as't' housekeeper an' hizsen hed awlus a bit of a wawak if it wur a fine neet—they awlus goa a walking after t' church except its varry bad under-foit."

"They heh been deep tu ; thers noa skilling sich like."

"They'll du wi' varry little ticing will sich like —they brāad o' ar dog when ther's a boan to pike."

"Am sūre¹ ah cawal ars [ours, i.e. her husband] black monny a time fur lēaving t'hars be itsen on a neet when ah goa art a bit, bud ah mud as weel tawak tul a stone, fur he taks no more gaum on muh nur a poast."

"Nah then this is hoam ; will yuh come in an' rest yuh a bit ?—du."

"Wah, am like."

(Both enter the house).

"Is them awal yars missis ? " (pointing to half-a-dozen children playing on the hearthrug.)

¹ We have adopted this mode of marking the pronunciation of this word throughout the volume in preference to altering its form. Refinement has its strange amalgams, and in this department of its operations the pronunciation of this word is surely a specimen. We like the look of its old form because it is more honest and truthful.—

"He set uppone the lord Persè
A dynte, that was full soare ;
With a *suar* spear of a myghte tre
Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore."

Chevy-Chase (old copy).

So "*seuretee*" for *surety* in some other of our old writers.

"Awal bud one, bud he's as good as my awan, bless him, he's norther fatter nur mother."

"Poor barn—come thē wāays here doy!"

"Gehring him's awal missis—he's rare an' shy al hersüre yuh."

"Well that's a good faut—its better to be back-kard nur forrard; noa good ivver comes o' forrard barns. Then yuh du awal for it du yuh missis?—poor little chick!"

"Wah to tell yuh t' truth, ivver sin it hed t' smawal-pox there (and it were as full as a fitch¹ in't, bless it!) bud doant mention it agean if yuh ple-az, as ah doant want onny o't' nāabours to knawah"; (whispers)—"that owd gentleman at yuh wur telling muh on fins it i' cloas, an' thinks a dēal on it al hersüre yuh."

(The other woman raises her eyebrows and opens her mouth in astonishment).

"Nah besüre an doant tell noab'dy!"

"Doan't be flayd missis; ah sal nivver oppun my marth to onnyboddy. Well yuh cap muh!—cap muh clēan hamsomivver; bud ah awulus thowt he'd summut good at t' boddom on him—doan't be flayed o'me ivver saying owt, preya doan't missis—whah yuh hev cap'd muh!"

"Its true!" (nodding her head emphatically.)

"Ah doan't doubt it; ah believe it missis."

"He'll soin be āable to du summut towards his keep; he's gehring up yuh see."

¹ A "fitch" is a lintel; the pods of which are very full of seed.

“Aye he’s a fine lad! ah’ll be bun he’s better to keep a week nur a fortnit—he’s noa wāaster am sūre.”

“We doan’t reckon to pinch t’ belly to feed t’ back here missis. God bless him, ah couldn’ fin’ i’ my heart—”

“Noa missis, ah warrant mēaning that—am sure yuh’ll du what’s reight be him. Hah mich hes yer husband missis?”

“Nobbud eighteen shillin’, bud we manage to du better an like on’t.”

“That’s hardly meit fur a fam’ly, bud when I gat wed we hedn’t as mich coming in be a long wāay and mine didn’t knawah hah soin he’d ha’ noa wark at awal to goa tul, bud says I, well mah lad it al heh to tak it luck as monny a good ship’s done, an soa we gat wed an’ wrowt on an’s niver wanted, bless the Lord, through that dāay to this!”

“Well that’s summut to be thankful for—it is that missis.”

“Then ye’ve knawant’ want on it hey yuh? well, ah pity awal sich like, ah du indeed—buđ it taks a good dēal o’ pity to weigh darn a bawbee, an’ if it wert t’last I hed we’d goa shares on’t if ah knaew o’ sich a boddy, an’ ther’s plenty, God knawahs, somewhear.”

“Aye, God help ’em, ther is soa; ah tell em’ awal [her children] soa monny a time, an’ ’at they owt to be thankful fur a roof to shelter ’em an’ a loaf o’ good brēad to run tul. Ends does meet

missis, bud if yuh believe muh ah've summut to du to mak 'em sometimes."

"Aye aye barns, it al be a cowl morning for yuh when owt happens yuhr mother."

"I tell 'em soa missis, fur ther's noa knawing what may happen tul a body, yet so long as we du live ah doant see no 'cāasion what we hev to frēat for, fur if a woman frēats an' nāags her heart out it'll du her noa good. Its best to let things tak ther chance—lig yuh darn when yuh can goa to sleep—pāay yuhr honest debts, leuk ivvrybody straight i' t' fāace an' trust to the Lord."

"Aye that's it missis—ther's summut to trust for then—if you trust an' du nowt yer can't expect nowt, bud if yuh trust an' work then ther's a foun-dāation for it to lig on, an if yuhr trustsomestur' topples ower ye can pan tul an rear another fur yuh ar'n't to seek furt' stuff at it sud rest on."

"If we hev to cut varry neart' t' whistle at times its nowt bud what may be expected yuh knawah, fur ivvry-body can't be fine fowk—t' world ad be poor off wi'art a few poor fowk am thinking; —to be sūre ther be a bit sour at times, bud gehr 'em leavened up amengt t' lot an thear's the difference."

"Ant t' lot ad soin fin' it art if they were wi'art us, wodn't thuh?"

"Marrytheywod!—therd ha' nowt ta think abart bud sweet, sweet, sweet, an' ther life ad be sich an on an' on sweet at it ad become ower sweet for 'em

at last till thuh couldn't tak tul't. Noa, nowt to vex 'em bud t' elements."

"An' ther āalings."

"An they'd curse God fur them."

"And curse thersens' furt t' other."

"An' dee."

"An' dee."

(Both sigh deeply, and after the lapse of a minute, spent, no doubt, in extricating themselves from the peopled gulf where their imaginations had so naturally led them and left them, the conversation is resumed).

"Hah monny barns hev yuh then missis?"

"Five, an' we buried one a year come next Woodhouse Fēast."

"Buried one hey yuh?"

"Aye, as bonny a lass as ivver yuh clapt ees on. Ah knaew we wur bown to loise her t' week afore shoo went, fur ah wur sitting i' that thear corner an' i' that varry chair one neet, an' shoo, poor lass, anent muh, hemming little Freddy his first pocket henkycher 'at's liggin i' that thear drawer now orf finished just as shoo left it—for shoo nivver lived to finish it poor thing. Well, as ah wur telling yuh, shoo wur set there hemming that henkycher when three grēat switches cam' across t' tāable 'at wur atween us. We boath jumped up, bud ah sat down agean, an nāather on us ivver spak a word—shoo wur freeten'd poor thing an' I wur soin ower full to speik' fur t' sāame thing happened when

my mother an' ar Fanny (that wur me sister) deed. Ah hed a rare crying bout that neet. T' next dāay shoo started a being warse an' hed to goa to bed an' shoo nivver loked up agean."

"We've a nowd clock at awlus strikes one some-time it neet-time when ther's bown to be a dēath ameng us. It stands on't landing an's nivver bin wun up ivver sin I can tell. T' last time it struk ah wur coming darn stairs it t' neet-time fur a drop o' warm watter for a nowd uncle o' mine, at wur badly an' hed kom to stop wi' us. It strāake one when ad just gotten my back turned tul't. I jump'd rarnd in a second, an' ommast fell, an' ah thowt t' clock were wick, as it dither'd i' me fāace, an' nāather at hands were whear ther owt to be. Ah boath hēard it an' saw it long hernif after ah gat into bed agean."

"Well, as for mesen I can't see nowt, bud that's nut to sāay 'at ther isn't plenty 'at can. A sister o' mine hed a little barn 'at hed hotten t'spine i' her back, an' shoo walk'd wi' a crutch. Anent whear thāay lived, a man lived, 'at nivver went tul āather church ur chapel, bud he warrant out an' out bad, an' he wur stanning at t' passage end one neet when awal were still, an' he sawah this little barn come down t' street wi' her crutch and hop an goa one reight intut passage, an' shoo went through, ant' sāame neet shoo deed!"

"When I lived at hoam a uncle o' mine 'at hed bin a drummer in a regiment an' wur pensioned,

deed, an' ivver after when onny boddy else wer going to dee we used to hear him drumming at t' neet-time in a nowd lumber-room at t' gāable end, o't' house. Ther wur a wood cloas by, an' after drumming us awal wakken we could hear him drum hizsen art an down t' back garden reight awāay intut wood till he gat so far in at awl't noise deed awāay. He did this once three neets hand-running—that wur when my fatterher deed. My grandfatterher o' my mothers side were killed i' coming through't market on a white horse at' went it t' tēam, an' ivver after, when onnybody else wur bown to dee, thuh used to hear it come past it t'neet-time clomping ower't stoans i' its heavy ringing shoes an' see it tu wi' a saddle bud noa bridle on if therd a mind to luke art o't' winder. An' they awlus used to sāay at my awan sister Bessy at lived o't' Wolds used ta goa art on a neet, after her husband at ūsed to follow t' hounds hed been kill'd, o' purpose to hear him halloo an' crack his whip i't' wood. Bud fowks becam' soa ūsed tul't at they thowt nowt abart it, bud shoo, poor thing, ūsed to goa reglerly ivvry neet an' tak t' poor sucking barn wi' her till they boath deed. Nah this is true, fur them 'at teld me lived cloise agean 'em an' therve boath seen her crosst' beckstones wi' t' barn i' her arms an' hēard her cawl on him when shoos gotten darn int' wood."

"Haw ah believe yuh, barn, ivvry word on't. Marry, ah nivver disbelieve owt at sort, cos ah

believe it's a sin to du it—lēastways ah knawah varry weel—drat that barn!—What's tuh duing on?"

. (*Runs and takes a poker out of its hand.*)

"What's he duing preya?"

"Sich heggrevāatin' pouise;—if ahve tell'd¹ her

¹ Another of those many words retaining an old form. Amongst others, we may here notice (the words not occurring in the Glossary) "spak," or "spack," as it was written, for *spoke*, "divvel" ("diuel") for *devil*, "ther" for *there*, "heng" for *hang*, "shapt" for *shaped*,—

"And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim."

Faerie Queene, B. 6, C. 9.

"bin" for *been*, "kuss" for *kiss*, "maister" for *master*, "wark" for *work*, "cam" for *came*, "mich" for *much*, "shoo" ("shu" or "sho") for *she*, "outher" for *either*, "doughter" for *daughter*, as in very numerous instances in Gower, and frequently in Chaucer; "sügar" for *sugar*, "aw-an" (old spelling "owen") for *own*, "feight" for *fight*, "then" for *than*, "lee" for *lie* ("withouten lees"), "een" or "eyne," in the old spelling, for *eyes*, "knew-a" for *know* (the *n* ('knownen') having been dismembered by the lapse of time); "should na" (pronounced "sudna") for *should an*—

"What life, then, should an man leade,"—

the letters forming the article having become transposed, as often is the case. "Again" for *against*, pronounced "agean," which is thoroughly Anglo-Saxon, "be" for *by*, "sattled" ("y-sateled") for *settled*. "Faeder" for *father*, is, too, by no means an uncommon word with us, though its use is generally restricted to children, and this most readers will know is pure Anglo-Saxon, and occurring frequently with *a* in lieu of the diphthong in most of our early poets and writers; and so "gedder," whedder," "hiddel," and "thidder," for *gather*, *whether*, *hither*, and *thither*, and "togedder" for *together*, though this, with us, is a juvenile monopoly. The pronunciation of "beneath" as if spelt *beneoth* was accurate at one time, too, and there is "leet" for *light*

once hav tell'd her a hunderd times nivver to put t' poaker i't' ass-hoil, bud bless yuh barn shoo's t' t̄aal end ist' t' lass."

"Noa, thah mun nivver du that doy—nivver l̄aak wi't poaker it ass-hoil cos it's unlucky an' tha'll nivver gehr onny more goody."

"Aye, ye may weel s̄aay soa, for shood heit me if ah wur m̄aad o' spice wod that. Bud al fin' that a job soin an' shoo sal l̄earn to grater t' couks astēad o' melling o' things 'at shoos noa business to mell on."

"Well that isn't hard wark at onny r̄aat."

"Noa, an if it wor, they s̄aay hard work's noan ēasy soa shoo mud pan tul't an' get done wi't'."

"Nah come my lass!—gehr agāat an' hev awal i' ample orther agean thee f̄aather comes hoam tul his dinner."

"Nah then what's tuh going roiting abart thear fur't shool?—it āan't thear. It gi'es thuh some hod ah see to get started. Thad better clap thuh darn ameng t' couks at once, fur idleness is nowt athart its weel foller'd up. Ther's orf 'na needle thear, sam it up an puhr it i't' fire—it all dāanger noab'dys sen thear. Ah sal nivver mak my awan on thuh mun if thah does soa. Thah's getting fair

("thonder-leite," in Chaucer, a grand old compound, which we ought not to have let go: Spenser's quick eye caught it); "roum" for *room*, "slek" for *slack*, "watter" for *water*, "hee" for *high*, and more of all these classes, no doubt, which prove the words to be no mere modern corruptions, but, on the contrary, as deep as they are fast inrooted in the language, the surviving features of its past stages.

'big now an' owt to be knawing an' thinking fur theesen a bit. Nah pretha doan't let muh hev to tawak tul thuh onny more."

"Did yuh ivver hear owt abart t' owd gentleman missis?—we arn't like nāabours thoa we live t' next door to one another. Yeēd knawah he wur worth pāat brass?"

"Nāa barn ah knawah nowt abart him—nivver spokken tul him i' my life;—t' meng-el-womman knawahs awal abart him bud when ah goa thear hav awlus drivven things to t' last push an's forced to twine awāay wi'art tawaking mich ur shood nivver ha' done."

"S'cat! s'cat!—set that cat off that barns knee—it al puzzum it!"

"Ah've tel'd 'em awal abart that tu monny a hunderd times, bud thuh tak no moar gaum o' muh then a stoop. Heng that stick ont' huke an' gehr awāay art wi' yuh this minute."

"Goa a gethering carslops honies."

"An' mind an' hit yuhr wāays back nah i' summut like time ur ye knawah what al be t' end on't." (*Exit children in glee.*)

"Nah missis hev a bit o' summut to heit—ye'll heh to tak pot-luck yuh knawah."

"Nāa missis ah doant want nowt am sūre—ah nobbud just gat me fornoin drinking afore ah set off."

"Weant yuh hev a marthful o' nowt?—come I'll awand yuh!"

"Ye mun excuse muh missis—am reight obleeg'd tul yuh all't sāame bud ah doant feel to want nowt."

"Ye're sūre?—'cos ye're welcome tul't, yuh knawah, if ye'll hev a bit o' owt."

"Sūre, thenk yuh missis;—ah knawah reight weel ah am, bud ah doant want nowt thenk yuh."

"Then ye'll hev a sup o' summut to sup?"

"Wah its putting yuh tul a good dēal o' trouble—"

"Norn't it marry—ah've a sup o' good hoam-braew'd."

"Hoam-braew'd!—then al hev a tāaste wi yuh am sūre, fur ah nivver can fancy t' muckment at ther puhr in at public-harses."

"Nur I norther, that's t' rēason ah awlus reckon to hev a sup by muh—nah ye sal tāaste."

(And accordingly, the beer is furnished.)

"It's ommast done, an' its nobbud a fortnit sin we started on't."

"Ah suddant wonder, barn."

"Yuh see ah hevn't been i' sich good fettle lāately, an' am forced to tak a drop more to strenthen muh—am noa gurt sets to dāay."

"Arn't yuh?—well, noab'dy appears to be; its a gennal thing—it must be owing to t' weather."

"Like eniff."

"Ah've bin badly mesen, bud am a good dēal leetsomer to dāay."

"Hev yuh?"

"Yes. What soart on a woman is t' owd gentleman's house-keeper; shoo lukes a deacent un, bit' seet on her?"

"Ah knawah nowt abart *her*.—Is shoo nice ur farl lukiing?"

"Nāa, shoos bin good lukiing at one time. They sāa shoos bin better off tu."

"Well shoo mun tak a spell wit' rest on us it appears. Is shoo a uppy [cross-tempered] body?"

"Nāa, ah think nut, bud ah saw her a bit sharpish we' a cess gethrer tu one dāay."

"Ah hed one o' them mesen, yesterda'."

"Ah'll be bun' for't; them chaps is nivver off o' t' doorstans."

"Noa, ad as lieve see two Chinermen on a windy dāay as one o' them fellers onny dāay, fur ther sūre to come when thers nowt tul't, that they are, an' ther as brassant as Hector wi' ther trāad—ther mud a bin born lawyers, ivvry one on 'em."

"What did yuh sāay tul him like, then?"

"Nāa, barn, what could e sāay? He comes in wi'art ivver so mich as rapping;—'Nah, missis!' says he."

"'Well, nah then,' says I, 'what du *ye* want?'"

"'Nāa,' says he, 'ah wur just going by like, an' ah thowt ad gie yuh a cawal, just to see hah ye wur gehring on like—how are yuh?' says he."

"'No better fur ye assing muh,' said I. Says I, 'ye're like farl weather, ye come wi'art been sent for.' Then he wanted to knawah me nāame,

an' ah tel'd him he mud seek it art, bud he gat this at t' last, an' then he'd t' impeduns to ass muh how ah spell'd it; ah gat reight mad wi' t' fellar, an' ah tell'd him to gehr art, an' nivver come agean wal I sent for him. Then says he, 'Missis, yuhr mighty saucy—ah sal ha' to tak some on yuh darn a peg.' Says I, 'Māaster, if yuh doan't like it ye can tak yuhsen off'—says I, 'we doan't ax yuh to come, nowt at sort, bud if yuh will come, wah yer like to tak what raps. There's ye an' t' other fellars,' says I, 'ther's noa matter on yuh, fur ye're awal burnt wi' an iron, an' ye sud awal be putten to t' trēadmīll a month, an' ha' them ink-bottles tem darn yuhr throits,' says I, 'if I'd *my* will.'"

"My word but yuh geen it him missis."

"Ah wur as plāan as a pipe-stopper wi' him; says I,—'Here's a house here at yuh can hardly swing a cat in an' yuh mun goa an chāage us a quarter o' t' rent i' cesses an keep liggin it on after we've bowt t'owd hoil twice ower wi' wur hard addled brass.' Says I 'awāay wi' yuh cesst' dog kennel, ye ha' cess'd dog, an it ud nobbud sarve yuh reight if he knaew it, fur he'd mak some on yuh at yuh wodn't cross a doorstan fur a month.' He hed a good bit o' palaver hizsel hed t' fellar an' ah wur foarced to gie him t' brass at last bud ham-somivver ah gav him it awal i' owd George pennies an teld him he mud aither tak 'em ur lump it."

"Yuh gav him his blessins missis!"

"Aye, ah met his wife at neet as ah wur takking

a bit on a outing an shoo flaew at muh like a cock at a bilberry, bud didn't I gie that it!—shool noan mell o' me on a sudden agean wēant that. Ah saw her agean to dāay an' shoo flung on by muh i' her fāaded helvet as if shood nivver bin rāaned on—bud thinks I to mesel—a nod's as good as a wink tul a blynd horse my lass,—I can read thuh."

"That wodn't gripe *me* a dēal missis."

"Nāather it does me al hersūre yuh, bud hav noa pāatience wi' fowks' 'at's up to't' neck i' pride an' muck;—thuh plēase thersens to be sūre, bud its wi' thinking ther aboon ivvry boddy else, an' ther's noa sense in't."

"Norther ther is—nah that t'other body up yonder ye knawah is just t'other wāay an' shoos just t'two things at ad mak her ivvry bit as cruked if shood a mind—shoo's brass hernif ift' truth were knawan, an's nivver long reight on hersel."

"Shoo's delicate is shuh?"

"Aye shoo's nobbud a āaling sort of a body. Ah once hed a word wi' her when ah helped her to shak t' carpets an' shoo said shoo'd nivver turned ower sich 'na week afore."

"Yuh see t' owd gent al bide a good dēal o' wāating on an' that al mistime her ah sudn't wonder."

"Shoo's gotten her wark set wi' him addersāay."

"He gets inta little roun nah; them doctor chaps fixes 'em when thuh once gehr hod on 'em."

"What du yuh think?"

"Nāa barn ah doant knawah."

"Thear—doant teem muh onny moar;—plenty, plenty, plenty—there, there, there,—ah've hed eniff, an eniff's as good as a fēast."

"I'll awand yuh! yuh've a rare wawak afore yuh yet;—What wor yuh saying?"

"Ah wur sāaing 'what du yuh think?'"

"Haw I fursüre; nāay barn ah doant knawah; am a bad un at guessing."

"Bud ye'll nut nāame it to onnybody, cos ah wur teld as a grēat sēacret?"

"Av bin tow't in a different skoil thro' that."

"Well then he's bin wed THREE times."

"Yuh doant sāay soa?"

"Three times."

"Three times?"

"It's gospel truth."

"How hev yuh gotten to knawah, preya?"

"Ah wunce fun a bit ov a letter at t' doorstans after shoo'd bin shakkin t' carpets. Ah tuke it tul her an' shoo said it hed bin written be her last missis, as good like a young lāady as ivver stept i' shoe leather, an' if it hed a bin lost ther'd a bin bonny to du, allthoa shoo'd liv'd wi' him uppards o' twenty year an' nivver hed a wrong word wi' him."

(Enter children; one crying and the rest pushing in, shouting against one another.)

Enter husband too to his dinner; stranger woman vanishes, with a promise to call again.

Enter neighbour also with the information that),
 "down be Tom Rōads's t' dog" had "knock'd

t' poor barn darn as flat as a dab an' him watching awlt' carryings on throught winder," though she herself had been at the trouble "o lukiŋ after 'em as long as shoo could, an' sharted after 'em wal shoo wur as hoast as a corn-crāake," and their Tim there "a fondling,—t' biggest it lot, stood owert' barn gāaping like a rook, an' thear t' poor thing wur trying to get croppen up of itsen." Vanishes, as her husband has just too—"comed tul his meil."

Mother. "Tom Rōad's,—bud it's just like him, fur when Sam burnt hizsen wi't' pouthar thear—"

Husband. "Lay him alōan pretha; let bygoans be bygoans;—here, tak me henkutchar an' wipe his marth, poor barn! Come to thee daddy doy! [Takes the child.] What wor they duing nut to keep t' dog off on him? Al be bun it's them as mich as owt if t' truth wur nobbud knawan—what na crew they are to be sūre :—near hand orf a dozen on 'em an' could'nt keep it off on't! Hah wor it nah? come here all on yer. If ther hedn't a 'bin plenty o' timber abart its little cap ah knort what ad a becomed on its poor larl hēad."

Mother. "Noa, nur noab'dy else norther—thuh desarve to be skinn'd."

Husband. "Thah owtant tul a letten 'em goa."

Mother. "Nur naither wod e if ad knorn, bud ah sal knawah another time. Nah then come awal on yuh hear gentlemen,—yuh desarve to be limb'd, awal on yuh."

Husband.—"Nah then, how wo't?"

Tim. "Wah we wur going a gethring hollin fāather an' Tommy gar hod on a switcher at Savage wanted an' cos he wodn't puhr it darn it loup'd up an' bāate his noaze an' he tum mell'd bud it wur Jack Tew 'at wanted it to click it art ov his hand bud Dick Johnson said he'd mak him squint o' boath ees when he copp'd him cos his fāather knaew my fāather—Fāather ar Ned's fun a pair o' sittthers."

Mother. "Like eniff,—them Tew lads is incouraged back an' edge; we sal nivver hear no' tell o' owt good leeting 'on 'em. Ah nivver seed t' like tul 'em i' awal me born dāays—ther awlus at that bat, bud its noa ūse heving tricks an' nut showing 'em. Awāay wi' the Bil an' āather hiddy theesen ur get thee fāace wesh'd fur thart as grāay as a badger; [to another child scrawling on a slate] thah grāates me teeth past biding, ha' done wi' thuh."

Husband. "Th' art as freeten'd as a buzzard Bil; ah hed a bit an a opinion o' thee, bud thahs done theesen fairly nah,—gehr awāay wi' thuh. Whear's that dog Luce?"

"Nāa norn't I; he cam in wi' 'em an' ah norn't no moar. T' soiner he's cloisened up an' better; am sūre ah sheuk, ivvry limb ower muh when t' poor barn cam in, fur ah knew nowt what wut smatter wi' him. Thah willant get shut o' that dog thah sees yet till he does du some on 'em a mischief. It wur nobbut t' other week he bāate

that chap's leg an' shoo cam in an' went it like a dreggon an' started a rawaming abart t' house like ah norn't what. We heddant owt tul a gotten that dog at awal fur shoo willot be a nāabour agean ah du knawah till we get shut on't, soa pretha fur quietness sāake du."

"Gehr awāay wi' thuh an' get t' dinner ready an' mind an' mush t' tāaties, an' I'll goa luke after t' other lot" [*i.e.* of children].

(*Enter "t'other lot," one crying, and the other two talking their loudest*).

Mother. "Nah then what's t' smatter?—fur goodness sāake gi'e ower clammering—fit to dēafen a stoan. Wāa woth 'em! what toan an' what t' other on 'em thers awlus summut to du ameng em, —Torn thee best brat anawal,—I'll gi'e ther't."

"Oh mother! mother! He wur trying mother to, to, to go ower a chennel-hoil a—a—a—an' he tummell'd."

"Aye thah's a reight un to help a lāam dog ower a stile—thah 'll gehr it tu."

"Wah goa ass Joa Thomson mother nah."

"Ah'll Joa Thomson thee if thah doesn't hod thee din; ther's noa boddomin Joa Thomson—he brāads o' thee, thou young tarestril!—ah wodn't believe him no farrer 'an ah could thraw him;—yuhr grand uns ar-ant yuh?"

(*A chorus of "O mother's!" &c.*)

"Ah muh tawak tul yuh till't tongue clēaves to t' roof o' my marth, ah see that plāan eniff. I

darsant a done sich a thing as 'a' hed to be tell'd twice ower." (*Renewed chorus.*)

"Am clear-puzzled what to du wi' yuh awal." [Seeks the "strap."]

(*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE.—*A house where husband, wife, and a male lodger are sat at the supper table; a child asleep in a chair.*

"Wi' tuh gehr ust' tackling thergether lad when tuhs gotten thee supper? [the coals, chips, &c., wherewith to make the fire in the morning]. Ah've bin roiting [cleaning] abart all t' dāay, an's reight darn tired."

Lodger. "Its ower lāat to mend a bad dāay's wark, isn't it Sam?"

"Am i' noa gurt shaks to neet fur duing owt mich,—my supper goas darn badly."

"Ah thowt thah loked darn i't' marth,—what's up?"

"I'll tell thuh just nah." [by-and-by.]

Wife. ✓ Lehr him gehr his supper first Jack."

"Wi' awal posserble pleasure."

(*Two or three mouthfuls despatched in silence.*)

Husband. "What's tuh think ah did soin after ah went to my wark this morning?"

Lodger. "Gar agāate on't fursüre."

"Gah mesent t' poak."

"Well nobbud to bring us double wāages hoam o' Setterday neet we sahnt care. Bud thahs making faddle o' deacent fowk."

"Noan I; what's tuh think he did?"

"Whoa?"

"What's tuh cawal them fellahs at maks all t' din an' does t' lēast wark?"

"Hawah ther've as monny nāams as a Welchman—ne'er mind, goa on; did he ass thuh to lēave?"

"Noa, he pick'd hizsen up an' wur off in a wink."

Wife. "Eh Sam! whativver hest bint matter? Thah sūrely didn't? Aye; [looking round] whah sūrely to goodness if that isn't a nowd cap at he's comed hoam in. Ah thowt thah wur reight lāad in for a bit nah, thoa am sūre ah wur capt eniff when thah browt that hoam o' thee head, fur its bad gehring butter art on a dog's throat. Ah'll nivver believe at he's ta'en it back. It's a pity he's soa short [short-tempered]; its a sad let darn tul him."

"Whoa seed thuh du it Sam?"

"Haw, a seet on 'em; all t' press-shop fellahs an' a whoal joathrum more beside. Well, thah knawahs, this morning he cam tul muh an' says,— 'Sam, be hear to-morrer at seven her clock an' fey awāay theas cinders an' stuff—wur bown to alter t' press-shop o' Monday morning.'"

"Unposserble Sir," says I.

"What d' yer mēan?" says he.

"At ah can't come," says I, "cos it's Sunday."

"Then he started on at sich 'na rāate as ah nivver hēard fursūre e awal me life. T' long an'

short on't wor at he'd ta'en muh art o' charity, kept muh at work art o' charity, an bud for him ah sud a bin dish'd up long sin. True eniff, bud he mud a hodden his din, bud as he'd teld muh on't ah wodn't believe a word on't nur the divvil wodn't a māad muh, axing pardon fur mentioning the de-cēatful owd rascal's nāame. Then he pointed to me hat 'at wur hinging up an' axt muh if ad fur-gotten that."

"Noa," says I, "I bin thinking on't awll t' while," and wi' that ah grabs it, bundles it up wi' a nowd pair o' briches 'at ah teld thuh he'd gin muh yesterder, tees a bit o' band rarn'd, an' pitches it intut stoav. Well! thah sud' a' seen him.—He could awlus swear like a good un, bud he wur tup-tack this time; bud its noa ūse saying what *he* said ower agean; ah could'nt fancy to heit nowt fur a month if ah did, me brēath ad stink soa; bud he cawal'd muh all't nāames he could weel lig his tongue tul. Bud he said a word at ah couldn't furgive him—nut at that minute at lēast. Ah went white an' me lips quivered in a minute. 'Sāay that agean,' ah said. He said it agean, twice ower; I up wi' me fist ommast wi'art thinking an' fell'd him as flat as a pancāake. It wur a wonder ah didn't mash him, fur ah felt as if ah could a drovven my fist through a two inch plenk; ah feel better satisfied nah 'at it wor nobbud ont' shoolder. I loked at him a minnit hardly knawing whether to murther him clēan art or noa."

Wife. "Haw! Sam, Sam!"

"Hardly knawing whether to punch his cowardly soul out of his cringing carkas or nut, an' thear ah stood ower him wi' me double neive, trem'ling an' gasping for a quarter ov a minute, bud somehow awl on a sudden ah gat t' better o' mysen, an' thinks I 'wah he's some mother's barn,—lēastwāays he's bin a barn at one time an' his mother hes thowt summut on him'—dash, ah, ah could"—

"A' roar'd owert?"

"Aye a roar'd owert, blow'd if ah couldn't; an' ah wur just barn ta stoop darn to help him up when somehah, awl on a sudden tu, ah began ta feel as houghty as it wur posserble fur a chap to be—as houghty as"—

"Figure o' speech understood, then, as we can't mannidge withart it."

"Soa ah went intut shed, borrowed a nowd cap o' one o' t' press-setters, wawak'd awāay, an' nivver seen him sin."

"Just like sich fellahs—so soft wal ther darsant sāay boh tul a mars [mouse]; as soft as a boil'd turnip, an' that's soft eniff when a slap o' watter [spilled water] al cut it."

"Ah nivver bin used tul't, an' ah weant stàn' it, an' ah doant cāare if ah goa to t' hoil to morn for't—noa, nut if, nut if ah—"

"Nivver knort t' tāaste o' hāasty-puddin agean."

"Noa."

"Like t' chap 'at spak at t' love-fēast last

Sunday, that wur born ameng t' fire, an' can't live it smook."

Wife. "Thah sees, Sam, ah tell'd thuh we sud ha' trouble afoar t' dāay wur art."

"What's tuh think, Jack?—her tongue wur going like a bell-clapper fur orf an har this morning, an' shoo wur pooling a fāace as long as a wet towel becos ah chuck'd t' egg-shell intut fire wi'art brekking it."

"T' pawm o' my hand kittled wal ah hardly knaew what to du wi' mesen this morning,—that's a sign am bown to heh some brass, isn't it lass?"

"Aye, it is that."

"Then ah gottant."

"Hes tuh lad? pretha hah mich?"

"Nineteen bob."

"Aye?"

"Aye, an't sack in't bargain."

"*Thah* doesn't mēan to sāay at that's gottant t' poak, Sam?"

"God's bare truth, lass."

"T' thing mun be smittle, really. Ther's awal maks an' shaps o' māaster's, bud nobbud a nod nāatur—nobbud a nod nāatur, really, mun ther be. What's bin t' smatter, Jack?"

"T' owd thing, lass,—can nivver du eniff for him, soa ah thowt ad gi'e him t' chonce a seeing if he could du as mich hizsel. Says he this morning, t' first thing:—

"Jack!

"Yes Sir!" says I.

"Come hear!" says he.

"In a jiffy!" says I.

So I bobs off upstairs, bud he worrant thear, then I knaew he wur darn, soa I lammases back an' intut cellar-hoil, an' thear he wor.

"What for does'nt tuh come when I sing art?" says he.

"Bin as slippy as ah could," says I.

Then he tuke muh tul another chap 'at he'd bin showing rarnd t' plāace appearantly; says he,—

"Wur bown to be varry throng, Jack, an' ~~hav~~ gottan a man tuh help thuh, an' ah want theas lot o' boits clearing off an' gehring art o' t' rōad this week."

Says I, "Well māaster, yuh keep muh up i' t' shop ten hars a dāay, an' am offuns eniff hear till herleven o' clock, an' orf past, at neet, as it is; yuh can't expect no moar o' t' cat 'an its skin?"

"Noan o' thee sauace," says he, "ur al saddle wi' thuh thureckly."

My monkey wur up i' a minnit; says I,—“Ye hevvant pick'd that fellah up at hap-hazard I knawah; yuh been on t' luke art for him this monny a month to my knowledge, bud I'm gam for yuh, an' nah 'at yuh've gottan him yuh may keep him awltogether, an' fin' it art 'at ye've bin bolting t' door wi' a boiled carrit. Am sick o' sich na extortionous fellah,” says I; “yer'd work muh to dēath,” says I, “an' think no moar on't nur i

gehring yuhr dinner, nur orf a quarter as mich; ah've bin fur lēaving yuh as near as darbe monny a time, bud ah mēan it nah."

T' owd fellah wur flambergasted, bud thuh doant cawal him timber-cheek fur nowt; says he,—

"Thahs noa 'cāashun to goa on i' this feshun; its rare to be thee thah knawahs i' winter, when nowts stirring mich bud a bit o' cobbling 'at we can get done art onnywhear; besides, luke what time thah drops it then; nivver noa lāater 'an seven o'clock: nah think o' that!"

"Ah noan furget that," says I, "nur t' seven an' sixpence ye gi'e muh fur duing it, nor o' t' neets when ah bin kept wakken wi' t' rhuematiz 'cos a gehring wet through o' me feet, 'at yar generosity wēant allor muh to alter, cos ye're flāad ah put a bit o' better sort o' leather tul 'em if ah happen to gehr hod on a bit—abart as scarce a material i' this here hoction as a white crawah." Says I, "if it hed'nt a bin fur Aalse [Alice] at hoam, ah sud' a bin dēad an' buried, an' haunting yuh long sin;" says I, hodding up Sam's boit,—yuh nivver hed sich a swatch o' leather sin' yuh cam' intul existence as this; it al du yer eeseet good to luke ar it."

Says he, "Al send thuh throo t' door-hoile two cracks if tuh gi'es muh onny more o' thee slack."

"Abbud," says I, "thers two sides tul moast things, an' that happens to be one on 'em, an' if yer've a mind to hev a demonstrāation, come on!"

says I, flinging darn a bundil o' lasts 'at ad browt darn wi' muh 'at ah thowt he'd happen want when he sharted o' muh at t' first; says I, "when can ah du ow't tuh plēaz yuh ivver? seeking fur yar conscience is like seeking for a needle i' a hāay-stack; an' when yuh did purtend to help muh, it wur awal me eye an' Peggy Martin; ye've awlus bin a good un fur wark i' my opinion, ye could awlus lig yuh darn aside on't; ther's a goodish faew o' yar soart i' t' world, an'," says I (he wor as white as a clout), "yuhr fāace hed need be so dōaffy-luking fur the divvil's dōaf ye are, an' he kneids yuh up as he likes; he's bin ta'en in wi' monny a one, bud ah sal heh sadly misteuk t' nāatur o' things if he's decēaved abart ye, CONFOUND yer, yer owd sinner" [striking the table with force], says I, "yer—"

Here the child awakes, with a start and a cry, and the conversation is broken; resumed at intervals, and then, at a late hour, as follows:—

Wife. "Ted kill'd a spider to dāay."

"Then thah's bin cawaling him; it isn't offuns 'at he's asleep when I come hoam; ah thowt summut hed bin up."

"Ah cawal'd him a nowt, an' he tuke to t' sulks thereckly."

Lodger. "Ted's my barn,—isn't tuh Ted? an' onnybody 'at differs through him al be persecuted wi' t' rigour o' t' lawah. Hes tuh done that sum I set thuh last neet?"

"Noan he, marry; he frāames like a tāaler at it."

"Well what can yuh expect through a chap 'ats bin üsed to nowt bud mawing tāaties? bud ham-sowivver, yuh can't fin i' yuhr heart to sāay 'at he isn't t' finest little blōaker yuh ivver clapt yuhr two ees on, if he hes a kest o' one ee; can shoo Ted? owtant shuh to feel as prard as a dog wi' two tāals on thuh?"

"Aye, he's a reight un whear thuh want sich like, bud pretha hev a bit o' sense, an' doant crack o' that barn afoar its fāace."

Hus. "What trāad does tuh think Jack we mun puhr him tul? he tuke a desp'rate liking to them cornish [cornice] makking chaps at ludged at Bella Brown's t' last winter."

"Well, it mun be a rerspectable trāad ur perfession o' course. What's tuh think, Ted, o' larning, t' doll's-ee makking business, ur t' havver-cāake weiving perfession, ur—"

"Du hod thee din, Jack," says the wife, "t' barn believes ivvry word thah says."

"Then we'll boath goa a' hawaking full peas."

(Ted in high glee.)

"Else a cadging? ur mannifactering hēath [earth] to grow door nāals wi' to scoup awalt' apples I bring thuh hoam?"

(Ted hides his face, having been caught in the act the day before.)

Wife. "Aye, ah wur fair stagnāated when ah

seed 'at he'd gottant t' rusty nāal i' his marth; ah tell'd him 'at if ivver he did t' like agean summut ad come for him."

Lodger. "Aye well, i' good hearnest, its full soin to think abart it yert, ant' chap wants his hēad shāaving wi' a naup-stick 'at thinks different."

Wife. "He taks after thee; he's some rum speiks wi' him."

"Doan't tell us what we knawah, lass; he'll bide 'em a good un. Noab'dy al ivver he' t' chons a picking *him* up afoar he tumbles i' my private opinion."

"Ah knaew we sud awlus hev luck wi' him, thoh am telling thuh; 'cos when he wur ta'en in tul his grammother's t' first time, shoo hed t' egg ant' cheana cup full o' salt awal ready an' wāating, ant' first thing shoo did wor to luke at his hēad, an' thear, lo an' behold, t' barn hed two crowns!—ah wur thunnerstruck."

Think on an' bring us summut back i' thee travvils Ted;—t' noaze of a Chinerman, t' beard ov a Welch Indian, ur owt to presarve as a bit an a curiosity like thah knawahs?"

Ted. "Eh! luke, luke, mammy!" (pointing)

"Aye lad, its t' moin; it isn't offuns it peeps in thought' winder-hoils. Ah knaew it ud be a fine neet 'cos t' snuff o't' cannel didn't goa art wi' a whiff last neet as it awlus does when wur barn to ha' rāan. Nah come Teddy, let muh don thee bed-garn an' off to bed i' quick-sticks."

(The following Monday.)

"Whears tuh been then like lass; ah see thahs gotten thee Seterder garn on?"

"Wah ah thowt ad goa see Māary Watkins as it wo't' fēast; hav promised her monny an' monny a time 'at ad goa, an soa ah thowt ah mud goa this time ur else awlt' fat ad be i't' fire reight."

"What maks thuh so rawapy pretha? thahs catch't it ah see thah hes."

"Nāa, ah stopt to luke at a barrah rāace wi' orf a dozen chaps 'at wur blyn-fowd, an' ah laughed till ah wur wāak fursüre."

"An' heh gorran sich a cowl as thah wēant a kessen this dāay month;—wah it wur rāaning an' teiming darn at four o'clock."

"It nobbud weeted a bit wal I wur thear, bud that wo't' fun o' t' thing mah lad."

"Well, summady mun goa ah reckon to see sich things, an' thahs like t' rest o' fowks, thinks thah mun goa theesen. Nowt ad fet thuh last fēast bud thah mud goa, an' goa thah did, an' a bonny goa thah māad on't."

"Ah sal ne'er furget that neet, Nelly Lāapish kept muh soa; ah wur e pins an' needles to be hoam long afoar ah wor."

"An't' neet after doncing agean wi't' toith-wark, like a cat on a hoat bakston."

"An' a badly bart fur long eniff at efter; nah lad let's help thuh a bit."

"Sich'na pull-back it wor as we hedn't hed fur monny a long bit."

"Nah then, mun e tell thuh what ah wur bown to tell thuh, ur mun e hev awlt' tawak to mesen?"

"Tawak to theesen lass; ah'll be bun' ah sal hear thuh."

"Well, of awlt' long-tongued women at"—

"Th' art noan"—

"at ah ivver,—what?"

"Th'art noan to seek theesen,—goa 'long wi' thuh."

(Takes half-a-dozen furious whiffs at his pipe and envelopes himself in smoke, finishing off with —"Goa 'long wi' thuh, goa 'long wi' thuh," so "Āals" is induced to proceed).

"at ah ivver sawah, ah nivver sawah the likes of her, nivver,—kept muh a nar an' a orf tawaking if shoo kept muh a minnit, an' whats tuh think it awal cam tul i't' long run?"

"Wanted to borrah a shillin' happen?"

"Thah mud' a' guess'd war, bud nut to bother tuh ah mud as weel tell thuh—shoo wanted to len' muh one."

"Len' thuh one?"

"An gi'e muh summut wi' it."

"Wah nah thah caps muh!—what's tuh mēan pretha?"

"Hes tuh noa inkling on't?"

"No moar on't! ah see what thah's after; thahs on wi' thee hobby agean,—I'll heh noa cal-hoils hear: am o't' reight side o't' hedge an' ah mēan to stick thear."

“ Bud ”—

“ Hod thee noise wi’ thuh : al hear noa moar on’t ; av seen ”—

“ Hear muh art ;—bud what hes tuh seen pretha nah ?—let’s be knawing that.”

“ Seen ! wah ah’ve seen sadly to mich o’ yuhr . club-hoils an’ what nut ; *I’m* noan barn to hev t’ house turned inside art an’ awal fo’t s̄aake ov a penny ur tuppence o’ gr̄eas̄y copper ; ad mak shift on a ass-middin first, that ah wod ; doant put on muh nah ; ah’ve hed eniff to vex muh l̄aately.”

“ Ah’ll tell thuh wh̄at,—thah’s soin art o’t’ joint somehah ur other to neet ; thah maks a boddy stare like a stuck sheep at thuh ; ther’s hardly onny knawahing what thah m̄eans ; pretha doant worry muh fur orf a word ; th’art thinking abart Seterder’s doo ; what good will it du thur to brood ower’t ? Am s̄ure my heart’s fair cam intul me marth monny a time when it’s cross’d muh, bud ah awalus gat rid o’t’ thowt an’ tried to think abart summat else, an’ dus tuh blaam muh ? and if tuh doesn’t, what for doesn’t tuh blaam thesen then ? Its noa ūse roaring abart spill’d milk, nut a bit. Am s̄ure if I wur to brood ower’t an’ worrit mesen as thah’s duing, ah ”—

“ What ? ”

“ Wah it ud mak a boddy du what thuh niver thowt a duing.”

(This phrase implies suicide. “ Aals ” lays down her sewing, and covering her face with her apron,

moar sāay ower him 'an nowt, bud mud be nowt at awal; an' when he's a bit puhr art wah ther's noa pacifying him noa wāays except yuh fairly gehr onto yuhr bended knees afoar him an' beg kâavey thear. He's a white fāace lass bud he's a heart as foul as the divvil's inside'n him, an' ther's monny a tharsand like him, Lord help us awal! as thah says. Bud I knawah what I'd du if *I* wur foaced to sāl atween his legs. It's nobbud a toathry [two or three] dāays sin,' sin' ther wur bonny to du ameng 'em,—thratching an' feighting hand ower hēad. Men's men chuse what soart o' cloas thuh wear, an' some on 'em muh want stirring up a bit nah an' then, bud ther's rēason i' roisting eggs, an' fellahs, noa odds hah low ther stan', sud niver be puhr on i't' wāay he puts on 'em; they mud as weel bin born monkeys at once if thur wur nobbud sich foils as him."

"Well lad am fair darn stawall'd art o' sich like, an ah feel fur awal at hes tuh du wi' 'em 'cos ther poor fowk like wersens an' hes to scrat hard fur ther bit o' brēad, ur else see ther barns clam afoar ther ees. It's a sin to wish onnybody dēad, bud am sūre when ah hear tell o' sich fellahs deeing am tempted to think—'Well good shutness tul him an' awal sich like'—the Lord forgie muh! Ah wonder if sich fowk ivver says ther prayers an' what thuh *du* sāay."

"Aye aye lass, we sal awal hev eniff to answer for, bud my eye ah wodn't swop plāaces wi' some

fellahs fur awl't gowd 'at ah ivver seed i' me life. Bud ther muh sāay budge to whoa thuh will an' like, sich fellahs may—I've nobbud one answer for 'em an' that's 'sallant.' ”

“ Well nah abart this club lad ? ”

“ Thah mun be on ah see.”

“ Ah can't rest till ah gehr it done wi'.”

“ Ah'll behod thuh fur that.”

“ Nut o't' ah care so varry mich fort' bit o' brass ther'll be at t' end on't. Fursüre, ah sal care a bit abart t' comp'ny, ah will sāay that, 'cos it'll liven a boddy up a bit, bud ah nobbud think at it's duing a soart on a duty. Nah just bethink theesen an' see what a dēal o' benefit it ad be tul a poor boddy if thuh wur süre o' sichna nice nest-egg reglery. Lehr a score ur two 'on 'em bring ther sixpences a week an' then be süre o't' lot i't' middle o' winter, —hah grand that ad be to think on boath fur us an' them? ”

“ Ah doant knawah what tuh's tawaking abart; let's hear't top an' boddom on't pretha, if tuh is detarmined to hev thee awan wāay.”

“ Am noan detarmined nowt abar it mah lad, bud let muh tell thuh. A lot o' thēas nāabours of ars thah knawahs wants to puhr intul a club. Moast on 'em ad pāay a shillin' a week an' a penny besides; sāay ther's twenty on 'em; well, thēas twenty pāays a shillin a piece an' a penny to t' club-woman fur twenty weeks. At t' twenty weeks end thuh awal come together an drawah bits o' pāaper,

wi' numbers on 'em, thro' *one* to *twenty*, 'at's folded up an' puhr i' a pint. Her 'at gets t' first number, number *one*, gets a pahnd pāad darn tul her thear an' then; her at gets number *two*, gets her brass t' week at after, an' soa on up to t' last number at nobbud gets her brass at t' twenty weeks end, bud it does come some time; an' happen some at t' nāabours at isn't partic'lar, al du a nāabourly turn an' swap a poor boddy 'at's fast wi' a soin number for a lāat un. Nah doesn't tuh see hah it ad leeten monny a hard working woman's lōad to knawah 'at shoo hed this to lein back on?"

"What for couldn't shoo keep it hersen an' sāave t' penny a week?"

"Cos shoold hev it to luke at, an' thah knawahs varry weel 'at a boddy wi' a tribe o' barns can nivver keep brass i' ther pockets,—thah knawahs this, bud just thah's a mind to be contredictionous."

"Then what can't thuh goa tul other fowk wi' thuhr brass, 'at's moar likely nur us?"

"What's tuh mēan be moar likely? Thuh want a respectable boddy, an' monny a one 'at reckons to be better off nur us ad be glad an' fāan o't' job, —harmsoivver, thee pleaz theesen thah knawahs; ah've said awal 'at ah hev to sāay, an' if it doesn't suit, wah, ah cannot help it. Ah knawah monny a one 'at ud jump at sichna chons—an' nobbud once i' twenty weeks anawal;—nut reck'ning t' bits o' cawals on a Set'day neet, which, am sūre, I sud be thenkful to think abart, as it ud be soa

monny shillins' sâaved through t' public-harses an' jerry-oils, an' besides—ah've bin ke sting it up—it al orf pāay t' rent, an' that al be summut; ur, if tuh mēans to send Teddy tult' skoil an' gehr him a goood heddicāation, as thah's offuns said thah wod du an' awalus tawaked abart, nah's the time thah knawahs, 'cos t' heighest skoils ther is is nobbud a guinea a quāater an' we sud hev a trifle to spare. Nah mah lad, is tuh bown to pleaz muh fur once?"

(A fumbling at the door-latch, or "sneck," and a noise as of suppressed kicks at the door bottom is heard, and after a short lapse of time a little girl enters, with dimpled cheeks and tresses loosened in the effort to get in).

"Nah sither, ther's little Polly comed to see thuh!"

"Come thee wāays my bonnie wee pet!—as welcome ast' flowers i' Māay."

We will now let a Leeds man, a "Leeds loiner," a Yorkshireman *par excellence*, tell a story, or rather, talk himself into one, giving him due credit for a cultivated memory and for some aptness in the art of mimicry.

We shall throw together a few prefatory sentences in order to exhibit still more the idiomatic features of the dialect, and the general manner of speech. Amongst a certain class we do not think that our employment of idioms would be found in their ordinary conversation much, if any, less profuse. Indeed, amongst themselves a sentence

never carries any weight with it unless idiomised, and there are hundreds of roughs who would feel thoroughly ashamed to open their mouths in an assembly of better educated people, because, though however "glib at tongue" on ordinary occasions, yet they could never prepare sentences sufficiently isolated from idiom to make themselves understood, or to feel otherwise than as engaged in a task of insuperable difficulty, showing very plainly, in our humble opinion, that while these idioms continue so in use, the thorough and speedy refinement of this class is an impossibility. We are not aware of any effort being made to overcome, or thought whatever being directed towards this evil, none the less an evil—far otherwise, from its channel being habit-overgrown and hid.

We may be pardoned for introducing at the end another scene of a similar nature to previous ones; whatever may be thought about their utility there can be nothing said against their truthfulness, except indeed by those who forget that the life of a working-man or woman is one of struggle and hardship, dependant upon a hundred circumstances for their daily bread which they are altogether free from. And again, and chiefly; it is impossible, without being guilty of portraying but the leaner half of a truth, to connect the phrases and idiomatic sentences here current without going over the ground which we have done, for these constructions have had their origin in such phases of feeling. To

such a centre, their cause, do they all naturally incline, and those who don't see the truth of this, can certainly have no excuse but that of ignorance, which in its refined supineness is simply contemptible; and such are those who will have made the discovery ere this of a lack of refinement in the style and subject-matter of these pages.

(Two are supposed to be travelling together).

"Bonny an' cowl!"

"Perishing; ne'er heed let's put t' best leg first."

"What a long, ram'ling, streggling hoil this is to be sùre!"

"Well, mufted up to t' chin *th'art* reight eniff; it's rare to be thee lad; as nice as nip—, ast [I should] think thall feel soa nah ift' truth wur nobbud knawn?"

"As reight as a clock, lad."

"Ah could 'a 'bin happ'd as weel mysen addersāay if ad chossen—Jin' 'ad o' top-coited muh hard eniff if ad nobbud a letten her; wur noan sich gurt friends just nah an' ah thowt ad fix her a bit, an' if shoo'd a goan darn on her bended knees ah wod'nt a ta'en it,—soa mich fur donkeyism when a chap's putten tult."

(A child crosses the road from a cottage, with an infant in its arms).

"Clock is't joy?"

"Ah'll go ax my mother."

(Returns).

"Hāaf past twelve my mother says."

"Fine lass! Hear stop, ther's orf a bun for thuh. Fair dues thah knawahs,—gi'et' barn a bit."

(The two proceed onward).

"Hah's Bob Sadler does tuh think Bil?"

"Wah he noan gets onny better 'at I can see on."

"Ah nivver hēard at he wur badly wal t'other dāay. Hah long's he bin badly like?"

"Wah he's been i' a hinging wāay fur a long while."

"Hes he gorran onnyboddy i't' shop yet?"

"Aye he's gorran a chap nah o' some mak. He does next to nowt hizsen thuh sāay."

"Well it's noa ūse keeping a dog an' barking one's sen."

(We must here, to clear our conscience, remark, that phrases such as the one above and others, sententious and point-carrying, which are to follow, we should be sorry indeed to lose. The work will have to be a *sifting* process. It is rather the domain of words, regarded apart, than that of connected ones that we have to do with. Once set the mind at work on a subject which has any amount of real interest for it, and it cannot but throw off its ideas and notions after its own fashion complete and in good faith, and they may have a sterling value when isolated words and expressions emerging from mere surface feeling have none, and worse than none. In one case the mind is at work healthily and by means of a guiding power holds on its way to a goal, like a ship crossing the

sea ; in the other the mind is stranded and the very element which ought to be the basis of its efforts, inclination, proceeding from vicious habits, is, like the sea to a stranded vessel, but the means of its abuse and ruin).

“ He’d a nice ēasy birth on’t at t’ owd shop.”

“ Aye, he’s rued ivvry hair o’ his hēad at he’s left it al bet a fardin cheeseecāake barg’nin’ furt’ first bite.”

“ T’ gaffer didn’t sāay mich tul him ah reckon’ ’at t’ time.”

“ Noan he; he’s noan one o’ that soart; he knawahs varry weel thers moar wāays o’ killing a dog nur choaking it wi’ butter.”

“ Does tuh think he’ll du him a mischief if he can?”

“ Well, to speik a bit o’ my mind tuh thuh lad ah du think at he’s one o’ them soart at al goa a tip-e-toasa ta snāals gallop furt’ time he thinks good an’ then mak fur his mark clomping like a gurt cart-horse fit to flāay the divvil art’n his wits, when he sees t’ poaker’s hoat.”

“ Jim’s wife an’t’ owd woman can’t hih[r] [hit] it at awal; thāay’ve hed a tustle ur two lāately.”

“ Aye, shoo niver sees noab’dy it fauty-glass bud her nah. If one thing goas wrenc depend on’t ivvry thing al goa wrenc. Shoo wodn’t weg a hand nah when shoos three weeks wesh nut if shoo wur rubbing t’ skin off’n her fing-ers, which shoo offuns eniff does addersāay, an’s bin i’ that wāay fur monny a bit.”

"Shool hev a soar time on't then wal shoo's thear; bud shoo's foarc'd to goa as ther bakkards i't' rent fur one thing. Shoo likes her sups tu, an' that maks her carry on warse."

"Aye, shoo's a bonny blossom,—ah've knorn that afoar to-dāay. Shoo weant bide assing to hev a sup o' moar at noab'dy's house. Did tuh knawah Jim hed bowt a gallower?"

"Noa; hah mich hes he lāad in't?"

"Ten parnd, an' gin two donkeys to boit."

"What for nut 'a' kept his donkeys? ther'd 'a' done him a seet moar good nur t' bit o' brass."

"Ah tell'd him 'at he hedn't t' sense 'at he wur born wi'—a big flathead."

"Wah it's nut monny 'at hes ah think; what sāay ye māaster?" [to a man passing at the time.]

(The man leaves them after a while, and the two, advanced several miles on their journey, enter a public-house, and calling for "A quāate an' fower penn'orth o' cheese an' brēad a-piece," proceed to discuss the same with an evident relish.)

"Well, ah sudn't a thowt it norther."

"Thowt what?"

"Wah what t' wife said yest'der-neet."

"Wah what did shoo sāay?"

"Wah t' letter 'at said 'at ah merd goa, an' tak another wi muh an' he'd sehr us boath on, cam this morning thah knawahs; an' when we wur sehr gehring wur suppers yurst-dah neet t' wife says:—'Luke at t' cannal lad, thuh's a letter

coming for thuh,' an ah loked, an' sŭre eniff thuh wur a hoat glow anent muh' fair eniff, bud ah says,—'Nah hod thee owd women t̄aals, pretha du, fur am darn stawal'd a hearing 'em;' bud harmsumivver, t' poastman hed to knock us art o' bed this morning."

"Tha'll nivver hear t' last on't nah, al be bun for't."

"Haw, shoo reckons nowt abar em. If shoo sees owt a' t' soart shoo's dead sŭre on't, an' nivver cares a rawah o' pins what noab'dy *else* thinks on't; nur shoo's noan as sulky as a nowd sue [sow], like some ad be. Nah then, hey on lad! we're nut a' t' far end yert be a stride ur two."

"Gi'e us that length o' band ah sawah thuh pool art o' thee pocket a minnit sin, an' lets mash a bit to tee me boit wi' first."

"It al be just a year come next Bowling tide sin I wur at this smiddy afoar."

"Aye, what wur *thou* duing here then, let's be knawing?"

"Come on, an' thah sal hev it awal, through t' threed to t' needle." (*They journey on.*)

"Well, thah knawahs, we wur on t' tramp—Bil Jackson, young Cobby, an' mesen; bud thah happen wodn't knawah Bil?—his fatter wur owd Lorry thah knawahs, at ūsed to work at Split-curns."

"Hawah, I knawah Bill weel eniff."

"Warrant thee an' him lads together nah?"

"Nāa, bud hav knorn him long eniff."

"Weel, noa odds, thah *does* knawah him, an' that's eniff; al tell thuh whear ah lehr on him;—thah knawahs ah hedn't comed back to Leeds then. Ah wur stopping fur a neet at a model lodging house, an' it wur thear whear we lehr on, an' young Cob wur wi' him. Well, we stopp'd thear awal that neet, an' sehr off agean at sun-reese, an' gat to t' 'Nine-pins' yonder just afoar noin, cawal'd fur a pint a-piece, an' started a pitching inta t' grub 'at we'd browt wi' us. In a bit, whoa sud pop in bud another chap at Bil knaew, on t' tramp through Halifax—a plāasterer he wor. We soin gat weel in together, an' Bil, when we'd gotten on a bit, says:—

"Well, here's yer health māates," hoddin up his pint an' luki'g first at t' plāasterer an' then at us, an' noddin to t' landlord 'at wur just coming in, says, "nut furgehring ye, māaster."

"Thenk yoh," says Haalefaax.

"Thenksta lad," says I.

"Thenkee mister," says t' owd cock.

One good turn desarves another thuh sāay, soa t' compliment wur returned be first one an' then t' other. We'd hardly done smacking wur lips when we hēard t' tramp o' horses feet an' t' clatter o' wheels, an' in a minnit a trav'ling carriage an' fower poasters cam' bowling ower t' cobstans o' t' yard an' stopp'd afoar t' doar.

Afoar t' owd cock hed time to get waddled thear a chap i' liv'ry louns darn, oppuns t' carridge-

doar, an' art pops a young fellah, to tak him be his lukes abart five ur six an' twenty he'd be.

"Breakfast, landlord," says he.

"Yees sur; be sa gude as to stip up sta-yars—Sam!" he sings art, "gan wi this gentleman!"

"Lose no time please," says he, barncing up t' steps an' takking his gloves off.

"Therickly Sir, therickly Sir," an' t' owd cock tumbled into t' kitchen.

"Noo Mary," says he to t' sarvant-lass, "gang an' fitch t' mistriss; is t' watter yat it boiler? ah yaape thoo isn't to saik noo at thoo's wanted?"

"Nane I maister; sāay yuh as to fitch t' mistriss?"

"Aey, gang awāa wi' thuh—git mert stēal fost lassie, to rēach t' flick doon frae t' crēak. Wheyer is t' stēal, waa wuth it! it's mair bother an' its wuth. Sea, its alang t' dēuer theyer. Noo thin, that's ower na-yer—put it frettha bairn—what yar thing an' what another thers yallas summat. Dinnot stop heyer mah lass—wheyer's t' mistriss?—it gaith?"

"I' t' faud mebbe."

"Gang then."

T' missis pop'd in.

"Ah's heyer, ah's heyer!"

"Then mak yast me lass; brekkast fur a gentleman at's i' ivver siken a hurrey."

"Wia wia my laddie, we'll sean hev it riddy."

An' f'rout I knawah thuh soin hed it redy,

for ah hēard no moar on't. Well, ther wur nah eight on us when we cam to carnt—wursens, two poast-lads, a foitman, an' a vallit fellah 'as ther cawal 'em. This chap wur sipping his sherry like my lord, an' t' other three poor d——l's joining at a quāat o' orf-an'-orf.

We soin gahr a tawaking, an' t' vallit began a telling us awal abart t' young fellah.

"Lord what d' yer cawal him?" says young Cob i' a whisper, an' leining ower t' tāable.

"Carlboro'—Lord Carlboro'," says he, whispering tu. Travell'd post from Fleetwood; started at six; fair run that friend?"

"'Tis tu; whear's he for?" says I.

"Rolsburg—twenty miles to go yet; twenty-six from York I s'pose? My lord's a candidate for the representation of the county."

"Ol shaew yoh his address an' yoh can read it," says Halifax. "Oi gate one geed muh at Brāadford as oi cāam threugh. Wur reight dāan pārad on him yonder, tay my word for't. Be all accāants he'll *may* us loike him; soa he's bāan to shaew hizsen is he?"

"Travill'd mich?" says I to t' vallit.

"Off and on for five years," says he. "I've made the tour of Europe and America with him. Have come pretty nearly direct from Paris now."

"Ye'll hev a jolly time on't?" says I.

"Why yes," says he, "upon the whole; but Lunnon after all say I, for when a gal sees a

arnsome fellah—'scuse me gentlemen—something like myself, its nahtural as she takes a liking to him, and when that's the case its nahtural the fellah takes a liking to her—not pohs'tively ugly—and there's an end of it gennelmen if you are not up in the foreign lingo."

Says I, "Is yer guv'ner a Blue ur a Yeller?"

"Oh, he's a Liberal."

"Out an' out?"

"Why no, moderate; a L. C."

"Haw, I see," says Cobby, "lean-conditioned."

"Liberal-Conservative, Sir."

"Haw," says Cobby, nodding.

We then gat to reading t' bill at t' plāasterer hed brung wi' him. He said 'at he couldn't read it hizsen cos he nivver wur a 'scholard'; soa I started on't mysel. Here it is, as pat as a pancāake. Ah think ah seet t' cockney fellah lukiing at muh' nah art on a glass, as if he could't believe his awan ees.

"To the Electors an' noan-Electors ov the West Ridin' o' Yorkshur.

"GENTLEMEN,

"Thuh lermmented dēath o' yer trusty an' hersteemed member fur the county heving creāated a vāacancy i' the representāation thearof, I beg to offer mysen as a candidat' for yer suffrages.

"At present I sal du no moar then lāay befoar yuh a simple an' brōad stāatement o' my views. I am i' fāavour ov a mich wider extension ov the

for ah hēard no moar on't. Well, ther wur nah eight on us when we cam to carnt—wursens, two poast-lads, a foitman, an' a vallit fellah 'as ther cawal 'em. This chap wur sipping his sherry like my lord, an' t' other three poor d——l's joining at a quāat o' orf-an'-orf.

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"At present I sal du no moar then lāay befoar yuh a simple an' brōad stāatement o' my views. I am i' fāavour ov a mich wider extension ov the

franchise, voat be ballot ; trēennial parlements, an' ivvry mezzur o' reform 'at hes fur its object the good ov the people an' is nūt fun wanting i't' mēans employed.

"I am oppoased tul the indahment o' Mayneuth ; tul't hersesment o' private income ; tul't present system o' church rāates, an' to whativver savvers ov injustice ur uppression an' does i' reality moar harm 'an good ; ernd sud I hertāen tul the honour o' being returned be yer to parlement, me constant āam an' indeavour al be to secure the wēal o' me country an' advance its interests as far as it lāays i' me par to du soa, an' to this I sal be prard to devoate mesen.

"I sal tak t' hearliest oppertewnity o' being ameng yer, when I hoap to herdress yer at length.

"Believe muh, Gentlemen,

"Faathfully Yars,

"CARLBORO'.

"*Pare-is, t' 15t o' Āapril, 1859.*"

"Senserble," says Bill.

"If he doesn't caff on't," says young Cob.

"My lord means what he says," says t' vallit.

"Does he *du* what he says an' mēans?"

"Come Cobby," says I, "thou'd puzzle a parson, soa just shut up if tuh can tak a delicate hint."

Says t' plāasterer,— "Then he's a scars airticle binnot he?"

"Well," Bil started, "t' moast important item i' my awan wāay o' thinking ist' Mayneuth busi-

ness. 'I'm an Englishman ivvry inch, bud I'm blowed," says he, bringing darn his neive wi' a wack 'at m̄ade t' pipes an' glasses on't t̄able donce agean, "if this isn't eniff to mak a chap strike hands wi' Jonathan." Says he, "What du them thear chaps purfess? Yer pause for a reply? —then I'll tell yer. First an' foarmost at ivvry Protestant i' the univarse al goa to hell."

"Toll-free," puhr in Cob.

"Second, it's thur duty to send 'em thear; an' third at ther'll get weel p̄aad some time ur other fur duing this piece o' bisness. Now", says he, "if it went onny wāay tow-ards cermenting ūnity, ad be the last i' the world to speik agean it, bud ther've nobbud gottan ūsed to spelling England bekos they h̄aate it an' ther t' moast discontented set o' fowk o' the f̄aace o' the h̄eath. What ha' ther bin duing this last fifty year bud slavvering art 'repale' at t' smok hoil o' thur muck cabins astēad o' saying, 'Hah d' yer du owd fellah, glad to see yer i' Patland, and waring ther last penny i' whiskey to mak 'em s̄āay 'repale' twice ower, astēad o' going tot' barbers to get sh̄āaved an takking a r̄āazor wi' 'em. It's nut fair orther 'at ther sud s̄āay 'repale' i' 'one thing an' nut in another. Hahivver," says he, a turning up his noaze wal yer mud a hung a humbrella o't' end, "what one friend bequēaths tul another doesn't concarn t' public at awal."

"A lie wi' a lid on," [a master performance,] says Cob.

Says I, "Mister Cobby, yer doant understand pollertics, soa tak the advice of a gentleman, and with kind regards to awal inquirin' friends I remain yours, &c."

"Now my friend compose yourself," says Cockney, drawing a chair tul him an' flinging his feet on't, "are you ready for a bit of serious confab?"

"Süre; go on."

"Then what would you do if you was prime minister to-morrow and had a nice family connection in both houses?"

"Create a dozen bishoprics."

"Indeed; where?"

"Princ'pally i' Italy."

"Tush! you'd make no prime minister. What would you do if you was Pope then?"

"What du yer cawal them plāaces whear monks put up at?—nut nun'ries."

"Monkeyries," suggested young Cob.

"Yers;—noa;—bud it is;—noa nut that—haw I've gotten it,—monastries. Well I'd hev theas hear plāaces all ower t' world, an' one especially cloise agean ivvry mannifactory fur't benefit o't sich at flock 'at didn't tak kindly to wark,—hed a nat'ral objection tul't yer knawah."

"Well," says I, "ah gi'e ther that insinuāation back agean Bil bundil'd up an' pat for thee pocket."

Says Cockney, "I don't go with you either here friend. You havn't known any amount of deep suffering proceeding either from within or without

yourself, or you would have at one time or other regarded these establishments with no indifferent, much more angry, eye, for they would suggest themselves as havens of repose after all, and affording a consolation which would counteract the effects of evil. Ah my friend," said he, "you have had small experience in the ways of mankind if you have got no farther than this yet. Three parts of the world have gone mad in the chase after gold and the remaining part they trample upon and tread the souls out of. It is enough to disgust any sensible man and to sicken the heart of him in picturing the ten thousands of poor wretches whose daily prayer is:—

‘ Swift to be hurled
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world.’

Give me credit for knowing something of it. I’ve learned to hate the world and despise every other being who tricks himself with a beard. There’s only the gals left to love, indeed and indeed.”

“Come Cockney—ax yer pardon,” says I, “yer be gehring sentimental an I’ve left my pocket hen-kutcher at hoam, hamsumever,” says I, “ye’re abart reight.”

“Now,” says Cockney, “there *are* those you know who to save from wice and degradashun their felluh-beings plunge into (as it were) the stagnant vorters of idleness and infamy and rescue at the himinent peril of their own lives a MORTAL

mane and flies with him to vun of these yar hinstertooshuns"—

"If ther can't get shut on him onny wāays else," says Cob.

"Silence!" says I.

"Haynde flies with their priceless burden gennlemen to vun of these yar hinstertooshuns"—

"An' lēaves him thear to dry," says Cob.

Owercome wi' his feelings, t' vallit tipp'd hizen another glass, an't' plāasterer mud a gottant' stēam offuv a caracact, cacaract.—Ah can't get me tongue rarn'd it—

"Noa thah can't tongue it reight."

Nah for it—cataract, o' second-hand dry lats by t' wāay at he quesh'd t' dregs of his pint. Then we awal began a rattling fur moar.

"Bud whear'd yoh get yohr brāass?" says Halifax to Bil.

"That ad be yar bisness wodn't it William?" says Cob, turning tul him.

Bill nodded.

"Well," says I, "Poape Pius fur ivver! fur wi'-art his fattherly tenderness we sud be clēan lost i't' world,—noab'dy to tak care on us at awal. I' fact he'd āather come ur send middlin offuns to ax after wur health, bud hooks an' crooks keeps awal at a distance—sheep Poape an' awal."

"Wi' the common rule of hexceptions," says Cockney, bobbing his dāahlia noaze i' one o' ar pints an' keeping it thear till ah thowt ah could fair hear it sizz.

'T' bell rung nah, an' in a bit t' lass cam' to tell t' vallit at' 'gentleman' wanted him to get ready fur off.

"His lordship, my dear," hinted Cockney with a wink.

Māary gloared wi' awl t' een shoo hed' fur orf a minnit, then twisting hersen abart wur off like red-shanks, an' i' two minnits hed bin to awl t' kenhuses abart, popping her hēad in at t' stāable whear t' māaster an' a lot on 'em wor, then in t' 'coo-hoos,' an' stopping ivvry-body i' her wāay to tell 'em o' t' gurt lord at wur it hars. I' five minnits moar, by t' time t' horses wur yoaked an' t' poast-lads wur cronked i' ther sēats, awal t' city wur astir, an' muck-fork, bezom, an' spāade i' hand, were tum'ling ower one another to gehr a seet ov a wick lord. T' vallit gar up, an' t' foitman wur at t' carridge-doar. Enow it oppuns, t' lord cuts in, an' t' foitman drawahs t' blind darn to screen t' chiner ornament through t' common hēarthenware, then up he louns, an' wi' a crack o' t' whip ther wur off like fire an' tow, an' t' pot-ware sehr up sich a jingling 'at ah wur fretened ther'd crack ther sides, soa went in to be art o' t' seet o' sich a misfortun'.

Well, what wi' one thing an' what wi' another it wur twelve o'clock afoar wer gat t' t' next tarn, an' as it wur ower lāat to seek ludgings, except at a Jerry-hoil, we didn't knawah what to du—at lēast Bil an' me did'nt; as fur Cob, he wur whisht awal t' time. At t' last says he:—

“Wod yer like to snooze in a church?”

“Fursüre; nowt no better.” *That* didn’t tak long sattling.

“Then come along,” says he; “I’ virtu’ o’ my office as lâate hersistant grāave-digger o’ t’ parrish church o’ Sant Thomas’s, i’ the liberty o’ Wossey-cum-Fossey, i’ the township o’ Whipswitch, I horthurize us to mak sich ūse o’ the said church, injoying the free an’ soale benefit o’ awal pews, pulpits, cushions, hassocks, an’ ivvry other help, āad, conveniuns, appurtenans, an’ soa forth, in an’ abart the said Church ov Sant Thomas thuh Evangurlist, as sal in onnywise, manner, rōad an’ feshun, tend, sarve, conduce, ur administer to the purtection o’ wer mortal bodies so long as suiteth us, barring t’ coil-hoil grāate hesn’t gottan a new bar tul.”

Cob hed bin hersistant i’ ivvry trāade under t’ sun, as thah’ll knawah, an’ a chap mud as weel ‘a tried tul ‘a’ guess’d hah owd he wor by t’ seet on him as tul ‘a’ bin sūre on a trāade ‘at he’d hed nowt to du wi’. Thuh wur noa guessing to twenty year hah owd he wor—he mud ‘a’ bin twenty, an’ he mud ‘a’ bin fotty, fur he could mak his faace goa twenty year owd in a minnit [moment]; aye, he could be fifteen one minnit an’ fifty t’ next, an’ noab’dy ivver think o’ swēaring ‘at he wur onny other; am bless’d if ther’s a bit o’ difference i’ him sin I knawan him.

• Well, t’ coil-hoil grāate happened to be lowse

when we gat thear, an' soa in we bobs, one at a time, Cob first an' me last, an' fun wur wāay intut church. We gahr intul some paews an' warrant long afoar wuh wur dēad hersleep. Wuh ligg'd an' slept till awal wer leet agean, an' nobbud wakkened i' time to hear t' tweng-ing an' crēaking ov a gurt rusty lock. We wur in abart as big a fix as Tommy Dixon, blynd o' one ee an' could'nt see at t' other. Says Cob,—

“Bowl under t' sēat, lads; I sal stand t' best chons; if it's owd Breeches it al awal be reight.” Bud it warrant owd Breeches, soa it warrant awal reight, an' Cob, seeing at it worn't, didn't gie him time to come slap up to t' paew (cos he mud 'a' chons'd to luke under t' sēat) bud louns ower an' seems as if he wur fur off, it wur sichna fine mornin', an wur nabb'd o' course, an' bowl'd off to t' hoil. When awal wor quiet we crept art, an' warrant long e finning t' coil-hoil grāate thah may weel be sūre. We gat clēar awāay, an' then ast wur rōad to t' p'lece office. Ther wur a hoilful o' fowks, bud we gat cronked i' a sēat at last. We wur underneith t' plāace whear t' magistrāates sat thah knawahs, an' after a bit summat dropp'd ontul my knee. Ah lukes, an' thear thuh wur a pair o' snecs [spectacles]—a pair o' gowd snecs! Nut wishing to int'rupt t' business, an' pertick'lar when ah seed what soart on a fellah he wor 'at hed lost 'em—a snarly, red-noazed, wry-marthed, pimple-chinned, blōated owd ruffin 'at disgrāaced ivvry

white hair on his hēad—when ah seed this, ah gi'es 'em a shove an' lets 'em drop intu t' corner wal it suited my conveniuns to pick 'em up for him.

Says a peeler tul another, lukiing at poor Cob, 'at wur stuck at t' back o' some iaron prods in a box wi' a peeler o' āather side on him, as mum as a sheep, says he: "It al goa hard wi' that younker; Scrooge is in a bad hewmour this morning—terrorble bad; nivver seen him so bad hardly afoar; his nevvv (t' other magistrāate, ah fun art) hesn't spokken tul him this morning nur farther 'an bid him good morning—he darrant."

Ad as good a mind as ivver ah hed to heit tul a putten me foit on them snecs an' crunched 'em, bud ah didant.

Says t' other peeler, "Hod thee noise wi' thuh, ur he'll soin be at t' top o' thuh."

Soa boath on 'em hodded ther noises, an' cocking ther chins up roared art "Silernce!"

"CASE," grunted art t' owd fellah after a bit.

Horf a dozen peelers bowled art in a minnit, rushing abart an' agean one another, an' at last fun thersens pushing a fellah up to t' tāable, as if he'd forgotten to bring his legs wi' him.

Cob loked as if he cared nowt abart it; he scruternized t' owd fellah's phiz bud nivver stirr'd a muscle on his fāace, an' he loked fur awal the world as if he couldn't sāay boh tul a marse; as if t' first word through t' owd chap ad freeten him

into fits. Fur a minnit he keft his ees on him bud they said nowt, an' then he fixed 'em on t' glass chanderleer wal t' owd fellah wur liz'ning tul t' private stāatement o' t' owd saxon—a toadying owd sinner 'at mended shoes, sung at concerts, an' touched his hat to t' paew-hodders o' week-dāays; an' o' Sundays, donning t' coit 'at hed gottan gi'en, went to crōak, 'Āamen,' sniffle t' responses, an' swig t' sacrement wine at t' church. I hēard ivvry word 'at he said, an' it turned art at Cob, in serlecting t' best hercommodāation posserble, hed gottan intul t' paew ut belonged tul this identical owd fellah hizsen. Hah he'd gotten in t' saxon o' course could'nt pertend to sāay.

After hearing him, an' darting a luke through his fiary pimpled fāace 'at wod 'a' flāayed onnybody else nur Cob intul admitting once fur awal ten million things 'at thuh could nivver a drēamed a duing, he brust art,—

“ Well, what have you to say for yourself you little vagabond? ”

Cob answered be thrusting boath'n his hands intul his briches pockets an' shot a glance like mad at him, bud which wor ower in a minnit, an' he turned his ees to t' fringe on t' canopy as ther cawal'd it, ower t' big chāar, t' chāar o' stāate thah knawahs, an' began a carnting t' little red hinging knobs [as 'crimson-draped pendants' would be rendered] on t' top o' 't; lēast he loked as if he wor.

"Do you hear me you little vagabond?" says he, belling art heigher nur ivver.

"Hear yer?" said Cob, fastening his een as coil as a cowcumber on him. "I'll hear yer when yer knawahs hah to conduct yersen respectably."

Thuh wor a bit jolly at this i' t' hoil, an' t' owd fellah waxed red-hoat in a second.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" hardly knawing whar he said, he roar'd art, bud t' noise he māade wur orf lost wi' abart orf'na dozen peelers singing art "Silernce! Silernce!!" lukiing as thoh it becam ther dignity an' heigh position an' priv'lege to show 'at thuh wur pers'nally insulted.

Says Cob,—“Whichivver yer plēases; nobbud if yer convics mer a duing summat moar then just stretching mesen on a cushion an' a bowlstering mesen wi' a hassock I give yer noatice 'at I sal herpēal tul a supearior court.”

This put t' owd fellah square a bit. Begow! bud he loked terrible after awal, an' ah began to be flāayed fur poor Cob—I sawah plāan eniff 'at he meant to nāal him. I wur thinking an' assing mesen whativver i' the world ad come ut poor fellah when ivvrybody knaew he'd bin i't' hoil, when ah chons'd to kest me ee darn i't' corner an' ah twigg'd t' snecs. I sams 'em up, nudges Bil, an' tipping him a wink, whispers in his ear-hoil, slipping t' snees intul his fist—"Peel off to me uncles Bil;" soa Bill peels off after a bit, an' comes back soin, as inner-cent lukiing as a sucking-duck, wi' a mighty poark

pie i' his fist, an' a sheep trotter, at he wor sprinkling wi' salt as he cam along, fur me. Didn't t' peeler aside on us grin an' luke as if his marth watter'd for a bit! Says he, whispering,—“Ah wunder'd what yer'd goan art for; keep it art o't' seet ur yer'll hev Somb'dy darn on yer pretty quick;” an' cocking up his hēad agean he stevvons art “Silernce!”

I axes Bil hah he'd let on, soa he brings a paper wi' salt in art'n his wāascut pocket an' starts a sprinkling t' trotter, at ad ommast demolished tot' boan, agean, an' says,—“Deacent; five an' a tanner,” an' he slips it intul my fist.

Well, Bil wur back hergean i' time fur ivvry-thing, soa I'll start whear ah left off, whear Cob hed managed to tickle t' owd fellah a bit. His brah [brow] smoothed a bit, bud he chaffed his pen aboon a bit i' trying to luke crabby.

“How did you get in Sir?” he ax'd sharply, yarking up his hēad.

“T' ēasiest wāay ah could,” said Cob as sharp.

T' hoil wur tittering at this, bud nobbud a tittering, soa 'at one little fat peeler 'at hed brokken art intul a gurt laugh expecting 'at awl't' rest ad du t' sāame, fun hizsen sing-l i't' roar an' soa hertracted t' attention o't' “bench” hizsel [*hizzen* and *hizsel* are only discriminated in use at times, when too close a juxta-position renders a different sound necessary]. T' other peelers wornt reight comfur-

toble norther ur thur wodn't a bin at t' trouble o stuffing ther blue an' red spotted henkerchers orf wāay darn ther throits, makkin 'em luke for awal the world like a picklin cabbage.

"Now Sir," said t' magistrāate, bawaling fit to crack his gizzard, an' lukiŋ fit to bite Cob's hēad off. "Now Sir, speak the truth or, or, you know the consequences; what were your intents in entering the church?"

"Yer couldn't guess if I'd to gie yer a twelve-month," says Cob coilly an' wi'art a twink, "soa," says he, "I'll tell yer."

"Policeman, I must insist upon your compelling that boy to"—

Wi'art wāating for him to finish what he'd gottan to sāay t' peeler nearest Cob click'd hod 'n his shouders wi' boath hands an' thraew t' full soss ov his heavy carcās ont' top on 'em, an' told him to luke at t' magistrāate ur it ud be warse for him. Bud just ast' t' owd fellah hed said "boy," Cob's fāace went thirty year owd in a minnit to the flambergastrāation o' the owd fellah, who loked ar him fur two minnits at after wi'art speiking, an' he ne'er altered it awalt' time.

"Now then Sir, what did you do when you got into the church?"

"Serlected t' nicest paew an't' softest cushion." T' owd fellahs fāace went shiney at this.

"And what then?"

"What then? Wah ah lāad mer darn."

"What then?"

"Went ter sleep."

"You what?"

"Went ter *sleep*."

"Went to sleep," says he after him.

"Went ter sleep," t' peeler behynt sung art furt' benefit o't' owd codgers understanding.

"Went ter sleep," t' clark muttered as he wrāate it darn.

"As f'rought I knawahs."

"As fur aught he knows," the prisoner says Sir.

"A—a—what, what's that?"

"*As—for—ought—he—knows*," the prisoner says Sir.

"For aught he knows?"

"*As* for aught he knows."

"Oh yes, yes, '*as* for aught he knows,'"

"Yes Sir."

"Yes Sir," says two moar peelers boath together.

"Went to sleep as for ought he knows," says t' clark, puhring that an' that together.

"And was there no one with you? now be careful."

"Well, ther wor an odd fellah to be sūre."

"Accomplice!—ah, ah," says he, an' awāay went t' pen o't' wizzan fāaced scribe as if he wur writing a trēatise o' ivvry letter.

"Now then, you have confessed this much Sir; tell me what he did?"

"Lāak'd at hiddy [hide and seek], wi' a fardin' rushleet."

"A what—what's he say policeman?"

"He played at hiddy Sir, with a farthing rush-leet, the prisoner says."

"An' swung by t'—"

"Stop a bit."

A minnit wur ta'en up at this point.

"Now then!—what were you going to say?"

"Go on!" sāays boath t' peelers, one after t' other.

"An' swang by t' rafters, bolted up t' organ pipe, an' went art t' back rōad, cos ah nivver seed him agean. It wur a ghoast wi'art the shadder ov a dart [doubt]."

"Pooh! umph! How was he dressed?—in white I suppose?"

"I' koorderoy."

"And do you call that a ghost?"

"Yers, it wur't ghoast o't' grāave-digger; ah knaew him when.ah wur his hersistant."

"And this happened last night?"

"Last neet i't' church."

"And what else have you to say?"

"Nobbud this:—'at I dodged him once ur twice an' tried to puff art his leet bud it wur noa goa."

"Now then Sir!" says he, pooling a fāace as long as a fiddle, an' ligging horful stress o' ivvry word. "You have committed and convicted yourself. Did not you tell me Sir that, after you had selected the softest cushion, that you lay down and went to sleep?"

"Tell yer that?"—

"Ah, 'quivocating I see! now there were fifty who heard you if other evidence was at all required: but tell me, and contradict yourself if you choose."

"I'm noan bown ter 'contrerdict mysen nobbud let mer herlōan: tell yer that?—course ah did."

"You acknowledge that?"

"Course."

"Answer me right;—you acknowledge that?"

"Fersüre ah du. Course."

"None of your courses; yes or no?"

"Yers Sir."

"Then how came you to declare that you not only witnessed the actions and proceedings of the ghost, but actually ran about the place attempting to blow out its candle?"

"Av nobbud tel'd yer horf o' what ah wur barn to tell yer, soa a'l put t' tāal end on nah if yer ple-az. When ah sawah awal theas things ah wur i' t' condition o' t' halderman when he puhr his hēad i' one o' t' hoils it marstrap—I wor HERSLEEP!" An' Cob began t' business o' fass'ning his ees on t' owd fellah.

T' titter 'at went rarnd t' tāable whear t' yaller scribes sat wur abart its height when pimple-fāace sung art,—

"Now then, *Sir*;—gentlemen!—now then, SIR; you were found in the parish church of Saint—"

Seemingly he wur barn to wipe his hand's o' t'

business at wunce, bud a Bobby-luking feller whispered tul him, an' he sharted art tul another o' t' s̄aame soart to luke hah monny times he'd bin nabb'd afoar.

"Never been here before, Sir," says he, after he'd loked.

"Never? Are you sure of that?"

"Never—"

"Isn't he as good ter be believed as yersen?" Cob sharted art.

This compleated t' evidence for t' persecution, an' then wi' a cunning luke an' a tiger fāace awal-together, he began a saying how 'at Cob hed bin thear wi' "intent," an' awal that soart o' thing, an' fined him five shillin', "or," says he, "in default thereof to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the borough House of Correction for the space of one calendar month;" when, tul his gurt herstonishment an' madness o' t' boddom on him, I claps five shillin' afront on him wi' a perlite bow an' Cob wur i' t' land o' liberty.

"Where's my spectacles?" I hēard him ax somebody reight darn savage as we wur cloisin' t' doar.

When Cob hed done chaffing an owd woman 'at wur wāating i' t' passage for summut—saying he wur dry an' ad hev a pennorth o' gōat's milk wi' t' cream on, 'cos he'd a dellycat constetushun—we put t' best leg forrard til we'd putten a faew fields atween us an' that plāace thah may weel be sūre.

“ Nah then, let's turn in here an hev a pint.”

(They turn in accordingly and recognize an old acquaintance.)

“ Nah Dick lad, hah's tuh gehring on like? keep thee hat on.”

“ Wah, whoa'd ivver 'a' thowt a seeing *thee* here ! ”

“ Ah comed art fur a bit on a airing an' to let t' owd lass get coil'd darn a bit. Shoo started a fratching this morning soa ah set art wi' me bit o' claaay [pipe] chāaged [charged] an' two arnce i' me pocket an' here I am—hah's tuh gehring on then lad? herscuse muh takking me hat off.’

“ Al be bun thah's as deep i' t' muck as shoo is i' t' mire; thah's bin lushing al bet owt?”

“ Well, shoo'd noa kāashun to ram her fing-ers intul my hair; cos its i' t' naatur o' t' bēast. Besides—”

“ Besides what? It's happen t' weshing dāay tu ? ”

“ Aye wah, it is, th'art reight; an' that's another rēason.”

“ Ah thowt soa; soa thah's steamed art is tuh ! Well bud thah weant meet wi' t' like on her norther i' monny a dāays march,—shoo's a reight darn deacent hardworkin' woman; as hard-working woman as ivver bent, ah will sāay that Dick.”

“ Aye mun, shoo āals nowt thear, bud shoo carries it *ower* far. Shoo'd mak t' cat work if it could, an' am sūre ah think an' du think 'at shoo'l

nivver tak reight tul heaven somehah if ther isn't a weshing-dāay tul't. Shoo hes five weshing dāays begow ! ivvry dāay bud Setterday is t' hoil turned inside art, an' nowt bud stēam an' sōap an cloise-baskets an' cloise-pegs an' mucky shirts an' cloas to be seen ; an' then fur Setterday—that's t' clēaning dāay ; thah owdant to wonder mich at muh takking to drink, bud harmsomivver we'll sāay nowt abart that."

"What's tuh done wi' thee hand pretha 'at it's teed up?"

"Ah wur going underneith some scaffolding an' ther happened to be a bucket o' watter on t' plenk' aboon muh, an' somehah ur other it owerwhemmed an' ower ontul muh it cam 'long wi' a horf brick 'at fillip'd my neve as thah sees, an' likened tul a pin point tul 'a' gottan t' bucket o' t' top o' me hēad ; it pitch'd o' t' corser-edge an' wur mash'd to bits. I had a bin a crack lāater i' gehring ower some bricks o' t' rōading ah sud a bin in for't reight. Ah wur like a goise nick'd it hēad as it wor fur abart horf' na minnit. Bud what's tuh think lad?"

"Nāa ah knorn't."

"We've struckken agean owd Jacky" [the man's master].

"Aye?"

"Aye lad ; that's hah am lāaking."

"Ah thowt it wur summat o' t' soart."

"He's a brect un, an' a summat else tu if ther ivver wor one ; ah nivver seen his marrow i' awal

my born dāays. Bud we hed him roaring like a mad bull yesterder; ah'll tell thuh awal abart it."

"Aye, go on wi' thuh, let's be knawing; ye're two foils together ur yerd a pāated long sin'."

Somebody hed persessed him thah knawahs 'at he didn't manage to du things chēap eniff—fadding him, reight eniff, bud he tuke it awal fur gospel; soa when he cam last Setterday mornin' he cawal'd fur that grēase-horn Richyson 'at he'd māade owerluker, an' hed him i' t' carnting-hars horf an har. We seed summat wur up by t' wāay he loked ar us when he cam ameng us agean. In a bit ah says,—“Well, lads, am as dry as a fish, ah'll trot round t' corner fur an odd two minutes an gehr a drop o' summut.”

“Stop thee whear thah is!” Richyson sings art.

“Whoa to plēaz?” says I.

“Mr. Dowble,” says he.

“Does tuh mēan owd Jacky?” says I.

“Th'all see whoa ah mēan,” says he, “if tuh goas.”

Ah maks no moar tuh du bud sams up my cap an' bowls off. When ah gat back ther wur owd Jacky wāating for muh.

Ah soin fun it art 'at he'd bin speechifying, an' telling 'em 'at he meant to knock off two shillin' a week an' clap an har on. He'd long bin longing fur a flawah o' some soart i' some on us, soa as he could du it dēacently, an' now he thowt he'd got-tant; bud werd mād up wur minds what tuh du if

it cam' to this, long afoar. As fur me, he wanted muh tuh work an har lāater that neet an' think mesen weel off i't' bargain he said, for if it hed bin some määsters ther'd 'a' poaked muh there an' then, that thuh wod, he said. He hed awal wur regs art thah may be sūre. By gow! that snēak of a Richyson, ah could a bitten his hēad off at a bite; says I, pointing tul him as he stood snēaking, bud mum an' coil, by t' side'n him,—

“That fellah al hev to lēarn to guide hizsen ur he'll heh to be knawahing what's what some o' thēas fine dāays; aye! thah may luke,” says I; “depend on't thah will. Thah tawaks abart wark mun, whah ah could bēat thee hēad off—onny on us could, an' gi'e thuh orf a dāay's start. Thah carn't even turn a corner dēacently nur luke at a chap darn honest, bud it's in an' art wi' thee een like a dog's hinder leg. Ah'll tell thuh what,” says I, “ah'll knock thee hēad off; nah I will, as clēan as a bobbin!”

“Aye witta?” says he.

“Yers,” says I, going up tul him, “*I will.*”

“Goa mind thee business,” owd Jacky sings art, pushing us awāay. Says he,—“Start a yon pile an' put 'em i't' press dereckly, an' put t' other lot under a weight a neet an' then send 'em back, we can't afford to bother wi' sing-le ends.”

Says I,—“Al see yar noaze green cheese furst.”

“Goa abart thee business,” says he, “an' be mis'erable fur t' rest o' thee life.”

"Happy as t' dāays long," says I. "God love yuh! as my owd granny used to sāay when t' parson axt how shoo felt awlus, 'as happy as t' dāay's long.' Come my chicks!" says I to t' rest o' t' lads, an' thuh awal started a doffing ther aprons an' whistlin' like plew-lads.

"Hollow?" says he.

"Hollow!" says I, "toan wi't' other maks a difference ast' saying is—doesn't it Mister Richyson?" says I. "I ūsed to could cawal yer Tom at one time," says I, "bud a chap's makkins [earnings] maks a difference. As fur that pen thah's gotten stuck at t' back o' thee ear," says I, "thah's no moar need on't no moar 'an a duck ov a umberella, 'cept its to scrat art wi'. Harmsom-ivver, good mornin' to thuh lad; māay thah clēave to thee 'marster' an' him to thee, an' like one another ivver long-er an' better. Ther'll be enēaf o' roun it press-shop nah for thuh to tell thee 'marster' what's going on wi'art going up stāars to du it. Good mornin' to thuh!" An' off we awal went an' left owd Jacky wi' his pipe art reight. Well, ah gar hoam an' ah knaew ah sud heh my fāacings to goa through thear, 'cos ah hedn't bin dēacent to t' owd lass o' lāate; my brass wod lēave muh somehah ur other at Set'der neets. Ah bowt a pund o' beef-stāakes, an' swapt 'em, wi' a shillin' to boit, fur a rabbit, ont' wāay hoam, which ah thowt a bit dearer accordingly, bud ah didn't mind that nobbud it plēaz'd t' owd lass.

Well, ah teld her; an' shoo started an' carried on—roaring her een art ommast; bud ah tell'd her they wur like Joa Smith's mice—thuh lāad varry near dāayleet, gen'ally speikin. Ah couldn't quieten her wi' nowt, nut even wi' saying ad goa a' shoiling coils in afoar ad see her want her fornoin gill.

"God aboon knawahs what we sal du nah," shoo says.

"Hod thee din wi' thuh," says I, "thah's as fond as a bezom."

Then a gurt chāwah-bāacon soart o' fellah wi' a gurt red fāace, pops his hēad in an' says,—“Hah d' yuh du missis?”

“Shoo's varry weel, thenk yer,” says I.

“Haw,” says he, “well ther's a bit o' pāaper for yer; mind an' doant loise it; good mawahning!”

Bit ov a poar-rāate,—fifteen an' tuppence it wor. Then a stoan comes through t' winder, an' as ah wur nipping tult' doar-hoil to see whoa'd flung it, ah tummels agean t' glazener, just at t' doorstan', at hed brokken it am sūre, an' smashes awal his concarn. I lets reek intul him bud t' wife soin pāated us, an' wur foarced to tip him ten shillin' afoar shoo could gehr him off wi'art t' thrēat of a summons. In a bit a peeler shoves his hēad in at t' doar-hoil an' says he'd comed to see what wur t' smatter, an' then he began a saying how t' glaz'ner hed geen t' cāase intul his hands. “Come,” says I, “doant be teiching yer granny to suck eggs,—ah

doant like to be put to bed at dinner-time" [*i.e.*, don't like humbugging]; bud he kept fiddling o' that string till ah wur foarced to send fur a quāate an' tip him a bob int' bargain an' then ah gar him off, as drukken as a pig nobbud he didn't shaew it. Says I, after he'd goan, when ah loked at t' owd lass an' sawah what wur coming,—“Come, let's hev it fur it will hev to come an' thah mud as weel kill a chap as freeten him to dēath.” An' it cam at last. It dropp'd i' mod'rate shahers at t' first, an' shoo wondered hah ah could frāame to du it, an' thowt us men thowt owt becam us, an' awal that soart o' thing. Bud it did come, mind if it didn't,—till ah grew as tired as a dog on't, an' when ah wur makkin to t' doar shoo barne'd up an' flaew at muh, as red as a hep an' as fierce as a buck-rat. Bud ah managed to gehr art,—as sharp agean as hah wur ūse 't ta duing thah'll weel guess. Ah went be t' stāa [staith] an' fill'd a lōad o' coil for a chap; tell'd another 'at hed owd muh horf a crarn fur two year, 'at ah thowt he'd hed a fair len' art on't, an' as good luck ad hev it, gar it back; fun horf a sov.,—a thing ah nivver did i' my life afoar, nur nivver thowt a duing—on't rōad; bowt my 'bacca, an' began o' thinking hah awal things went by t' rules o' contrāary, an' nah here I am. “Hoy missis! braew us a pint o' flip.”

In the main, what follows, is divested of idiom, and as much of peculiarity of pronunciation as it is

possible to be without losing its character ; of that unconstrained free-and-easy style which characterizes a Yorkshireman in this district, who, having attained, with thanks to nobody under the sun, a respectable status in society as things go, cares for the taste of few, and for the opinions of very few ; rather thinking that it would answer the better end if he changed the order of things, and gave off his refinement in the servants' hall, and reserved what some would please to call his " vulgarity " for the drawing-room ; and to whose " bit " of experience in matters mundane, human nature is by this time pretty broad awake, and would fain make a virtue of necessity by turning to him full that side which he had "*rāather*" see first.

The introduction of characters necessitating a different form of speech to that which we have up to now necessarily restricted ourselves to, will, it is thought, render the volume perhaps not devoid of interest to the general reader.

But there are portions of the following where we have washed our hands entirely of dialectic peculiarities. We thought ourselves in this particular composition at liberty to do this. There are phases of thought which the common pronunciation of words would simply render ridiculous to most, and not particularly useful to anybody else.

There are traits of speech which it is next to impossible for these dialects to deal in, being the product of refinement's schooling. Such may be

traced apparently, but with a nearer look it will be found in reality but a very clumsy imitation, and this, we believe, is what gives these dialects a great part of the absurdity which they manifest occasionally. In these cases we could dress the thoughts as we have been doing all along, but neither the garments would become the wearers nor indeed would they of right belong to them. Where the bed of the channel was by nature even, we have not disturbed the progress of thought, breaking its flow and making a fall where nature had none.

Giving these thoughts *at all*, in our judgment, answers a purpose equally definable, and as well, as our broadest examples of dialect; for, it is as much our aim to exhibit or imply deficiencies, as to make aware of merits.



THEOPHILUS WOODHĒAD, LINENDRAPER.

MISTER Theophilus Woodhēad wur what thuh may cawal a linendrāaper be accident an' a Sāant be perfession. Through being a barn he'd awlus bin inclined this wāay, fur when he'd hed a horp'ny geen him, astēad o' wāaring it i' humbugs he ūse to pop it in t' mishnury box, which wur reight eniff if he'd nobbud a letten it stop thear, bud he ūse to tak it ivvry Sunday tul an owd ont [aunt] 'at hed seventy thahsand i' t' three per cents. an' nobbud hersen an' five cats to keep, barrin' t' parson, two curates, an' a young noodle wi' a hannel tul his nāame, 'at wor commissioned to pay his granmothers respects about a dozen times in a week. Then shoo ūse to gee him another shillin' fur t' mishnuries an' sixpence for hizsel. At this he put t' pawm on his hand tul his toppin an' mād a beautiful bow, the grandest curve yuh ivver seed i' yuhr life, an' said,—“Fank yuh aunt Perscilla,” an' march up to t' tāable like an owd man o' sixty an' put first t' shillin' in t' box, then t' sixpence, an' then turn rarnd an' leuk at his ont an' hing his hēad, an' this wur what he ūse to du ivvry Sunday at four o'clock i' t' after-noin egsactly. An' when onny o' t' sarvants

didn't ple-az him he nivver ūse to roar an' bel art
 like other barns, bud he'd gee 'em sich a leuk he
 wod, as ther'd nivver gehr ower fur monny a dāay
 at after, bud drēam abart at neets, an' think so
 mich abart 'at thuh wur forced to gehr art o' bed
 at three o'clock i' t' morning an' goa darn stāars
 an' begin o' ther wark. When he gav 'em one o'
 thease leuks (an' he ūse to tak care an' hev 'cāasion
 eniff pretty offuns) his mother, when shoo wur
 thear, ūse to lift up her hands behint his back, roll
 up t' whites uv her een, then bring her hands
 slawah darn agean an' whisper to Perscilla,—“Oh
 that child's disposition! how subdued is all his
 carnality! how purged of all unspiritual influences
 is his nature! how heavenly that look was!” an'
 then his ont ūse to goa fotch him one on her cats
 to stroak, an' cut him a slice off'n a curn tēa-cāake
 wi' a rib o' jam reight awāay darn t' middle, an'
 as he wur eiting it his mother ūse to sāay—“Don't
 you wish the missionaries had that, Theophilus?”
 an' he ūse to sāay, “Yes, mama.” Now it hap-
 pened one dāay 'at Theophilus wur ta'en varry bad
 —at lēast his mother said soa to t' sarvant 'at wur
 sent to tell his ont. Soa his ont cam to see him,
 an' thear behold Theophilus wor, lāad wi' his hāar
 pāated darn t' middle, atween t' sheets, wi' a spank-
 ing white shirt on, frill'd wristbands, 'at reiched to t'
 ends of his fing-er nāals, bud he wur as mum as a
 mars. “What dost thou see, Theophilus?” said
 his mother as his ont wur just crossin' t' floor;

“I see,” said he, “a vision of celestial beings waiting to carry me hence, and hark ! they sing :—

‘Come mortal leave the shades of woe,
Expand thy wings of clay;
Why beats thy heart so heavily so?
Theophilus come away!’”

Bud Theophilus knaew a trick worth two o’ that, fur he gether’d up his legs agean an’ went to see his ont as ūsual.

Nah yuh mun knawah ’at t’ Woodhēads wur a varry owd famerly ; in other words, of very ancient lineage. Thuh wur soa monny Woodhēads cam ower wi’ William the Conqueror ’at it’s hard to sāay which is which, bud hamsomivver, it wur one on ’em ; bud if ther’s a bit o’ difficulty i’ this respect, ther’s less ’an ūsual in another, for, it soa happens, ’at therve bin so true to ther nāame, an’ entertāaned sich a prerfound respect for it, ’at nut one o’ t’ famerly’s ivver bin knawan to marry art on’t, an’ thro’ that time darn to this ther’s bin nowt bud Woodhēads. Yet this is but a varry modest assertion, for it wur the honest bōast o’ the famerly ’at they could trāace it back to the time o’ the Saxons in England ; farther ’an that, —to the time o’ the owd stock i’ ther German forests ; farther na that,—to the first Saxon ’at ivver lived ; yes, farrer ’an that. The founder of the family was the grēat Woden, now grossly corrupted into Woodhēad.

It is a singular fact that a varry near apprōach

to the āncient orthography is still presarved in the provincial spelling o' the saame, namely—*Woodenhēad*.

We are indebted tul a member o' the famerly for the following, due to his own wide resēarch, untiring investigātion, and āable deduction, con-carnin the probable manner in which the word has so altered its form:—

“This Woden had a son, who, when men, being born a few years, became fools, and couldn't take care of themselves, was despatched from Woden's habitation one day to earth with the intimation that he needn't come back again. He first became a priest, then a judge, then a general, combining the three and doing all the work; then doing nothing and calling himself a king, or a cunning fellow, which no doubt he was. So he reigned over men.

“This Woden, junior, continued to reign with a mortal body, and after him his sons and his sons' sons, to one Cerdic, who found himself one day with his foot on English ground and seated on an English throne.

“Now there were some of the old stock of Britons yet remaining to whom the institution of 'King' had all along been a novelty, and for which they were at a loss to invent an equivalent word. By and by, however, they discovered that the King was very fond of using 'Woden' in his documents, and learning in what relation this Woden stood to these kings, they clearly perceived

an assimilation to their own Druids of old, and had no doubt whatever but that 'Woden' was merely an unwarranted contraction of 'Wood-head,' or Head of the Wood, as were the Druids; the land at that time being wood or forest from shore to shore. So Woodheads they were called, and the Saxons caring little about the appellation in their anxiety to stick fast to a greasy pole, recognised the term, and used it too.

"Then, to account for there being Woodheads among the Normans we have only to recall to memory the intermarriages between Norman and English Kings, and the fact that Edward the Confessor—a Woodhead in a direct line—virtually acknowledged himself three-parts a Norman.

"The influx of Woodheads from over the water, at the period of William's visit, at once accounts for their being so little heard of up to that period."

Here ends the precious dokkymment, a copy of which ivvry member o' the famerly owt to persess if thuh be true to ther nāame.

Well, in course o' time Miss Perscilla deed, bud somehow Theophilus hedn't mannidged it reight, fur it wur fun art 'at awal her brass hed to be divided ēaqually ameng awal her relāations; heving done this, it appears, upo' t' advice o' t' parson, whose brother was one o' the big-wigs i' the Court o' Chancery. Ther wur two special trāans o' Miss Perscilla's relāations cam to t' bur'ing, nāamely,—(t' first arrival) four owd gimmers, abart ninety-

two a-piece, 'at cawal'd thersenz granfatthers an' grammothers, an' wanted to tak persession at once an' turn ivvry-body else art; next, four hunderd an' fifty-five cousins, horf-cousins, quarter-cousins, horf-quarter-cousins an' so on, awal wed, an' bringing wi' 'em, on a average, three barns a-piece; six brothers an' six sisters wi' fifty-two nevvys an' nieces, an' twenty-one gurt-nevvys an' gurt-nieces; an' last, likewise in a special, two five thousand a-piece acting executors—t' richest men i' that pāat o' t' country. Ivvry day at after browt fresh arrivals. O' Setterday a lot o' country relāations cam i' spring-carts, weggins, vans, an' sich like, an' them 'at t' news didn't reich just at t' time cam dropping in after i' awal shaps o' conveyances. Then ther wur eight trav'lling carriages dashed up to t' hotel a few days after wi' a lot at hed bin on t' continent, an' another wi' some more t' dāay at after. Besides, there were two thousand one hunderd an' fifty-one letters receaved wi'in a fortni't, including one through a peer and also thro' two members o' parlement, saying how ther wur varry sorry like to hear tell o' the dēath o' ther "relative," (written i' roundhand) nowt no more; an' t' day after t' youngest sons of thease individūals sent letters o' condolence to someboddy, we furget whoa—moast likely to t' cats, an' nowt no moar, 'cept in a bit ov a poast-script thuh just beg'd lēave to sāay 'at they wasn't particular fast fur t' money. One fellah, an owd Scotch lawyer, sent a

pedigree o' t' whoal famerly 'at he'd hed written art fur some time in anticipation of the event, covering eighty-two sheets o' foolscap, an' imbalm-ing a matter o' fotty-two on his 'mediate relatives. He sent this by t' earliest pōast an' travill'd express hizsen after it. This chap wur pōaking his noaze i' awal corners at awal hours o' t' day an' neet an' awal, an' he mannidged to gehr admitted tul awal t' private consultāations o' t' executors an' ivvry body else, orther be wheedling ur threātening to sehr a-going "the machinery o' the law." Poor foil! He didn't knawah what he wur tawak-ing abart; t' law nobbud owt to goa be machinery, an' be allah'd to du it awan mucky wark. Ther's sadly to mich hand-wark, an' its ten times fitter fur altering now-a-days than ivver it wor i' t' poor weivers du fifty year sin'. The lawah's a mucky business,—lying, tricking, wheedling, cringing, sweggering, bregging, limbing, skinning, thieving, slandering, starving, battering, bullying, thratch-ing, thumping, feighting hand ower head, an' the soiner gentlemen wesh ther hands on't the better. Monny a poor man's bit o' life ligs at the door o' the man 'ats fun a flawah in a will an' twisted its sense, an' monny a cry 'at's bin wrung through a poor famishing widow, wi' her helpless barns, be some blōated ruffian of a sense-perverting lawyer, hes fun its rōad to the varry heart o' God. Ivvry man, woman, an' barn owt to understand ivvry blessed law 'at's ivver bin māade, and 'cos theh

doant, more shame it is! An' nivver till t' machine's invented 'at can compress 'em so mich as they'll nobbud cover, an' can turn 'em art fast eniff as they will cover, t' church-doar ivvrywhear, will t' lawahs o' t' land ivver be owt else bud a upheap'd mass o' offal, green'd ower wi' corruption, an' wick wi' varmint, swelling an' winking i' the leet o' that sun 'at it owt to be ashāamed to leuk on.

But the terror of awal t' plāace wur a gurt Manchester manufacturer, 'at could nivver afford nowt. He could spend fifty thousand i' an istāate bud couldn't afford to gee a poor woman 'at worked ten hours a dāay for him, six shillin' a week—nobbud five an elevenpence. Now it happened 'at this poor boddy wur relāated to Miss Perscilla tu, an' shoo wur going thear at t' sāame time he wor, an' travilling it sāame carriage, nāamely,—a third class. Shoo knaew him weel enif, bud he knaew nowt abart her nur nivver loked at her bud once when shoo wur squēazing an' kissing t' fāace on a little barn at shoo hed, to mak it warm, an' shoo said in a whisper, "It's cowl," when he wheeled rarn'd, an' staring her i't' fāace wi' his saucer-like een, said,—“Gowd, what d' ye know about gowd?” an' shoo said, “Nothing Sir, I nobbud said it wur cowl,” an' then after gloaring at her for a minnit, he started whear he'd left off about t' money-markets an' t' price o' shares i't' *Guardian*. He wur a man 'at nivver knaew what business onnybody else hed wi' brass bud hizsen. To them of his awn class he thowt

they'd a reight tul it if they could get it (*i.e.*, if he worn't ower sharp for 'em) ; but as to poor fowk, he couldn't conceave how it wur posserbly 'at ther'd 'cāasion to mak brass at awal, an' when he fun one o' this soart trying to du this he could nobbut puh'r it darn as the grossest piece o' impidence, an' a crime desarving transportāation. He wanted all the money he could get for thease several rēasons :—

First ; he had a family to bring up.

Second ; his expenditure was so large.

Third ; he wanted to build two new wings to his mill.

Fourth ; he wanted to have a balance at his bankers all the year round of one hundred thousand pounds.

Fifth ; he wasn't so rich as Obadiah Soapscrew, and he wanted to be a good deal richer.

Sixth ; he had a natural inclination for business, and,—

Seventh ; there was no knowing what he might want.

He spent the whole day of his arrival i' a hoat-hēaded chāase after t' executors an' solicitors. T' streets lēading tul an' anent Miss Perscilla's residence wur crowded wi' his relatives bud he tuke no noatice o' nowt, striding along up an' down, knocking barns ower, treading o' fowks toas, an' declaring a hundred times at he could'nt wāat, he could'nt afford to wāat, and once or twice brak out intul a idiotic laugh when delicately reminded o' the presence of so monny relatives o' the decēased

for a like purpose, declaring that the thing was preposterous an' they must all be sent hoam abart ther business.

He cam monny a time at after, an' when he wur seen ivvry boddy ūse to run to one side an' cower down till he'd gotten past, ommast to flāayed to brēathe. He wanted awlt' landed herståates t' first goa tul; he said t' rest ud du at after, an' he kept saying 'at how ther'd be like nowt tul him, an' telling them 'at he condescended to tawak tul how mich it ad cost him to build his two wings, saying how a matter a fifty thousand ad be bud a flea-bite, an assūred 'em he'd plenty to du wi't' money.

Ho, but the cotton-lord is bown back wi'art his flea-bite. Ho! clear the way there—out o' t' seet ye pāale-fāaced, copper-hugging, poor poverty drenched wretches, wi' yuhr starvling an' crippled brats—clear the way, ur he'll pick yuh ower an' hot yuhr barns, for, brēathing hoat, he comes, the grēat cotton-lord! Tak care! ye barns, if yuh nivver hed a care afore, ur he'll hot yuh. His carkas is lit up wi' ees blāazing like his awn grēasy seven-story mill wi' its thousand loop-hoils mocking the stars wi' ther nivver winking leet at this varry minute. Fouler an' more cribbed is the inside o' that man this minnit then onny one o't' hoils in his gurt factory, for it teems wi' thowts o' starvation an' limb-racking toil; ivvry thowt swēats iniquity; ivvry thowt is a black river filled wi' dēad carcasses an' thick wi' gore. Mak way for

the cotton-lord, the man wi' the gowd ! On he strides ; ten porters flock round him ; t' carriage door oppuns : behold the anger of the grēat man ; —one long ferocious snarl 'at twines like a serpent through't bottom ov his chin to t' top ov his brow, a mad stride, staring blank on wi' foul eternal eyes, in, an' down, an' off, an' the devil's gone wi' him ! For blessed sunshine breks upon a crowd o' faces, and a thousand hearts lig leet fur joy.

In a varry faew dāays ther worrant a soul left in nur noowhear abart the premises o' the lāate Miss Perscilla. A matter o' sixty lawyers hed been consulted be different fowks, entailing a total expenditure of summut like a thousand pound. 'Course twenty on 'em wur for duing one thing an' twenty just t' other thing, an' twenty just nāather, soa ameng hands the property of the lāate Perscilla Woodhead, spinster, funded, landed, real, p'sonal an' soa forth, was declared under the cognizance o' the High Court o' Chancery, the first rank officers o' which, a week after, hed a gurt supper to celebrate the event. It also enāabled a matter o' horf a dozen on 'em to complēat the negotiations wi' certain other gover'ment officials fur the binding 'prentice o' one o' ther youngest sons i' various departments, but gen'ally wi' one position an' form o' duties, namely,—o' sitting cross-legg'd in a eāasy chair four hours a dāay sucking oranges an' reading *Bell's Life*, an' saying, 'yes' three times an' 'no' three times to clerks 'at cam to ax 'em summut,

for which thuh gat four hunderd an' fifty a year an't' patronage o' horf a dozen clarkships, besides a low bow through ivvry third person they met, a brōader smile through the owd gals, an' a redder blush thro' the young.

Now, Theophilus hed nivver hed a fatther. He did'nt knawah ther wor sich a word for a long time till he bethowt hizsen one dāay it wur in his prayers, an' fun it i' t' dictionary t' next, fur he'd nivver hed nowt bud a parent, namely, the "Reverend Jno. Woodhead, A.M., late Fellow of Caius Coll., Cam.," whom, when Theophilus wur at t' Academy, he use to write tul beginning wi' "Honour'd Sir," and ending "with Assurance of the profoundest Respect, I beg leave to remain, Honoured Parent, your most dutiful, obliged, and very humble Servant to command, Theophilus Woodhead, at the Reverend Thos. Stiggins' Academy, Peripatatia, Dingwall end, at Richmond, in Surrey, near London." To this said parent was owing a grēat dēal o' Theophilus' heddicaation.

Ivvry birth-dāay browt its gift, which was a renewed copy of one o' the following works, namely,—"The Young Man's Best Companion," wi' a superb wood-engraving for a frontispiece, revealing a tall lanky owd gentleman i' knee breeches an' black silk stockings, in his library wi't' winder oppun,—time, about 12 P.M., with one hand resting on a frāamed gloabe, an' 't other pointing to the sky, wal his son appears to be balancing a tallys-

coape on his left ee wi' noa danger at awal on its tum'ling, for it appears to be firmly jammed into t' socket; or, "Selections from the Best Authors, with an Highly Engraved Frontispiece," representing a very tall female, in a long-skirted, short-wāasted dress, hinging on her as thoa shood bin takking a bath wi' it on. This lady ware an helmet for a bonnit [how comical Boadicea wod a lūked in a straw bonnet!—thowt ommast as comical as that o' Plato wearing a hat an' swallow-tailed coit], be-nēath which depended from a head somewhat inelegantly turned backwards, a shower o' curls, like a pund o' long sixteen cannels o' āather side, and awltogether was suppoased to represent Fame, pointing tul a spacious dome topping a wooded eminence, nut varry conspicuous for an ideal perspective, an' lēading on two frizzly curly-hēaded youths minus ther bēavers, in the garb technically knawan to the juvenality of all eras as buttoned cloas, namely,—a sleeved wāascoat, wi' trowsers buttoning ower astēad o' under, said trowsers i' this instance reiching nut quiet down to t' enkles, which last wur rendered a trifle moar conspicuous be low shoes. Boath on 'em hed mouth agāape, and two quarto volum's under āather o' ther arms lāabell'd respectively, "Newton's Fluxions," and "Homer's Iliad," an' this complēated the pictur'; which a little barn o' wur awan dāays wod tak to be two little boys wi' books full o' lowse picturs, "a pin to prick in," an' a varry tall girl, 'at hed

felt in her wāast an' fun shoo hed'nt gotten a pin, soa wur telling t' little boys to wait there till shoo went hoam (pointing) to get one. The reverend parent assembled awal his famerly on the day o' presentāation, an' makking an hour an' a horfs speech, presented the volum', when Theophilus hed nowt else to du bud sāay, "Honour'd Sir,"—"un-worthy,"—"filial piety," an' rush art o' t' room weeping, whereupon ivvry boddy else, touched with the scene, foller'd him rapidly, and the reverend parent was left alōan tul his meditāations, sitting cross-legged, with one hand resting o' the gloabe, t' other hodding a scroll o' parchment.

Bud Theophilus' parent quitted the vale some time previous tul his sister, and his son foller'd his coffin, walking singly just behint it i' buttoned cloas, wi' a hat bun round wi' a crāape band, t' ends o' which reiched a consid'able wāay down his back; a capāacious linen collar with a tally-iron'd border, an' hodding a varry white pocket-henkutcher ower his ees—a soart o' middling sized tāable-cloth it appeared to be, as it tuke boath his hands an' his arms to hod it up. He was the last of a rāace which owt i' awal dēacency tul a deed out horf a century previous. His only published works were "Discourses on Ethics and on Certain Quantities appertaining to Greek Vowels," in twenty-two volum's, bud wi' a four-inch margin; ten quarto volum's o' "Sermons," an' a six-pāage "Essay" on Geography, three o' which is ta'en up

by the setting forth of his indebtedness an' ivver-lasting gratitude to certain friends for assistance; here is the conclusion,—“ Nor can I omit to mention the name of my very Learned, Amiable, Wise, and truly Excellent Friend, Mr. Will. Joggers, than whom I know not any more Virtuous, Pious, or more a Pattern to mankind (by reason of his truly Classical deportment and attainments), and in whom is such a union of Rare and Extraordinary Talents which his fellow-men have such large Honour to be proud of, and which reflect so much Lustre upon his Honoured Parents in their declining years,

[*Quotation from Ovid*]

as sayeth Ovid, and the Country, (which will ever regard with profoundest Astonishment and Veneration so Noble and Gracious an Ensamplè) that has left an indelible and ineffaceable impression upon my unworthy mind (as remarketh my right Excellent and Devout Friend, the Moral and most Learned Critic of this or any other Age, Doctor Mouldybrain, of the Zealous, Methodic, Sagacious and god-fearing Disciple of Plato, Mr. John Hunter), and whose Elegant and Wonderful attainments cannot but affect his happy Posterity through all succeeding generations, and whose signal Friendship (so large hath been his Condescension) I have so joyful an Experience of (though with the most profound and grateful humility, and thankfulness to Almighty God); a gentleman

whom I can never think on but with feelings which I cannot sufficiently express, and whose wonderful attainments (of which I have heretofore observed) strike me dumb with astonishment, and fill my lowly Heart with a humble Devotion to the Creator of us all, for having brought him out of Darkness (if he will in his genial disposition and ever-flowing Goodness of Nature forgive me the use of the word—earnestly entreating the same) into his most marvellous Light: so great indeed is the Brightness and Transparency of his Character, that I, his Humble and most Cheerful Admirer, do creep unto his Feet and hide my Head as from the overpowering Lustre of the great Luminary of the Day, as sayeth Virgil,—

[*Quotation*],

and thus I take my grateful and humble Leave of him.”

The two former prerductions hed āather on ’em two pāages o’ dedicāation an’ two concludin’ pāages o’ complimentary lēave-takkin’, and wur stāated o’ the title-pāage to be

“*By I. W., Senior,*”

which, tul his brother blacklegs an’ their pupils wur intelligible eniff, an’ as they wor t’ oanly choice spirits o’ the āage, thease immortal contributions to the literatūre ov a people concerned noaboddy else as noab’dy else could spell Wood-head i’ Greek an’ write it i’ Latin.

And thus we tak our humble and grateful leave

of a remarkable example of the famerly o' the Woodhēads.

"What was Theophilus to turn to," was the varry moamentous quest'on propounded one evening i' the back parlour o' the famerly mansion by his doating other parent, whoa by this time, he'd gotten fully into t' wāay ov cawaling "mama."

"Wilt thou be a lawyer, my son?"

"May I mama?" (Theophilus hed awlus bin skoiled to get t' judgment ov his parents upon ivvrything.)

"Well, as thou hast referred thyself to me, I think thou had better not, my son?"

"Why not, mama?"

"Because, doesn't thou see that lawyers get into such a habit of telling lies that they never can be believed. And then does thou think, my son, that it is an honourable profession?"

"Is it not, mama?"

"Well, as thou hast referred thyself to me, to tell thee my opinion, I do not think that it is an honourable profession, insomuch as those of it run most risk. They will say to thee, my son,—'now black is white,' and look thee in the face. If a man hit thee a blow, my son, they will say he never hit thee. If he payeth thee a sovereign through them, they will say he never paid thee. They say to a dwarf,—'Thou art a giant;' and to men who lived a hundred years before thy grandfather,—'Thou art living, and I know thee.' They,

in short, are supposed to do their work by *any* means; think of that word 'any,' I pray thee; consider it well. But, I think I hear thee say,—
 'Look at the great men and good men, wise men and honest men, who follow the profession.' Yes, my son, they begin to be good when they begin to be great, and *only* then; and we cannot afford to help thee to be great since thou hast no expectations: no, thou must not be a lawyer, my son. But wilt thou be a man in holy orders?"

"May I, mama?"

"Well, as thou hast referred thyself again to me, I think thou hadst better not be a man in holy orders."

"Why, mama?"

"Because thou hast likewise no expectations, so that thou may not marry a Bishop's daughter. No, my son, thou cannot be a man in holy orders. Yet, dost thou think that to be a man of medicine would suit thy inclination?"

"Would it, mama?"

"Well, as thou hast referred thyself to me, my son, I think that thou wouldest lack a very necessary quality, namely,—impudence, which thou would'st see in every man of medicine, from the moment he puts his hand on the street door to open it, to the moment he retires; and thou knowest well, my son, that we have no acquaintance with a family a member of which is clerk in a Saving's Bank, a militia subaltern, a half-pay offi-

cer, a lawyer's clerk, a town clerk (the Lord forbid !), much more a swine-caputed member—forgive me the use of the term, my son, for it appertaineth not unto us but unto them—a swine-caputed male member, I say, of the aristocracy, with whom thou mayest associate and learn the art. Besides, to enter an apartment without being announced, might prove offensive at one time or other, and so thy prospects in life be materially injured, and at perhaps too late a period to better thyself, without thou hast been able by that time to have established a connecting link between families of consideration and thyself by means of thy wife (nay, wherefore blushest thou, my son), by means of thy wife I say, and a fashionable ball annually. Therefore thou hadst better not think of being a man of medicine, my son."

If Mrs. W. had been a bit moar precrise it wod a been better for hur fair nāam i' the long run happen. If shood a' said at ther wor *one* lawyer, *one* man i' hoaly orders, an' *one* doctor o' med'cun', o' sich a description at shoo knaew on, it wod a bin rāayther better for her as we sāay. As it is, however, shoo lāays hersen oppun to the charge o' courting popular applause, by makkin ūse o' pop'lar nonsense, ur wod ha done if shood soa expressed hersen publicly in her lifetime. Bud when a woman's eeseet's bother'd, yer may depend on't shool tak t' first opportunity o' mentioning the fact. For wursens, we may just sāay 'at we've

afoar him the grēat princerples upo' which his ivvry action i' life hed bin bāased, an' exhorted 'em to be stedfast tul em as he hed been hizsel, an' saying how 'at thoa thuh vaunted not be onny out'ard insignia the illustrious character o' ther fam'ly an' didn't seem Woodhēad's to t' world, yet ther'd be true an' illustrious Woodhēad's be nāatur' an' in nāatur' fur awal that, which wur the far grēater reality.

Noan o' the sons wur wed, an nivver thowt abart gehring wed 'cos t' owdest on 'em wur nob-bud two-an'-thirty, an' besides, they awal ūse to sāay as how thuh couldn't affoard it. Ther parent, as ther cawal'd ther fatther, used, when t' sarvent hed wiped awal ther marths wi' her appron after ther'd gotten ther suppers an' takken awal ther bibs off an' lapt 'em up, use to get t' lāakins art, which wur a roll o' butter an' a fryin'-pan. He put t' roll i't' middle o't' tāable, ūse to tak a knife, an' sāay,—

“Half for wifey, half for me,”

as he cut it i' two; then cuttin' one o't' horfs i' two agean, sāay,—

“Half for baby d' you see,
 Half for baby number two [*cut agean*]
 Half for maid-of-all-work new [*cut agean*]
 Half for Peter, half for Paul, [*cuts twice*]
 (Babies three and four we call)
 Half for visitors wot comes, [*cuts agean*]
 To see the babies suck their thumbs;
 Half to keep the cat alive, [*cut*]
 Half for baby number five, [*cut*]
 Half for when we're in a fix,

Half for baby number six ;
 Lo, where shall I find the remnant so small !
 Sing high then, sing low then, or rise we, or fall,
 Come to me my butter, oh come hither all ! ”

an' makkin' a grab at t' plāate, hugged it tul his buzzum : then they awal ūse to shout an' laugh, an' luke at one another, and gehr o' drink o' watter, an't' sarvant ūse to wipe ther marths agean ; then thuh ūse to watch what ther pāarent did wi' t' fryin'-pan, which wor to put it ont' fire, an' then cut a piece o' butter off o' t' roll an' put it in when it māade a big din bud ther couldn't see it after a bit. Then he puhr his specteccles on to luke for it ; then he thowt he saw it running abart, an' he puhr art his tongue an' tried to lick it up, an' māade purtend 'at he burnt it awahfully, then, when ther'd done laughing he rung o't' sarvant agean to tell her to put t' couks i't' warming-pan art o't' kitchen fire, an' gehr awalt' beds ready, an' then he ūse to tell his son's to pull ther shoes off an' tell 'em thuh mud sāay ther prayers whear thuh wor as it warrant so cowl, then he tell'd 'em to think o' what ther'd seen that neet, an' to mind an nut mak sich'n a noise i' goin' up stāars.

Now Theophilus hed a sevent' son, who'ad niver associated wi' his brethren, and whoa wur allowed a room tul hizsel. Bud of him hereafter. We merely mention this now soa 'at we may be believed when we introduce him afterwards as heving bin knawan tul us as one o' the fam'ly through the

beginning, and nut to sāay soa when we've just, like a nuvvulist, hed him born to tally wi' a bit on a circumstance.

Theophilus dressed rāayther perculiar now; soa perculiar now 'at if yuh hedn't a' knawan he wur church-warden, yer'd 'a' thowt he wur a Quaaker. He ware a coit wi'art a collar, a Dundee-grey hat, t' regerlāation pattron, pepper an' salt trowsers, low shoes, teed wi' black ribbin, white stockings, a pair o' black cotton gloves, an' a black silk neck-henkutcher, an' he awalus carried a umberella, wi' him, an' napt fowks shins wi't as he went along. If it wur a fine morning an' ther wur bown to be a trip, he wur sūre to meet t' fowks 'at wur going, wi' his cotton umberella, if it wur two o'clock i't morning, for he'd business at awal hours o't dāay, as he owerluded awal his son's herstablishments. He'd lēave his awan shop monny a time, fotch his umberella, an' foller t' earrand-lad 'at belonged to t' bāacon-shop,—foller behint his back, an' when he stopt to lāake at taws t' lad ad fin' art awal on a sudden 'at he wur beside 'em watching 'em lāake as thoh he wur curious abart sich matters; soa 'at he (an' t' others tu) wur awlus i' mortal fear o' him an' his owd umberella, an' they haunted 'em at neet so as thuh could get noā sleep, an' when, to mak up for it, thuh wur heving a bit 'n a snooze down i't lumber-hoil at t' shop on a dinner-time, ther'd be wakkened agean wi' his shakkin' on 'em an' assing 'em if thuh mēant to sleep awal t' dāay,

an' saying if ther'd nowt to du thuh wor to goa tul his shop an' he'd fin 'em summut. Sometimes t' bāacon lad ad drēam 'at he'd gotten inside a egg tub ameng t' strawah an' covered hizsen in, when, after a bit, he'd see t' owd fellah eying him through a chink; sometimes he'd poake him wi' his umberella 'at kittled [tickled] more an' awal t' strawahs 'he'd ivver hed going at him at once, an' flāayed him more an' ten thousand scorpions wod 'a' done; an' at other times he thowt he'd topple t' tub ower wi' t' end of his umberella an' awāay they'd goa, t'tub an' him, bounce, bounce, crack, up, bang, down, away away down a hill pāaved wi' duck eggs, cranshing 'em hunderds at a time, awal o' which he hed to pāay for.

If the sons wanted a hand o' onny soart, when t' chaps cam to ax about t' job, they awalus ūse to sāay tul 'em,—“ Well, you must go to my parent,” soa to the parent they use to goa. He'd a wonderful liking furt' outfitting business, an' he offuns teld his son's 'at he mud 'a' bin born fur this department o' business, at which they awal laughed an' said “ Yers.” Theophilus ūse to goa to t' shop wal therh wur setting art t' windah, an' ūse to walk about at t' front wi' his umberella, lukiing at 'em and' seeing how t' things showed, an' orthering 'em as he thowt fit. Now Theophilus did a wonderful business i' cord trowsers, for being a poor-law guardian, ameng other things, he'd gotten awlt' paupers' garments to mak. Two yards o' cord cost Theophilus eighteenpence, an' two yards wur eniff

fur a pair o' pauper's trowsers he awlus ad sāay, soa they nivver reiched farther an' down to ther cawafs [calf of the leg] ; this wor a varry ingenious contrivance of his, he ūse to sāay, for it showed whether thuh wur kept clēan or noa, cos ther stockings could be seen then, bud some fowks differed through Theophilus here an' said he did it soa as the'r stockings mud be worn out soin tu, as he hed t' selling on 'em, bud some fowks al sāay owt bud ther prayers an' them they whistle. Then ther were two yards o' superfine cotton at thrippence a yard, which wur an uncommon price, Theophilus ūse to sāay, an' owt to be o' prime mannifaktur' ; then ther' wur buttons, threed, an' other incidentals, which amounted to thrippence, makkin' a sum toatal o' two an' thrippence. Then ther' wur t' makkin' on' em, tenpence, showing a grand toatal o' three an' a penny, an' fur bees-wax, an't' wear o' needles, thimmel, an' other implements, a extra horp'ny, three an' a penny horp'ny, which was a *contracting* amount he ūse to tell his sons a laughing, bud he hedn't hed his dues, he'd sāay, for be reights (said he) t' stuff owt to cost him nowt, an' he owt to gehr 'em māade fur nowt, bud fowks wur so greedy, thuh couldn't see a body turning a honest shillin' bud thuh mud try to be duing t' sāame thing. When he gethered his sons together after t' sarvice o' Sundays he ūse to obsarve how 'at t' poor wur a dēal o' good after awal cos they towt 'em a continual lesson, an' if thuh were nobbud a bit more contented

in the stāation to which it hed plēased God to call 'em, ther'd be a delightful pictur' to luke upon, 'cos' it māade 'em injoy God's benefits by the force o' the contrast atween the'r persitions. Theophilus indeed was the original propounder o' this theory, which plāaces him in a high rank among the meta-physicians and perlitical economists o' this or onny other earra. It wur beautiful, really beautiful, to see how nat'rally, we may sāay ommast unconsciously, his theory slid into practice, bud of this he, with his habit o' modesty, ūse to tak noa noate, fearing indeed, lest the beauty of construction sud i' onny wāay deprive him o' the power of makkin' useful by applicāation—voluntarily departing from the pathway o' the beautiful to tread the rough highway of the ūseful, in order that he might be the sturdy pioneer of his awan dāays progress; the plodding toiler, follering, through a pure sense o' duty, the pathway which men had deserted, awning hizself a humble disciple o' the grēat philosopher of old, an' a firm believer in, an' practiser of, the tenets unfolded in the "Novum Organum." When London prices sattled, Theophilus at once gah noatice of a like intention. If brēad wur scarce i' London, Theophilus held 'at it owt to be scarce ivvrywhear else on principle, soa he gav' his outdoor men t' two pair o' trowsers, 'at ther'd come a mile an' a horf for, wi' the intimāation 'at they'd nobbut be pāad eightpence a-piece for 'em, an' if thuh didn't like it thuh mud lēave 'em, 'cos' thuh

wur plenty o' Iarish [Irish] 'at ad du 'em fur six-pence, he tell'd 'em; and as they knaew he wor a parent, an' knaew, moreower, 'at he could gehr 'em done for fou'pence be t' Iarish, nobbud he hed sich a feeling heart 'at he wodn't sāay soa, they tuke 'em, sick eniff, bud they could'nt help that. Besides, *eightpence* a-piece wur better 'an nowt, wi' a badly wife at hoam, an' some on 'em ūse to sit darn ont' first stoan ther cam tul an' start an' reckon how mich ther'd hev at t' week-end. "Suppoase we goa furt' wark at eight o'clock i't' morning," they use to sāay, "when t' shops oppun, then we sal stand a good chonce a gehring sarved afoar dinner-time. Bud we sal happen gehr off be ten—let's hoape soa, plēase God. Well then, we walk hoam i' horf an har, if nowt hinders; then set tul an' work awāay till herleven o'clock at neet, an' du this for six dāays, if it plēase God to send us work. We can turn out ten pair i't' week: ten eights is eighty; eighty pence is six an'-eightpence, —six-an'-eightpence, let's see—that's summut hahiver; bud ther's summut else to come tul it, ah feel ther is, aye to be sūre,—hah can E du ten pair i't' week when horf o' my time's ta'en up wi' luki'g after t' wife, an' then little Tom's likely to āal tu, an' Sally isn't weel, bud hamsonivver a little matter's better 'an nowt, an' we owt to be thankful i' wur hearts 'at we hev it to du cos ther's winter coming, God help us awal! T' next month's September, an't' month after Octoaber, an' then

ther's five months o' sitting i't' chair an' luki'g at one another for ther's nowt tul't, God help us an' mak us thenkful furt bit o' wark ther' is here."

It's as weel Theophilus didn't hear 'em, ur he'd 'a' bin compelled to gird his loins an' act stricter up tul his duty.

Ten thousand pound Theophilus cleared be his shops i' one year. The grēat sēacret of his success lād i' three things. First, he māade hizsel ivvry-thing to ivvrybody. Second, he nivver knaew nowt; an' third, he nivver lost a opportunity o' duing good. He was the esteemed president o' three sick societies, the indefatigable secretary o' ten more, an' the worthy member o' summat like a hunderd an' fifty, an' he ūse to reckon it a poor dew if he couldn't get an odd customer out of ēach, bud he gen'ally ūse to gehr awal, because he was partic'ally anxious for 'em to understand 'at he superintended ivvry department of his business hizsel; that he did awal, in fact, bud mak the goods, an' them 'at did mak 'em ad soiner think of singeing the divvil's tāal as o' sending bud ther' varry best ware to sich a God-like man as him. Soa ivvrybody hed the fullest confidence i' Theophilus becos' he did his awan wark an' kept his awan counsel, an' he prospered grēatly, blessin' (hizsel), an' being bless'd.

His conversāation wi' customers was confined to two nivver-fāaling subjects—his wares, and religion. If it was a Quāaker, he wod, in unfolding

the linen, begin talking about soup-kitchens an' t' heigh price o' things gen'ally, makkin' sūre to say 'at he didn't feel moved to du this, an' that, an' t' other. To a Unitarian he'd be a trifle more perlite an' lively, bud he couldn't help saying as he unrolled t' linen 'at he mud work the good works, &c. To a Methodist he wod be awal "ex-pearence." To a Particular Baptist he was stiff and stern as if he'd bin elected when he warrant thowt on; as if *he'd* bin baptized i' t' sāame sympathy an' soul freezing watter, nobbud it hed been ten degrees cowder, an' as if his feeling hed run down into icicles a foot long-er nur his. Oh! he was a model, thuh ūse to sāay, an' his shop wur crowded art wi' Particular Baptists to hear him discourse on election as he unrolled t' linen. Bud tul a Baptist 'at warrant varry partic'lar, whah *he* warrant varry particular, bud hoaped 'at ivvrybody ad ha' t' sāame chonce a going to heaven as he hed. Tul a Independent, he was awlus varry anxious to know about the voluntary system o' eddication, as he hed a gurt conflict going on i' his mind which he was afeard would bring him tul a ēarly grāave—whether he owt to support t' Stāate scheame ur noa—giving a mighty emphasis to the last word; bud it wod tak time to consider sich a moamentous question, an' soa it did. If a Roaman Cath'lic cam' in, he order'd him abart his business, an' this melted awal t' other bodies into one, an' they stood compact and united, friendly awal to

Theophilus. An' now reader, yuh'll see pretty clearly, if yuh didn't before, how Theophilus Woodhead was a linen-dräaper by accident and a sāant by prerfession.

Moreower, in addition tul his dräapery concern, he wur a sleepin' pāatner i' ten auctioneering firms, an' ūse to supply hizsel an' fam'ly wi' wearing apparel an' ivvry other thing required, through a mouse-trap, tul his four-wheeled weggins, what t' cheese-munger ūsed, through thease sources. Noab'dy knaew o' this bud Theophilus. To be sūre t' sons ūse to laugh sometimes an' wonder whear the'r parent gat the'r hats 'at wur so varry downy an' sich queer shaps, an' a trifle to big at times, bud they thowt no moar on't—a cheese wod 'a' done just as weel fur them if it ud 'a' hed a hoil in, nobbud it ad bin a bit leeter.

Theophilus hed been to prayers one mornin',—to Lady Betsy Bersey's prayers, as thuh ūse to cawal 'em—'at three fowks went tul regerlar, cos they wur pāad for't, an' hizsel; read rēal han'some they wor, by't sāame dandy curate ivvry mornin', 'at hed gotten soa ūsed tul't job 'at he could read awāay an' luke at his wesherwoman's natty doughter (one on 'em 'at wur pāad fur going) awal t' while an' nivver miss a word. Well, Theophilus wor coming hoam agean wi' his umberella an' his octavo prayer-book under his arm, an' six o' his offspring walking behint him i' sing-el file, when he met wi' one o' his acquāantances 'at hed sprung throo nowt,

wi' his beautiful doughter hinging o' his arm. Now thease men 'at's "sprung throo nowt" are a bit independenter 'an other fowk, an' can fin' t' stick-ing-plāace o' ther intentions a bit offunser, bud are, gen'ally speiking, t' proudest mortals yuh ivver clapt yuhr two ees on. Ther pretty cute thersens, bud ther immediate progeny (t' males; let us be understood) are, tul a man, t' biggest asses i' t' ũniverse, an' wi' precious faew exceptions—bud bless us, what hes this to du wi' what we wur tawaking abart! Well, as we wur saying, whoa sud he meet bud t' gurt linen mannifacterer, 'at he pāad five thousand darn tul ivvry year hizsen. Afoar him wur walking his son 'at hed bin somewhear awal his life, bud certainly nut with his "father." He didn't knaw Theophilus, bud Theophilus knaw him, 'cos his fatther hed mentioned tul him particular private 'at he was heddicāating him for to sarve his country, which wod a bin ēasily perceavable if onnybody hed nobbud 'a' seen how he wur accustoming hizsel to lāate hours, an' watched t' movements o' servitors hizsel, showing him how they did as they browt him, ur prertended to bring him, champāagne, oysters, cigars, or owt he ax'd for, i' ther beautifully starched neck-cloths an' white aprons, when he was a keeping up what is technically knawn as an 'herstablishment' in London.

"Dost thou do?" says Theophilus as he passed him, putting t' knop of his umbrella to t' brim on his hat.

"Doo," says he, putting up his ee-glass to hev a glent at sich a rum-luking customer.

"How *are* yuh?" says t' owd fellah, rushing up tul him wi' his doughter, an' shakking boath his hands, then cawaling back his son, says,—“ This, Adolphus, is Mr. Theophilus Woodhead.”

“ Ah, the owd bēast wi' the seven horns,” says he tul hizsel, alluding to the number of his voats, “ an' ‘influence unbounded’ as the owd cod says.”

“ Proud to have the honour, Sir,” says he, striding forrard an' shakkin' hands.

“ Dost thou doo,” says Theophilus, giving him his cotton-gloved hand, an' then takkin' no moar noatice on him.

Then awal his sons wur introduced, who severally laughed an' said “ yers,” an' started a laughing agean, an' then ther parent tell'd 'em 'at they mud tak hod o' hands an' goa hoam an' mind an' goa steady cos ther'd ther Sunday trowsers on; soa they said “ yers ” an' began o' trotting off, an nivver spak a word till they gat hoam, except one on 'em ax'd a poastman 'at he met an' knaew, whear he wur going.

Then Adolphus and his sister tuke an affectionate leave o' Theophilus an' left t' owd un talking tul him, who finished off wi' assing him to dinner fur t' next dāay, as he'd summat varry particular to talk tul him abart, an' affecting the interest o' the country, an' especially o' the town, which he had awalus been proud to connect hizsel wi'. Soa

Theophilus promised, with the stipulaātion, hah-ivver, 'at he wur to tak his youngest son wi' him, of whoam he was varry proud, and whoam he loked upon affectionately 'cos' he was the heir to all his wealth, which he worrant so tarnation soft as to hev sunk i't' three per cent. consols.

And now then about Benjamin, or "Benjy," as his doating parent ūse to nāame him. He was put out to nurse at a very early age, and had thus imbibed different notions to those of his brethren, a novelist would tell yuh, bud we tell yuh plainly 'at he'd nivver bin off t' doorstan on his parents' dwelling in his life bud to come back agean t' sāame dāay, and so account for his disposition as you like, for we don't feel inclined to bother wur hēads. Benjy approved of varry little of what his father did, and expressed himself disgusted with all departments of his business relations, but his father (*he* always called him by this name) in his old soul liked him all the better for it.

He stood six foot one in his stocking feet, soa he worrant consequential at awal d' yuh see, as awal little men are. It's a pity now 'at Theophilus hedn't a little son, soa as we could 'a' described how he awlus ware t' biggest hat at wor māade; how he'd nivver wear nowt else bud patent lēathers, double-soiled, an' long-tāaled coits; how he awlus carried a bundle o' *Times* newspāapers under his arm, and flung his hēad back to show he could see t' bits o' clouds as weel as onnybody else; how he

swung his umbrella to show what command he hed ower't; how he sported t' biggest albert i' t' town, an' nivver smooked owt under a tenpenny; how, when he went out a shoiting he awlus insisted that of Enfields, a long one, was by far the best, at lēast, he could awlus bag a good dēal moar wi' a long un; how the toppin o' his hair stood up six inches an' going i' seven; how he awlus hammer'd t' taa-ble at a public meetin' harder 'an onnybody else, and "insist"-ed till he sat down in a white foam a man o' the people; how he abused his wesher-women, an' kick'd his big Newfoundland 'at he'd bowt a purpose to kick, an' which awlus, in consequence, went with him; how he'd t' biggest prayer-book, t' biggest carpet-bag, t' biggest visiting cards, t' biggest wife rāade t' biggest horses, māade t' biggest din i' crossin' a room, ur i' going along t' street, bud couldn't help takkin' t' shortest strides i' the world; he could hardly keep pace wi' a cock: nevertheless, he wur varry proud o' his little legs, and thowt they added mightily tul his consequence. Bud Theophilus hedn't sich a son, an' we ar' noan bown to pawm one ontul him. But he had Benjy, who, as we have said, stood six foot one i' his stockin' feet at twenty-three, shaved his whiskers clēan off, an' kept a sharp luke out on his chin, an' ware turn-down collars. Benjy was a remarkable individūal. Benjy was an orator; Benjy was a man of letters; Benjy was a statesman; Benjy was a philosopher; bud most of all, Benjy was a poet.

Aālready he hed herstablished a reputāation, an' was journeying on the high road to fame wi' out a walking-stick, for he didn't want one. He, as we have befoar hinted, didn't relish the company of his brethren, bud kept hizsel aloof thro' 'em, an' carried on his grēat work o' contemplation and authorship in a secluded apartment of the fam'ly mansion, to which his brothers with the whiskers ūse to creep an' peep through t' kei-hoil, bud ran awāay laughing when he, hearing 'em, said, "Depart!" He thowt 'at t' moin was necessary tul his existence, and, impressed wi' the value o' time, he hed one māade o' white pāaper, an' oiled here an' thear, so as to resemble skimps o' cloud as seen to the physical eye, bud which, in *his* mental vision, existed as yawning gulps an' tops o' mighty precipices. He hed a round box māade, an' putting a cannell inside, covered it ower wi' t' pāaper, an' lo an behold! he hed a moin, 'at he stuck up in a corner o' t' room, and which wur awalus at t' full! When it wur a rāany neet, he ūse to blaw out t' cannells, puhr out t' fire, an' sit hizsel darn to luke at his moin, "the serene charmer of his existence." He hed already written fifty-two celebrated "Odes to Diana," which consisted of a chain of O's linked together wi' "silver." He also wrote acrostics on all his acquāantance, and was *the* poet of the local newspapers, where he awlus signed hizsel "Wodiensis B." All subjects were fairly represented from time to time, but

never was thear one to compete with the productions which emanated from his pen at a royal birth, for then it was that he mounted his Pegasus; at all other times he merely held on by the tail. Heaven and earth, and his pocket-dictionary (his pocket-dictionary most), were ransacked for epithets. His ideas at thease times cam tum'ling ower one another till he wur foarced to stuff his ears wi' cotton wool, ther määde sich a din, bud t' warst o' t' job wor, 'at thuh awal brak ther legs i' coming out, an' määde the prerductions o' one o' the grēatest geniuses the world hed ivver seen, luke like a hospital o' incurable patients, and which, like inmates of a "private establishment" o' this nāatur, 'ud be incurable as long as they remāaned in it. His chief published work, and one which, as was at the time acknowledged, left i' the wāake awal Eūroapean poets, nut to speik on American, (we allude tul his "Connounial Empty-assophy," without doubt the finest work o' art an' imagination 'at pen an' paper have ivver ũnited to prerduce), demonstrāated a grand fact, nāamely, —that there are more fools in the world than we an' several moar as private individūals thowt on, for, though they have multiplied this work to the twentieth edition, an' illustrāated an' adorned, an' gotten it up i' ivvry conceavable wāay an' feshion to attract the attention o' the public, an' goan soa far as to include a portrait o' the Genius i' the editions, little an' big, yet, tul an individūal, the

public ha' declined to be gulled, an' refused to buy a sing-el copy, and thear they awal lig rotting i' t' plāaces whear t' bookbinders put ther shāavings, an' kicking abart awal ower. Bud "Time al show," as the thief said when the magistrāate ax'd him whether he wur guilty ur nut guilty, an' so it will, an' no jesting abart it.

At the time we speik on, he wor ingāaged upon three grand epics, subjects,—“Universal Restoration,” “Victoria,” an' “Soul,” which last wor to be divided intul two pāats, good an' bad, we thowt at first wursens, bud no, our puny judgment was at fault, the relation was to *period*; first part, from Adam to King Arthur; second, from Arthur to the present time, with an introduction, takkin' in the period subsequent to Adam. Each wor advancing rapidly, and about eight books, o' two thousand stanzas a-piece, compleated. His stanzas “On seeing a tub swim,” “hearing a duck quack,” “seeing his aunt's nose bleed,” “hearing his grandma' sneeze;” his “Lines to his dog,” “his cat,” “his hat,” “his gloves,” “his walking-stick,” “his second-best (alpaca) coat,” “his worn-out shoes,” “his dirty pocket-handkerchief;” “on hearing a woman murmur, ‘week's wash,’” and his num'rous birth-day odes are ower weel knawn to need more 'an a mere mention. His “Lines written in an Album,” an' “Lines on receiving a present of flowers,” were so profoundly philosophical 'at one o' the l'arned ũniversities o' Garmany

forrarded him a Doctor in Philosophy's degree by return o' poast, after reading 'em afoar a crowded hall, wi' the intimation 'at the ten pound fee could be forrarded in onny shap, at his convenience, which he immediately sent, and in return they wrate back saying as how they'd forgotten i' the hurry o' the bisness, an' prerfound nāatur o' ther' studies, to forrard him "what the world would but regard as a just, though late-coming tribute, to his worth and character as the master of melody; for if the poet composed not, he was the soul of the composer, the strings which the fingers swept, and so deserved honouring in a greater degree, and that, in consideration of his great and acknowledged position of universal poet, they, in full and general council assembled" at sich 'na dāate "had united in conferring upon him the honorary degree of Doctor in Music," certificate accompanying, duly signed an' sēaled—items £20, which the Doctor remitted by return, au' which, finning its wāay into the pockets o' Garman princes, kept a dozen on 'em flush fur a twelvemonth.

The Doctor (giving honour to whom honour is due, as in duty bound) was immediately elected president of the five debating societies o' which he had all along been a member, holding forth nightly amidst breathless attention, bud it worrant becos t' room wur empty, as some ill-disposed scoundrel dared to hint. He was declared by a ūnanimous vote, Secretary of the "Home and Foreign Affairs

Cognizance Association," of which heretofore he had been an active member, and had various other distinctions conferred upon him by other local societies, as some slight tribute to, and feeble acknowledgment of, his worth, talents, and position. Still he plodded on.

As it was arrāanged 'at the Doctor sud accompany his parent, the latter proceeded direct to the apartment where hung the certificates of his merits, enclosed in massy frames, upon which the carver had lavished the idealities of his brain, and where-to was attached the family arms, done in porcelain and gilt. The Doctor yielded to his parent's entreaties, and, unwilling to trespass any longer upon his time ur privacy, the latter backed out, wi' his umberella under his arm, an' departed.

T' owd linen manifaacterer knaew what he wur abart; Adolphus knaew what he wur abart; an' Theophilus knaew what he wur abart; in fact they awal knaew what they wur abart, soa thuh couldn't get wrong, noan on 'em.

It turned out 'at t' linen-marchant hed receaved a telegram through a private source, 'at one o' the hon. an' respected members for the borough had accepted the stewardship o' the Chiltern Hundreds, on account o' prolonged ill-health; which mēant at he wur darn stawal'd o' sitting up at neets sarving his country when he owt to be i' bed wi' out his spectacles, an' his country-men nut caring a figs-end fur āather him ur his barns; which mēant

agean 'at he wur sick o' his friends, for about a third of electors are men o' principle an' wants to know what's what, so, as a "*constituent*" they write to him, as a *freehold constituent* they are independent in the tone thereof, as a *manly constituent* they speik ther mind fully, as an *intelligent constituent* they show themselves acquainted with facts to the extent o' six sheets o' letter paper, as a *leading constituent* they offer suggestions, and as a *constituent* they expect a full reply by return o' post; which mēant he wor bidding a loving adieu to the Secretary of the Licensed Victualler's Association, to the Secretary of the Temperance Society, the Secretary of the Temperance League, the Sec. of the Ballot Society, the Sec. of the Anti-Ballot Society; the Sec. of the Tobacco Society, the Sec. of the Anti-Tobacco Society; the Sec. of the Sawdust Association; the Sec. of the Anti-Sawdust Association, the Sec. of the Brick-dust Association, the Sec. of the Anti-Brick-dust Association; the Sec. of the Pinfold Institution, the Sec. of the Anti-Pinfold Institution; the Sec. of the Penny Savings' Bank, the Sec. of the New Penny Savings' Bank, and the Sec. of the Go-between Savings' Bank; to the Executives of the Abolition Alliance and the Universal Registration Association, to the Executives of the Anti-ditto ditto; which mēant 'at he had the pleasure o' incloasing his "concluding" subscription to the fifty-two local societies o' which he wur president, an' resigning the office, "which

it was always a pleasure, believe me, to hold ;" which mēant' at the Grand Astronomical Society might go to the man in the moon the next time they wanted a new telescope ; that the lady president of the Sick Visiting Committee might contrive to accompany them wi' her penny memorandum book ; an' that the ninety-two societies of which he was patron might send their confounded circulars to somebody else, postage unpāad as ũsual ; all this, an' a good dēal moar it meant, nut forgetting to bidding good-bye to the owd an' the new Poor-law boards, the Working Mens' Mutual Humbug Society, and those nuisances of all nuisances, Mechanics' Institutions.

An' now what did Mr. Woodhēad think o' the "occasion?" Mr. Pothēad ast ; to which Mr. W. replied that he saw an opening for an upright and a virtuous man, a man of ten talents, which he hoped the Lord would send them. Mr. P. coughed at this, for he didn't see exactly how Adolphus hed gotten quiat so monny. But t' upshot wor 'at it wur prerpoased, seconded, and carried ũnanimously, 'at Adolphus Pothēad should be invited to offer hizsen as a candidat' fur the membership then vāacant, an' Theophilus cam awāay wi' the prospect o' twenty-five per cent reduction in his next parcel o' linen, an' Mr. Pothēad went to bed to drēam o' shakkin' hands wi' awal t' lords i' t' ũniverse, an' axing 'em how they did.

'Course the doctor cam' awāay, bud ah ! how *did*

he come? Hedn't he stown art after supper an' joined Sophilius Pothēad, blazing i' jewels from the crown of her hēad down to her varry feet, an' didn't they walk out on the Terrace together, an' didn't the Doctor quote Darwin, an' Robert Montgomery, an' Frederick Tennyson, an' Tupper, an' Coventry Patmore, an' William Shakspeare (who lived during the reign of Elizabeth), an', at last, didn't he goa down on one knee, an' didn't he cross his hands over his heart, an' didn't he bow his hēad, an' didn't she tell him that if he wanted his hair cutting she must ask him to wait there while she fetched her scissors; an' didn't he meet her agāan and fall down o' his knees an' bow his hēad agāan an' sob out, "Adorable Sophilius," an' didn't she relent and put her hand i' her pocket an' gee him a parcil, an' didn't he weep fur joy an' kiss her garment an' go hoam, an' oppuning t' packet didn't he fin a bit on a mirror an' a sort o' coamb he'd nivver seen sin he wor a babby an' a bin kissed wet an' kissed dry, kissed to crying an' kissed to laughing be Maggy O'Sullivan, his pauper nurse an' comforter. Yes, the Doctor became broken-hearted, and the light of the moon was as nothing to him, an' the light o' the stars no moar 'an a lot o' turnip lantrerns. All peace hed departed; all joy hed vanished. He grew frenzied, wild, and struck terror into the hearts of the readers of the "Penny Fudge," for a Byronic spirit suddenly started up from the top corner of its fourth column

an' lash'd itsel' wi' a thousand scorpions, till the blood o' the people ran cowl at beholding the sight, an' they wished it ad be quiet.

Bud Theophilus intended that Miss Sophilus Pothēad sud become Mrs. Doctor Woodhēad, an' *he* didn't despair, for he gah t' lad 'at cam to tak his outfitter son's dinner ivvry dāay (for 3*d.* a week) a fat imbedded boan to pike i't' stāable, telling him to be sūre an' bring t' boan back when he'd done—a thing he was nivver knawn to du bud under varry extraordinary circumstances. He rejoiced to see his darling offshoot i' the wāay he was in, 'cos' he knaew 'at he was the varry identical 'at could do the business for him.

Moreover, Theophilus, with an eye to the futur', hed detarmined that the fortun's of the Woodhēads an' the fortun's of the Pothēads sud be made common; that the families should be joined and made as one, and his eye sawah two lowse links o' āather side 'at seemed māade o' purpose to du the business, soa he detarmined 'at it sud be done.

Yer'd a thowt it wur a pity 'at Adolphus hed to sleep i' a neet-cap if yerd nobbud just 'a' seen his hēad. It wur curl-bushed exquisite,—nowt could a bin done nēater; nut a sing-el hair out on its plāace; moustachios wi' prods at t' end to feel his wāay wi', like a cat,—a beautiful compensatory arrangement, for his vision wor defective—ommast as blynd as a bat he wor, at t' lēast one ud 'a' thowt soa, 'cos' he could nivver goa horf a dozen yards

wi'out fitting a glass intul his ee, wot paāned him orfully by t' wāay he girn'd an' squinted. His eyes awalus loked like one o' thease obtuse engled sun-shades 'at we see fastened occasionally to t' outside o' winders; they sēam'd like one o' thease drawhan darn to wi'in horf a square o't' bottom. T' colour on his fāace mud be matched wi' a piece o' brown hollan', which was rather extraordinary, considering the tons o' burnt crust 'at he'd hetten; bud takkin intul account t' amount o' smook 'at hed passed ower 't, t' only wonder wor 'at it worrant lost seet on awaltogether. Cigars an' his tailor formed the staple of his thowts, as promenading an' raising his hat the staple of his actions. But Adolphus Pothēad was born to command, an' yerd no moar 'a' thowt o' putting him to sarve, no moar an' yerd a thowt a sehring a pig to fiddle. He wur born to gulp oysters, nut to oppun 'em, nāather to plan how to gehr 'em, ur even to think how others gar 'em, bud just to gulp 'em. He differed thro' ivvrybody else i' this,—that while some cultivāated t' ground, some, what grēasy-coited mechanics are fond o' styling, an' *we* constrained to style for want of a better word, the "intellect," *he* cultivāated his body simply, an' he did it to perfection. If he'd bin bow-legg'd he'd a put hizsel into peg-tops, donn'd a long coit, an' straightwāay his legs would a bin as straight as yuhr awan, nay, a good dēal straighter. If he had carried a bit more flesh on his back 'an he thowt he hed a reight tul, he'd a

carried a seck-coit tu, bud he wur nāather bow-legg'd, ur carried Charley. He wur a clēaner animal nur other animals, 'cos' he bāathed once a dāay. Indeed, he had beautiful traits o' instinct. He'd return at the accustomed hours to pertāake o't' food prervided; pass along the streets by himself, and say the responses at church unprompted; in fact hed cultivāated his body to that degree 'at he knaew what t' words meant. If he'd a lived i' Pitt's time his body undoubtedly wod 'a' takken the degree o' Bachelor of Arts, for several years o' his life he'd bin spent at Oxford. Bud his body wur in a fair wāay o' duing moar an' this for him. Allready it wur paying its addresses tul the Honorable Paulina Poorjohn, youngest doughter o' Lord Somebody ur other, o' some park ur other, an' somewhear else, somewhear. Bud ther' were two conditions, nāamely,—that he sud hev M.P. after his nāame an' £100,000 pād down t' day afoar t' wedding. Mr. Pothēad hedn't so mich lowse cash by fifty thousand, rich as he wor. Theophilus Woodhēad didn't knawah this howivver.

After awal, drēams of fam'ly wod visit Theophilus, an' what he mud a been ivver haunted him as what he owt to be. Men who have comed off'n a high an' virtūous stock as Theophilus, are niver at ease wi' thersels till they assimilate as near to their primal stāate as it's posserble to get, an' as it wur posserble to get nearer tul it 'an what he wor, it showed itsel tul him i' the leet of a stern duty.



Pothēad moved i' the first circles—he weel knaew that. A sudden ambition started up within him, an' he nut oanly wanted to be the re-erestablisher o' his fam'ly's fortun's, bud a retriever o' the spell of its nāame; for he could recollect the time when the nāame o' Woodhēad wod a cracked t' ears o' horf o't' country round. Allready he'd spent hunderd's i' the eddicāation o' the Doctor, an' he detarmined 'at he sud be the mēans o' gratifying his ambition, which he accounted lawful eniff so long as he had the mēans entire. Somehow he māade sūre o' winning ower Sophilius' father.

More 'an all this. He discovered soa cloase an affinity atween the fam'ly nāames and the fam'ly stock that there was really noa roun left fur scruple at awal o' this point; for the Doctor had undertaken to prove to entire satisfaction the facts here mentioned, which, as is seen, he did, Theophilus clearly perceaving that the difference atween Pothēad an' Woodhēad might be lāad on a pin point, stuck on Chimboraza, an' seen as clear as dayleet. T' only difference, the Doctor demonstrated, lāad i' the fact o' the founders of each fam'ly being brothers, or, at awal events, akin; the Pothēads being descended from the Samothracian deity Pothos, whose descendants no doubt founded in after-times Potidæa and Potidania of old,—Potid and Pothēad being identical. Mr. Pothēad receaved a fair copy o' the dokkymment an' indulged hizsel i' various eccentricities which here-

tofore had never been observable in him,—actually walking the length o' the drawing-room on his hands, feet upparads, an' afterwards, betting hizsen a bottle o' '26 port 'at he could 'a' carried his terrier Bullbristle in his mouth tu. Sich fēats as thease are as necessary a' adjunct to the springers throo nowt' at sich times o' excitement as a "vallit" is indispensable to tee t' "shuvvuns" o' the'r "boits." Mr. Pothēad was highly gratified at the result, an' at once decided 'at the Doctor was noa ivvrydāay fellah. He conceaved a liking tul him throo that time an' it māay be said to hev reicheid its climax o' the Seterday follering when the dokkymment appeared at length i' the several loacal pāapers, pāad for as an advertisement, an' bearing the attesting signatur' of "Wodiensis B. Ph. D., and Mus. Doc." It was then that he revealed the whoale matter tul his son, brusting intul his bed-room wi' t' paper i' his hand, whoa called him an owd fool, an' went on shāaving.

"Dost thou know," said Theophilus, (this unaccountable "thou" never deserted him; it wor like his umberella,) one dāay when he wur closeted wi' his ersteemed friend, "Dost thou know that I have a son?"

"I *du*," said Mr. Pothēad, starting up thro' his sēat an' grasping t' disengāaged hand o' his interlocutor i' boath his awan an' shakkin' it violently, "I *du*."

"A pattern of filial piety."

"Pattern o' fillal piety," said Pothēad.

"Embodiment of a grand idea, as he sayeth himself."

"'Bodiment on a grand idear, as he says himself."

"Loving."

"Lovin'."

"Affectionate."

"'Fectionate."

"Virtuous."

"Vartūous."

"Meek, affable, devoted."

"Yes, yes, yes."

"He hath been much constrained towards thee of late."

"Yes."

"And towards thine house."

"Yes."

"Towards thine offspring."

"True he *hes*."

"To be open with thee, friend Pothēad, I am proud of him."

"Proud on him."

"I esteem him, honour him, respect him, feel myself drawn out towards him in holy affection. He is becoming indeed the solace of my patriarchal days, the prop of my declining years."

"Prop o' inclining years,—yers, go on."

"I have trained him in the path of righteousness, I have been used to say unto him,—'Be admonished early my son, take heed unto thy

father's footsteps, follow therein, and thou shalt advance in wisdom unto salvation. The brightness of the family name was within him. Unknown to himself, as he says, the vestal flames have been laying upon the altar of his heart from his birth, and he tells me, with a countenance which betokeneth a god-like sorrow, that if suffered to die out, becomes a portent of some dire event to the family. The Lord forbid that we should extinguish the smouldering spark of virtue wherever found, to bring everlasting reproach upon me and those whom the Lord hath given me. I have trained him, friend Pothēad, that he may INHERIT."

Mr. Pothēad oppun'd his ees.

"How sweet it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," continued Theophilus. "Canst thou read the secrets of the heart, friend Pothēad?"

Friend Pothēad wished he could. Theophilus wur silent fur a faew seconds the while Mr. Pothēad wor teeing his shuvvuns. The latter loked up while performing this operation an' said,—

"Hev yuh comed about a leetle business?"

Theophilus replied that he had "a mission from the virtuous to the beautiful."

"Aye, what wur that?" Mr. P. axed.

"My son," said Theophilus, "entertaineth an undying remembrance of his visit here, and would fain ask of thee one of thine household for his portion."

"Haw!" said Mr. P. with a guffaw loud enough

to be heard all ower t' house,—“is he after Suffy?”

“If that bēeth the name of thy daughter, verily he hath an affection for her.”

“Well, yer see,” said Mr. Pothēad, his mouth sudd’nly kerlapsing, an’ assuming the gravest tone o’ voice—“that is a point which desarves some consideration. To be sure,” said he, in a voice apprōaching tul a whisper, “I could give Suffy a *leetle* matter, but I *abstains* from the thought on principles o’—a—a—o’ principle. Now I consider,” said he, thrusting boath hands intul his breeches pockets an’ raising hizsen on his toe ends, “when a man is *desiarous* o’ fam’ly distinction, he should be prepared to overlook mere pecuniary considerations, in the same way,” says he, with a volū-bility ’at sufficiently denoated his clear inseet intul the argument, “that when I takes a ’prentice he doesn’t expect nothing from me for coming into my establishment, but I *expect* something from him—don’t yer see, mun?” said he, laying one hand energetically o’ Theophilus’ shoulder.

If Theophilus’ optics wur at fault, his olfactory narves warrant—i’ vulgar parlance, he began to smell a rat.

“’Course a doctor is a doctor,” said Mr. P. resuming his former attitude, “a doctor is a doctor, for sartan, bud matter o’ principle; long ago I said to my owd woman, ‘Mrs. Pothēad,’ says I, ‘divver lord, duke, or lādy sal fing-er Suf without

he can keep her according tu her fam'ly's entertainments, an' to test him,' says I, 'to test him,' says I, Mr. Woodhēad, says I, 'be they who they may he shall lend me fifty thousand pound for two year, *then*,' says I, Mr. Woodhēad, '*then* there is guarantee,' an impoortant article in business, as ye are well aware, Mr. Woodhead. Them was the vary words I said I assure you. 'Tirely a matter o' principle."

Theophilus said nothing, merely giving a nod o' the hēad.

"Besides," says he, "and this is *the* reason,—I can introdooce him to the best famerlies o' distinction. Adolphus is going to marry shortly, and I shall have a nōble and hersteem'd brother-in-law who is herquainted with the first famerlies o' the land, and knows everybody 'ats worth knowing, and is going to get 'Dolph a commission in the Coldstreams, for he is herquainted with all the principal officers of the army and navy, from lieutenant-colonels to major-colonels, and from generals to brigadier-generals; knows all of them I asshūre yuh. His own son and heir to t' title is a serjeant-major, an' his brother a adjutant-general, dipputy quarter-master, and the Lord knows what beside. I expect now 'at ther'll mak 'Dolph a Lancer officer or a Bumbadeer, o' summut o' that t' first goa tul."

Theophilus knaew nowt abart thease matters, soa said nowt as thoh he did.

"But bless us! yer see," said he, rising on his toas an' then going down agean, "this comes a giving yer childer a good heddication. Now d' yuh know 'Dolph cost muh fifteen hunderd a-year while he ware at Oxford—fifteen hunderd a-year Mr. Woodhēad, ivvry fardin'; bud bless you, you should just hear how he talks about lords an' dukes and markerses now, Lord this, Bar'net that, Gen'al this, Kurnel that, it ad *du* yer owd soul good to hear him," said Mr. Pothēad, giving Theophilus a poake i' the ribs, grinning as if he was saying a great deal that it was a capital joke to have understood, continuing,—“but we āre digressing on a point of business, and this I forbids myself to make a practice of.”

“Thou art in the right, friend Pothēad—we must work while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no man can work; thou wilt find this passage in the Second Epistle of Paul the Apostle to Timothy, fifth chapter, and third verse;” which to us shall be the concluding observation of Theophilus on the present occasion. The conversation lasted about an hour, when in Theophilus's way o' thinking he cam round Mr. Pothēad; in Mr. Pothēad's way o' thinking he cam round Theophilus. It wur ultimately sattled 'at the Doctor an' Miss Sophilius were to join hands, an' that on the wedding-day Theophilus wor to pāay down £50,000 as his son's portion, in trust tul his father-in-law for five year; when Mr. P. produced

two bottles. Theophilus take a glass, his hat, his umberella, an' departed.

Miss Sophilius fun hersen in a fix, of course, when shoo cam to knaw what wur what; bud thear wur noa help for't, an' seeing how shoo could best revenge hersen on the Doctor by being awlus wi' him, bare the ceremony wi' a pretty good grāace. Theophilus take a lump o' bride-cāake hoam wi' him an' shared it ameng his offspring six, axing 'em if it wur nice, whereupon they all said "Yers," an' grinned. He turned t' cat out o' doors that neet 'cos' he couldn't afford to keep her, an' lowern'd ivvry man his wāage i' awal t' erstablishments a shillin' a-week an' t' lads six-pence. He had hed searious thowts o' gehring all his sons hats clēaned up a bit, bud as luck ad hev it his god-parent happened to dee just then soa he gat an owd crāape dress 'at hed bin thrawing abart fur long eniff i' one o't' auction rooms, an' makkin' bands on't, pinn'd one round ivvry hat, an' they loked as good as naew an' a bonny seet more respectabler.

In two months afterwards, ther' appeared a style of announcement i' the daily pāapers which hes awalready, wi' a simple change o' name an' locality, figured on the last pāage o' the concluding volume o' some hunderd an' fifty nuvvels, an' varry posserbly figures in a hunderd an' fifty thousand common-place books ready for a like purpose; here it is:—

"On Saturday last, at St. Peters, Pimlico, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Sodom and Gomorrah, assisted by the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Hawlritemedarlin, uncle of the bride, Adolphus Pothead, Esquire, M.P. only son of Simon Pothead, Esquire, J.P. and Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of ———, to the Honourable Paulina Angelina Victoria Poorjohn, youngest daughter of the Right Honourable the Earl of ———, of Castle Taterpolony, co. Tipperary, Ireland."

"Nobbud an Irish peer ! a poor horf-starved, rat-hunting, taty-boiling, turf-scratching Irish peer !" Stop a bit ; don't be so fast.

It just happens 'at he worrant Iarish, nobbud he chuse to live thear becos he'd t' country tul hizsen, an' māade one pound goa as far as twenty wod i' England. An' Iarish ur nut Iarish, he wor a peer o' the realm. Besides, he was a Colonel o' Merlitia, soa ware a red coit 'at loked ivvry bit as fine as a line colonel's, an' a bit clēaner. He rented a house in town tu, somewhear, fur a month ur two, and wur present at moast of Her Majesty's levees, an' could tell a knight's missis thro' a duchess onny day : at the end o' which time he made a deacent exit, as he prentended to tak a mighty interest in his Iarish estāates.

Then thear wor a bit o' gossip in another part o' the papers which detailed the ceremony an' told ower the list o' notabilities who hed honoured the Church of St. Peter with their presence, amongst

others, Doctor Woodhēad and lady; and gave as information from a private and most authentic source, guaranteeing the exact truth of the same, that the fortune of the bridegroom consisted of a quarter of a million sterling. To be sure his lordship *did* leave a letter in the pocket of one of his coats which he had amused himself by composing, and which purported to be from Mr. Pothēad's solicitor, with the identical figures of £250,000, but there was only his valet to open it, and he would be the last fellow in the world to accuse, so the affair was magnanimously allowed to blow over. It was not very extraordinary how that after this, Simon Pothead, Esquire, should become a fashionable of society, an', discarding his drab leggings for continuous doeskin, journey up to London once a-year with his entire establishment.

After all, Theophilus fun 'at he wur bud a sleeping partner in the concarn, thoa we could hardly say as mich for the Doctor after ten o'clock at neet, for Mrs. W. had somehow become subject to fits, which sing'larly eniff awlus occurred atween that hour an' six in the morning.

There wur nut wanting them 'at clung to the skirts o' the public o' the strength o' the Doctor's reputāation. Thear wur one Henrick Woodhēad, whoa, with the gurtest audacity i' the world, launched a two quarto volumed poem upon it after the Doctor hed acquired his weel-desarved meed. He didn't send a preface wi' it, bud said nowt at

awal be t' wāay ov introduction, nobbud signing his nāame i' full, wi' his surname printed i' type cast for the purpose an' ornemented wi' gowd. After him follered a clargyman 'at couldn't let six hunderd a-year an' a scant population o' plew-lads an' pigs (mainly pigs) satisfy him, bud becos he wor cousin to the Doctor's uncle tuke up his pen 'an māade the world richer by three sonnets, which he designed to send to the principal periodicals o' the day, which said periodicals hed noatified the expected event to the world i' ivvry number fur two years past. Agāan wor ther type cast for the purpose, and agāan wor the artist called in to imbellish, an' the nāame of,—

“The Rev. Peterloo (Woodhead) Wolfer.”
wur befor the world for monny a long dāay.

An amusing incident occurred in the course o' thease events which is given in *Sycophantes' Glimpses of Men of the Time*, which is worth repeating here. T' Doctor's wesherwoman's owdest son's wife giving birth tul a barn, the Doctor stood god-father for it. Even this man couldn't bud envy t' Doctor's reputation, an' duing soa, could fin no rest till his passion for fāame hed, in some mezzur, bin quenched. Takkin' advantage o' the Doctor's absence, an' of his maternal relative's presence there on a certain day, he went thither, an' entering t' Doctor's study, planted hizsel in his chair, seized on a sheet o' pāaper wi' a cōat of arms of manifold quarterings emblazoned

thereon, an' set about the composition of a poem, the opening sentiment o' which may be seen in the follahing lines, which were the first:—

“ Old Porky Joe was too fat to walk,
So he rode ”—

a sentiment which had soa impressed itsel on his mem'ry that it wor repēated fifty times i' the poem o' seventy-five lines. He hed hardly time to sign hizsel “ Father of Woodhead Jones,” an' sēal it up, afoar the big ring at t' hall door prerclaimed the Doctor, and just māade a clēar exit through one doar as the Doctor entered be another an' sat hizsel down i' hāaste to pen a composition, which, of a truth, has māade the world somewhat the richer. In the oblivious stāate o' mind so nat'ral to such men at thease times, he lāad his hand upon the first sheet o' pāaper he cam at, which happened to be plāan an' nut bearing onny distinguishing mark, and after the sāame manner, sēaled it wi'out appending his signatur', soa absorbed wor he in the ideas which he hed bin thraving off. He then formed the design o' forrading it to the *Timeserver*, a periodical wi' a first-class reputāation, as its editor hed written several pressing herpēals tul him for a contribution of onny kind and of the smallest dimensions, at a money vally of onny amount. The Doctor hed too heigh a' opinion of the poet's mission iver to think o' accepting the paltry pay o' gowd, soa he resolved upo' forrarding it unconditionally, that it mud be an occāasion o'

plēasing surprise to the editor, whoam he reckoned ameng his friends. He did soa, an't' week follah-ing fun t' wawalls o' ivvry city an' town i' the United Kin'dom plāacarded i' a flāaming style, announcing a new poem which wor to mak its appearance i' the *Timeserver*, by a "Woodhead." The first impression o' double the ūsual quantity of the *T-S.* was speedily sold. Edition after edition appeared, till the demand becam' so large 'at pāaper incēased in vally, trēacle went up twopence a pound, an' the printers struck for a heigher rāate o' wāages. Nut less 'an five hunderd thousand o' the mem'orable number o' the *Timeserver* hed bin told off across the tables; bud just at this climac-tial point the Doctor walked intul a shop an' purchased it for hizself (it wor the first time he'd showed hizsen i' the street o' monny a week, an' it crēated "quite a sensation"), nettled a bit, or, more properly speiking, chagrined somewhat, at a copy nut been sent him as per custom direct from the office. He wor offered one grāatis wi' the extremest show o' perliteness by the bookseller, bud he preferred paying for't. When he reiched hoame he cut oppun t' lēaves hāastily in a bit anxious stāate o' mind, becos' heving recēaved noa proof-sheet an error *might* exist which wod mar its featur's dreadfully, or a blunder o' some kind ha' been committed which ad destroy the ūnity o' one o' his best ideas, ur bring to bear upon such a totally opposite frame o' mind; as, for instance,

whear he speiks o' "the solemn march of Time," the *r* in *march* is fun stannin' on its hēad, conveying the idea of a rāather odd stāate o' loacomoation an' a little tu unsartan to be varry solemn i' *its* movements. Hevin' finished the cutting operāation, he fun on the first pāages a curious prerduction, beginning,—

"Old porkey Joe was too fat to walk,
So he rode;"

an' rāade an' rāade to the boddom till he couldn't ride no farther, for the "Father of" Mr. "Woodhead Jones" blocked up the way. He turned ower t' lēaves, lēaf after lēaf, till he cam' to t' end; just run his ee down t' noatices to correspondents, an' fun in a line the title of his awan poem i' small caps an' the word "*rejected*" in italics opposite.

Bud didn't the public kick up when ther gat to knowah, an't' other pāapers soin teld 'em, cos the printer's-divvil o' the *Timeserver* office wor varry thick wi' another ditto ditto at the office of another periodical. The editor māade the *amende honorable* be purchasing, out of the proceeds o' the sāale o' the number, a silver cradle, an' prersenting it to the Doctor's lady. The rejected poem wur printed i' the next number, bud the public warrant goin' to be gulled (for it still bare noa signatur'), an' the sāale o' that number o' the *Timeserver* wur hardly up tul its ūsual quantity, till the Doctor, at the editor's urgent appeal to his humanity, notified to the public, through the daily papers, 'at it wur his

awan prerduction, when again it reached its five hunderd thousandth, an' when this number hed been seld t' sāale seamed to start an' begin agāan, an' run up tul another five hunderd thousandth, an' yet agāan this phenomena occurred, so that when the next number appeared an' the old standard o' seven hunderd an' fifty hed bin rēached agāan, t' editor gav' up his poast in sheer disgust, an' retiring into private life hes nivver bin hēard on sin'. Henrick Woodhēad, aboon referred tul, hed three brothers, six sisters, an' eight spinster onts, awal o' which wrāate poetry, an' kept a' monny magazines alive an' kicking by the virtū' o' ther nāames.

The belief in awal men heving souls, we believe, is general. This is a fallacy. A petrified egg isnt' an egg. Ivvry pāaticle o' what *wor* egg hes bin displāaced, an' a stoany pāaticle deposited i' its stēad; an' thoa it may hev the appearance ov a egg, it's an' egg no long-er, as yuh'll fin out if yer mak the experiment o' boiling it. An' soa, when souls petrify, they arrant souls onny long-er; the divvil hes gotten 'em bit be bit, an' he gen'ally sticks tul 'em. Bud Theophilus' soul—the Lord forbid! wur nut soa. P'r'aps one with a higher degree o' organization, more delicately sensitive, nivver existed. It wur noan o' yer mak-weights; it hedn't a bit o' boan about it, which, thro' its excessive pliability, wur ēasy to be seen; nut credulous, ur easily awāakened tul a bāaneful sympathy. Nut

soa. Thoa the chords o' his being were swept be ivvry wind 'at blew, yet they invāariably plāayed t' sāame tune. Noa one wur ivver moar alive tul men an' things. Ivvry event 'at occurred fun a response in him; an' if yerd talked wi' him, yer'd 'a' fun out at he'd bin expectin' it. Thoase people wur chāageable wi' the vice o' prevaricāating,—yers, them fowks lied 'at said 'at it wur becos' he belonged to the asinine tribe,—his ears were so long, for ther were no long-er 'an other fowkses. Tul 'a' met him, yerd a sūrely thowt 'at he wur the silliest lukiŋ owd fellah 'at yuh could a weel chonced tul 'a' met i' a dāay's journey, bud sich an appearance is the now well-known characteristic of true genius. His hair, a red-brown, wi' a slight colouriŋ o' gray, wor cropped terrier fashion. He was nat'rally beardless, bud hed a few scattered hairs o' each side 'n his fāace,—a red an' grey mixture, an' trod down as if by ivver so monny legged animals, which, of course, they warrant. He wur thick-lipped, an' decidedly baggy about the mouth, giving the idea of a sulk-pooch, which, if it had characterized a little barn, we sud 'a' called it soa at once; bud in the cāase o' Theophilus, of course it could be noa sich thing. His fāace, if it hedn't a bin blotched ower wi' 'a' dirty, or rāather a dusky, red, ud 'a' bin crēam-coloured, an' wi' its flabbing, wod fur awal the world 'a' geen yuh the idea of a bowl o' milk wi' t' crēam on i' a stāate o' loacomoation; as it wor, howivver, it was a com-

bināation in point o' colour. His ees wur nivver knawn to twink i' the dāay-time 'cept at the seet o' silver, which wor a rāather curious phenomenon. Metals, indeed, had a curious effect altogether, on him. Now, we read o' grēat men—kings, emperors, men o' wonderful genius, heving remarkable antipathies, an' manifesting unūsual trāats o' feeling on the occāasions when the object of antipathy was before them; and we have the sāmē brōad principle at work in Theophilus, with a mere surface difference (simply proving, that even in the eccentricities of genius he wur grēat, shunning the vice of antipathy for a virtuous course), for, at the seet o' copper his ees ud dilāate, an' he'd keep 'em fixed upon it so long as it remāaned in' seet; an', as we've said afoar, at t' seet o' silver his ees ud twink, while, at the seet o' gowd,—bud here we are at a loss, for, the moment his een catched a glimpse o' gowd, he wod put his spectaccles on, an' of course we couldn't allow wurzen's to be guilty o' peering atween 'em, even at the chonce of a grand discovery. He had a slight stoop, and his neck being stretched at a front angle with his body, his hēad awlus tuke t' lēad be several inches, ur appeared to du. Nut a fāace passed him 'at he didn't scrutinize, bud awlus wi' a benevolence which admitted noa ill-feeling o' the spectāators pāat. His eyes an' fāace seemed to sāay, "Yers—money," his laugh said, "Money, money," his step squēaked, "Money-coming, money-coming," his

whoale soul stared wi' a silly expression (Pardon, O Theophilus!) out of his dilāated ees, as if, in its doatage, it wur crying out wi' the horf laugh of a māaniac, "Money!" even the little action o' chāanging hands wi' his umbrella seemed to sāay, "But money;" *how* it seemed to sāay soa we can't sāay, bud it did, that it did, we'll swear it. Varry singlar wor awal this, we are ready to admit.

Theophilus hed a motto, which he'd substituted at t' start-off for the owd fam'ly motto. It wor—"Consider thy ways and be wise." Fam'ly mottoes are apt at times to contrast strangely with fam'ly members, or rāather, moar strictly speiking, to offer noa roun fur contrast ur cavil at awal: for, if a poor wēak-minded nodling lāays claim tul his fam'ly motto, "Be fast!" it's just what he wants; the injunction is awlus befoar him, an' the adaptāation is compleat; and, for other examples, the gentle reader may consult any book he thinks will answer his purpose. Well, Theophilus hed a motto, and whearivver he went, his motto went with him. In a Bible figure, it wur written upon his forehead; and in a classical figure, it wor as Pluto's helmet tul him,—it rendered him invisable. You saw—"Consider your ways and be wise"—an individūal wi' a longish nāame, personified; Theophilus, you didn't see; he wur noawhear, and "Consider your ways and be wise" stood afoar yuh, whose bodily presence you felt cloase, jam up agean the varry door o' yuhr existence—stanning on 't

step an' leining wi' his whoale body agean t' shut doar; yuh felt t' varry foundaations o' t' building shak, as if in sign o' the drēad Presence. It wor a orful moament that, when, i' awal its majesty, it stood afoar yuh. Yuh couldn't prettend to feight it, an' bring matters tul a end o' some soart, for it worrant after yer awan nāatur'; an' for Theophilus, yuh couldn't fin' him *tuh* feight, at all, for yuh ommast felt assūred 'at he'd been invisable through his birth. If he wur in want o' six spoins for his sons, Theophilus ad goa tul a iaron-mungers, bid him a price, tell him to "consider his ways and be wise," and lēave him. And t' iaronmunger, considering his wāays, bethowt hizsel o' contracts an' poor-law guardians, soa he suddenly becam' wise, an' sent off t' spoins wi' an apology fur nut letting 'em come soiner, saying how his "boy" hed been ta'en badly opposite a confectioner's shop, an' ther wur foarced to tak him in a bit to obleege an owd Quaker gentlemen 'at wor passing by, ur summut o' t' soart. Useful as the motto wor upon thēase occāasions, yet it here fell short o' what it could accomplish. It wur when Theophilus wur serlicited fur subscriptions 'at it shoane out i' awal the light o' the beautiful. Hearing 'at Mr. Tupper was dead, his charwoman's fifth cousin, her neice's doughter by her second husband, cam down thro' London, in company with another male relative equally near akin, to solicit Theophilus for a subscription, as they had been left in extreme poverty, and as

government had declined pensioning 'em, thēare were noa other wāay left bud that of an herpēal to public sympathy, and wi' this object, hed sacrificed their time an' were with him. Moreower, they'd browt along wi' 'em a facsimile of his Civil Law Doctor's degree, beautifully executed upo' brown hollan', and a parchment prerfessing to be signed be awal the Dons of Oxford Univarsity, intimāating to the public 'at thāay orthorized an' senctioned the'r giving towards the bearers object, concluding wi' the follahing stanza:—

“ And where was Oxford with her beacon-light
 Before this meteor blazed upon the night?
 Before his mind, illumining the world,
 Flash'd o'er the nations like a flag unfurl'd,
 And princely gifts, as well as student-toil,
 Fed learning's golden lamp with midnight oil!
 Remember, London! once so desolate,
 Through him, thine Ezra, thou art grown so great;
 Sing, ye dark places of the land made fair,
 For Nehemiah breathed in Tupper there!”

Deeply as Theophilus awlus felt the presence o' men o' distinguished genius, whether present in person, or represented, as on this occāasion, an' thoa' bearing about wi' him sich a ardent reverence for their character, yet, consistently with his prerfession and heigh loacal standing, he could not offer the toakens of his unbounded sympathy till awal sāacred duties wur fāathfully dischāaged. After makkin' moast minute iniquiary into the facts o' the cāase, he begged lēave to consider the

subject ower. In three months afterwards, it wur still i' considerāation; i' six months, i' thowtful considerāation; i' nine, he wor giving it his grāave considerāation; in twelve, he were giving it that considerāation which its importance demanded. In two months afterwards, he lēarnt, tul his excessive joy, that Mr. Tupper wur nut dēad. Of how much more vally his motto becam tul him, how it impressed him, how it affected his futur' dēalings wi' mankind, how he feelingly alluded to the whoale o' the circumstances at a vestry-meeting, how he rehēarsed his sad expēariences tul his children,—futur' generāations may yet be told in the personal history which will, noa doubt, one day issue from a MEMBER of the fam'ly, of whom noa farther mention is needed. The celebrāated "Ode" (it may not be generally known), "on the Death of Lord Perriwinkle," attributed by all the world to the distinguished an' lēarned D*c*or W**d*e*d, was originally composed on the supposed sad occāasion of Mr. Tupper's dēath,—the nāames of the illustrious individūals being chāanged simply.

Theophilus hed nivver bin knawn to hev bin out o' temper i' his life, yet, strāange to sāay, 'at varry faew wi' whoam he'd come i' contact bud whoad bin out o' temper wi' him; bud thāay wor the chāangeful an' wāavering sēa; he, the constant an' firm rock, an' sēa an' rocks ther mun be. It may be well thowt that of charity calls he wur a plenti-ful recipient, which was the case in the morning

of his career; bud as the benevolent Theophilus awlus instituted a strict investigāation into the cāases, which (with prāaseworthy ardour, a zēal that wur lasting, and a persevearance amid difficulties, that wor truly admirable to witness), he nivver thowt o' giving up, thease persons, gradually, one by one, furseuk him intirely, which, of course, stamped their character and that of the institution which thuh prtended to represent. Duaring his ēarly career, it wur the honest famerly bōast of Theophilus, and indeed ever continued to be, that he had been the humble and unworthy instrument in the hands of God, of discovering an' bringing to light uppards on a hunderd an' fifty o' thease societies o' swin'lers, i' this wāay.

Nowt contributes moar at the present dāay to render a man fāamous then a superficial knowledge o' things. Ther' nivver wor an āage 'at might be called moar lēarned, nur yet one horf so prersumptious as this. Men are sciolists nut so mich in knawing imperfectly what is befoar 'em in rule and theory *to* know, as in takkin' what they du know, —which may happen to be ivvrything 'at the world hes bin tow't yet—in takkin' this—a mere fraction—for a grand whole;—in takkin' a joint of a dēad man an' believing in an entity. A sciolist, in the one sense, is a shallow-pated fool, an' knaws he is; a sciolist, in the other, is a full-pated fool. Sheer emptiness mak's t' hēad o' the one leet, an' his noations ridiculous; fulness in the other sinks the

vision below the common level, an' mak's his noations o' things absurd, albeit becos they're novel, they tak' weel eniff. Religion, as a grand theory, as a complēat plan, as a perfected train of sequences, is fixed. Science is in its babyhood of existence; yet because the baby doesn't understand its mother thoroughly, is a condition which is to be regarded as a monstrous evil, and silly owd gentlemen who play the part of nurses to baby, write books, showing, in their humble opinion, how that, so long as baby and mother can't agree, it is best that a separation should take place, and giving baby the serious hint to the effect, that if they was it, they wouldn't stand it, advising it, in short, to kick the bucket, to turn the tables, an' *they'll* stick up for baby, that they will, *they'll* nut see it hot, that they wēant. But baby doesn't quite understand what them white-henkitchered, straight-hair'd, black-coated, silly owd gentlemen's talking about, soa they hev to tak baby by the hand, an' lead it where they want it to go; and we all know how varry foolish owd gentlemen luke, when, heving become the champion of, and mentor to a little un, they have to retrace some of their steps and acknowledge that, in the heat of a fiery moment, they didn't see as far as they ought to have seen, so they are never known to alter a once formed opinion, which, as they owden, becomes just a silly mania with 'em.

Anybody can stay to reason. Thought is only

too eager to effect a landing where others have never set foot, to be a bit singular, an' so come at fame more easily. If Isaac Newton had 'a' been contented to chip at theories astead o' plodding on an' on an' on i' the construction o' one, he might ha' done, but then ther'd a nivver ha' been no Isaac Newton. Bud the construction of a theory an' of theories is just the main object of those gentlemen, is the quick retort. Well, there are two kinds o' balloons, an' the gayer o' the two is the tissue-paper fire-balloon, decidedly. The one is inflated amidst admiring spectators, an' up it goes away, away, high up, ascending steadily an' beautiful, till it remains a mere speck, a bit below the blue. Then it catches fire, comes tumbling down again, an' lays at your feet in a few black shreds. Evidently it's done for. Well now, the other goes up an' three men with it, for it can tak 'em up an' ther instruments tu; an', after a days blow, they drop down gently an' are ready to tell a chap what he nivver knew afore, an' to show you what you've nivver seen afoar, an' ivvrybody else has a scrap more o' *bona fide* knowledge, an''s wiser, an' better it may be, an' the same machine is ready to mount the air again. Test theories then by *their* usefulness. 'Course a theory is a theory, as a Tupper is a Tupper, but while one may be the poet Tupper, another may be the clodhopper Tupper 'at keeps pigs, nivver's hēard o' America i' his life, an' exists proverbially a fool.

Having an intense desire to make themselves famous in the eyes of their granmothers, and to live i' state i' the minds of those into whose residences they cannot hope for any other mode of access, men are constantly being driven to broach something new, no matter what, nobbut its new; hence has sprung up all the ologies an' isms o' the present day, the multiplicity o' which is a sùre sign o' existing superficiality o' knowledge. With the good which these may accomplish we ha' nothing to do. What they have arrived at is another thing. The starting-point i' forty-nine cases out o' fifty was the desire an' the half seen hope i' men o' making thersens famous; o' living i' the mem'ries o' their fellow-men. Ther's a right living an' a wrong living, an' if you're no fool reader you'll be able to draw the distinction; an' while you convince yourself, spare our time; but just a word here, for we are at the very threshold of the idea, the pathway to which in this last paragraph or two we have been clearing a bit. How when we have risen but a very little above the level of sunken humanity, how quick becomes the desire to live in the hearts o' mankind; to have our thoughts associated with other thoughts deep down i' the solemn caverns o' the heart; to live on ever with the beautiful; to be surrounded wi' thoughts that never shall see the light of any other but the Great Day. Even in the most severe instructors of an age; in sciences, in doctrinal theo-

logy, in logic, in the matter of cause and effect generally, however taught, there is a constant inclination towards the poetical. After all, it is the poetry in a man's nature which it is the highest and happiest aim of the writers to influence. We are not in constant search o' the beautiful, but we are in constant love with the beautiful. The man of science will prize a thought of beauty more than he values the mass o' theories which is contained in his volume of years-long labour; he prides himself upon the one, but his whole soul is drawn out towards the other. And it is something to be, and be for ever, where nothing is but what is kindly, where the atmosphere is as pure as that of heaven, where to live is to be loved, and that with a love that knows no change, where thoughts mingle and make a vast and ever-sounding sea which only the soul in its hours of stillness can hear. We cling to the beautiful, not as a drowning man to a plank, but as a mother to her only child, and the sole heir to her affections, for what is our love of the beautiful other than the heir within us of Eternity, where all is beautiful, and where that which enters reigns and enjoys? Analyse any one of the most general habits of the masses and you will arrive at a common result, see the same vast and broad-lying principle at work, which indeed is not undivested of the sublime, like the ponderous movements of some vast engine, cellar'd deep and dark, in one of our great manufactories or establish-

ments. We are almost afraid to take an example. There is a sacredness about this grand principle which it seems the very object of the superficialities of life to cover, and that it were a sin to probe for; a principle so pure and unspotted that we could wish to veil it so that it might run no risk of contamination; the majestic part of human nature which has retreated from the viler part and hid itself, discovered by us only to make us afraid at our own boldness, reflecting its lustre but to throw a darker shadow across our path.

We go astray in our desire to gratify its longings, which our natures instinctively originate. We crowd parks, squares, and public places on the Sunday, and go with the multitude for the reason that most material yields most produce. Open our museums and intellectual store-houses on the Sabbath and we shall have a nation of infidels, or "free-thinkers," as they style themselves (which certainly is suggestive of a vast amount of folly). The deep-lying principle, though professedly seen, is, in reality, not seen at all, but being unconsciously trod under foot the while and maimed. It is very *natural* for the eyes to glisten at a fair sight, and for them to dim at the remembrances of past times, as it is to smile in fair weather and to sigh in foul; but why so? We know all this implies a great deal more than the marring of our enjoyment,—so paltry a reason that the mind recoils at the mere thought of it. Very deep within

us this principle lies. It is a mockery, a parody on its noblest efforts, to cater thus for its gratification. Its royalty forbids that it should conform itself to any such plebian usage, and fall in with intentions totally at variance with its position, however benevolent their character. It is like a phosphorescent substance which lies virtually buried to human nature, and shows best when handled in the dark. Its scintillations are human nature's hopes, and its traces the evidence of its reality and the pledge of its eternity. It is unseen amid the glare of day and the masques and trumperies of the world. The night of sorrow brings it out, when Reason gets its tutelage of Faith, and is fain to bend the knee in obedience; and Faith, having all the responsibilities of motherhood cast upon her, puts on a bearing of nobleness and womanhood which has such a charm for us whenever in after life we look back upon those days. It is even then, that the mind is purest, calmest, fairest. Thoughts of the beautiful! how rise they, how seem they like stars in a wide still lake, shut in by the everlasting hills; not real, only the reflections of what are above us; thoughts which are but a faint reflex of those, which, in the bosom of the Great Father, like stars, wander all over the world, yet are constant to us individually. Nor is it difficult where to draw the line of distinction; to say this has true beauty, that has it not: here is gold and diamond, there tinsel and paste. We

may test by the standard of simplicity, and if these mentalities could themselves act as they inspire action, they would, like a surpassingly beautiful child whom you come across once and again in a life-time, wonder why you look at them. In pure thought we mingle reverence with love, and lose the sense of comparison in an ideality.

But there are some whose souls are steeped in vinegar, and everything that comes to them gets vinegarized. Nevertheless, the principle is ever present and its power evokable, but being so rather by the accidents of life than otherwise, gets regarded itself as an accident, and so is kicked out of the way at the first signs of activity.

Yes, there are those to whom a thought o' beauty never dar' show itsen, for they'd snap t' hēad off on't at once; if they hev a soul it's like an alligāators hēad, awal jaw. Thēase fellahs are for certain amalgamated wi' the ùniverse o' souls, bud, regarding life as a sea, an' thowts o' beauty as mermāads, which rise tul its glistening surface on a bright still day; thēase kind o' souls ar' t' fish part, an' may be seen tul advantage when they turn ower an' dive back agēan whear ther cam throo, on account o' the sky glooming an' t' sēa beginning to mak a noise, which said sky an' sēa represents respectively the countenance an' the mouth o' one o' thēase fish-souled mortals.

Bud apāat throo thēase nobodies, who are gen'lly t' only somebodies i' the univarse till they feel

thersens goa white some dāay when t' sun is shining just as ūsual;—what a grand thowt it is that a love o' the beautiful exists the wide world ower! an' that all thowts o' this nāatur' are knit so close together 'at they can't be divided, everybody seeming to ha' this point in common as a token o' the'r oneship an' a pledge o' something better; that there are the same immaculate conceptions o' the brain and outgoings o' the heart whearivver a hūman foot has trod, savage ur civilized; that eyes sparkle an' tell the'r tale o' simple trūth just the same ivvrywhēar. An' here we are now;—how comes it, amongst all the ologies an' ognomies which men hev introduced, risking the'r varry wits for some on 'em, 'at ther has yet turned up no *eyeognomy*? The eyes go 'towards makking up the "physiognomy" we happen to know, bud their importance is placed on a par wi' fēatur's comparatively ignoble. Thus, the perculiar figure o' the noaze is stāated to be indicative o' sich'n a trāat, joined wi' other appearances; an' a certain state o' the eyes is likewise pronounced "indicative." Bud, astead o' regarding the latter as a limb, we don't see how 'at it suddant be regarded as a body complete. You may read a man's character very oftens by a minnit's look at his eyes, an' you may read the eye when all the other parts o' the hūman form are sealed to yer understanding. Bud we may ventur' on a prerdiction, namely,—that the day isn't far off when the science o' physiognomy,

as it now stands, will be chopped up smaller, the loose natur' o' some 'n its data seen, an' its sub-divisional arrangements be placed on a new footing. The microscopic faculty which prersides ower this age is doing its work i' all its departments o' knowledge, an' by-an'-by it'll arrive at this.

And (while on prerdictions), let us further anticipate what the futur' celebrities o' this an' other countries will mak' thersens varry famous on account of (admitting at once their divine right o' appropriating the ideas an' discoveries o' block-hēads at hes nivver written a page i' their lives), namely,—the science o' Legognomy. If by the action o' the eyes the tidal fluctuations of a man's natur' may be known, by the actions o' the legs his ocean-bed o' character may be perceived an' its composition understood. And while physiognomists allow, while father Lavater himself acknowledged 'at i' the course of a day he'd look upon an' pass by hunderds a faces which ad be simply a blank tul him, an' would give him no index to their character; yet, excluding cases of accidental deformity, a few o' downright physical debility by reason of old age, or otherwise, and a few (though very few) cases of natural deformity, you may pass by never a man whose propensities an' inclinations you may not be able to spell out, by taking note how he walks. There's nothing like getting a good foundation to build on, of securing a basis in all things, an' if you hāant it i'

the legs, metaphysically, as well as physically considered, we wonder whear you can have it; all this of course being very obvious to the reader if he'd nobbut geen it a thowt.

The vally of our proposed science of eyeogonomy we come at from the fact, 'at in the individūal Theophilus Woodhēad, a pair o' eyes wur the rūling power in every one o' the transactions in which, during his earthly pilgrimage, he had been engaged. In aspect they were large, though nut prertruding, having a weak cat's-milk sort o' expression; his eyelids, shrivelled an' yellow as a pawm, were unfringed be a sing-el hair, an' his eyebraews ivver loked like some huge round shoolder astoop for somebody to vault ower; it gav' yuh an unpleasant sensation to behold 'em awlus i' this constrained attitude. They were heigh up an' varry wide apāat, bud a wrinkle, which appeared like a channel o' communication, connected the two, whereon, as one mud shrewdly suspect, private noatices to the objects ower which t' eye-braews did duty, to wink, to glent, to peer, an' to be on the look-out, were continually passing an' repassing, t' one through t' other.

'Course ivvry year brings its changes, as the blacking mannifacterer said when he were takking his seat i' the House o' Commons, bud "nah, wod yer 'a' thowt it," said Mr. Pothēad, soliloquizing, one evening i' the drawing-room during the absence o' Mrs. P. at a dinner party, "'at ivver I sud 'a'

comed to this?—wod yer 'a' thowt it Simon?—come speik up, ther's noab'dy here to hear yer, soa yer needn't be flāay'd: t' prime minister o' England coming to put up wi' Simon Pothēad—Nanny Pothēad's lad—my stars an' garters! bud its comed to summut at last, it hes *tu*; this beats t' Pattygoanians hahivver! T' representative o' a monarch whoa rules ower an empire with a sun 'at nivver sets, to come an' sāay to Nanny's son Simon—'Well how d' yer du?' an' shak hands wi' him! aye, an' ludge wi' him fur a neet!—hey up Simon!"

It wor a queer sort on a 'up' hahivver, 'cos in a twink Mr. Pothēad wur standing o' his hands an' performing a series o' antics wi' his legs 'at wur marvellous to behold, seeing how he maintained his equilibrium.

Fact o' the matter wor, t' prime minister wor coming to prerside ower a meeting, thro' the influence o' Mr. Pothēad it wur bruited abroad, an' Mr. P. being the most influential citizen, was requested to do himself the honour o' entertaining him if he could mak' it convenient, which o' course he wur bound to do.

In a monny respects Mr. Pothēad differed through Theophilus, an' it was at this time 'at the traits o' difference were most strikingly displayed, for Theophilus hed the hint geen him by Mr. P. to hold hizsen i' readiness, for he sud of a sūrety bring some o' the nobs down to see him. Soa

Theophilus found it incumbent on him to proceed wi' the getting of his house "in order."

Mr. P. was reputed varry rich, an' he showed it; Theophilus wur also reputed rich, bud he didn't show it. The only terraced, an' biggest brick-house wi' t' moast winders an' t' tallest pallasades i' the town, belonged to Mr. P. Theophilus rented a building which hed once been a small warehus wi' a shop o' t' grund-floor, for his residence. Theophilus kept a hooded gig wi' a mule to draw it, bud noab'dy knaew it wor a mule 'cos Theophilus had hed its ears cropped, an' it awlus ware enormous blynders. The Pothēads' fam'ly-carriage wor so heigh 'at an escape ladder ūse to go with it, ready, i' the event o' perculiar accidents; wi' a pair o' bays to match, jingling i' silver plated harness; an' o' the panels o' the carriage-doors a coat o' arms as big as a baking-spittle wot had hed a raw sheep's hēad on. In view o' the arrivals both made due preparation. Pothēad House wur inundated be pāaners, decorators, French polishers, an' upholsterers. One audacious scoundrel who wur employed within, ventur'd to hint an application o' stucco to the outside o' Mr. P.'s mansion, in the hearing o' the latter, when he received an application hizself of Mr. P.'s foot, an' him an' his pāant-pot nivver entered the primises agean, sarving the rascal reight ten times ower, nobbut it's a pity it worn't the "restorer" o' some owd abbey, for we'd rāther 'at he'd gottant t' kick as him. Theo-

philus's first move wur to bargain for a street lamp belonging to t' corporation, 'at he'd seen in a corner o't' court-house yard, wi't' glass brokken. He gat it repaired, an' pāanted green, an' fixed ower his door. T' next thing he did wur to get t' Highway Surveyors to send t' fleggers an' pāavers i' front o' his residence, as it wur due, he said, to the honour an' credit o' the town 'at he should show a respectable front on so public an occasion. Mr. Pothēad spent one whole night an' pāat ou another i' mannifactering the following, an' sending a copy to each o' the papers, asking 'em to "obleege" him by forwarding the proof as early as possesrble:—

"POTHEAD HOUSE. Reception hours for the evening of the 25th, 6 to 9.

"Carridges to enter by Sophilius street, set down at west hentrance, horses heads facing Adolphus Crescent. In takking up, the same routine to be hoberved."

Mr. P. resolved, moreover, on such a display o' flunkys as would astonish the natives, and with this view hed a dozen of his tallest weivers i' trāaning for a fortni't, then sent 'em all up to London to "get measured," an' wait till ther garments were ready, which they did. Their stalking up the garden-walk two by two one evening at dusk, when Mr. P. was looking out of his drawing-room winder, was signalized by another exhibition of his locomotive picculiarities.

It was Mr. Pothēad's ambition to be thowt t' richest man at lēast in the county, an' he awlus boasted of his wealth at a convenient opportunity. Theophilus, on the contrary, appeared to live for the purpose o' makking fowks think how poor he wor. He generally happened to be off a visiting the sick on the Sunday "appointed" for a church collection, bud if, i' the order o' providence, he'd somehow gotten in on a collection Sunday, he couldn't help, when he put his hand intul his pocket, just to run his thumb nāal ont' edge of his silver, just to see like whether it wor a threepenny bit or a fourpenny bit. Bud Theophilus's prayers awlus went wi't', an' the less he put in an' the harder he prayed, an' this did a dēal more good 'an Mr. Pothēad's sovereign 'at went jingling into t' box, makkin' t' bits o' silver split i' awal directions. Theophilus gav' a penny to each of his offspring six, which they put into t' box duly, an' loked down after it a minnit (fur it wur one o' them sort o' boxes horf covered in, made to accommodate the nineteent' centuryth peoples' feelings). Mr. Adolphus's shillin' went bouncing in as if it thowt itsen ten, an' no fool to boot.

Well bud, hamsomivver, to jog along a bit farther: t' big lord's cam', to the utter astonishment ov about a dozen mighty individūals o' one sort an' another,—county magistrates, retired members o' parliament, a young sprig of a baronet, an' a lot more, 'at hed sent letters of apologies, in

due course, saying,—how, &c., but, &c., an' yours, &c.; an' made a speech after the usual fashion—“noble building—education—native land—working-men—proud to belong—Englishman—Shakspere, Milton, Tupper—'Merica—great country—future,—but, and yet, and if—brethren—united—strong—conquer—intellect—George Stephenson Doctor Franklin, kite, determination—intellect—intellect—intellect—(*twenty-five rounds o' cheering*)—can't express—everlasting—gratitude—never forget—heart—life—again, and yet again—again, and again once more,” an' “sit down.”

Now it caps us 'at men will cant i' this way. The men 'at can be men without the aid of āather George Stephenson or Ben Franklin, are just the men 'at's bored to dēath wi' ther talk about 'em. Ther's our friend Tom Murphy, a brick of an Irishman, went out to 'Merica a few years back an' wandered south, an' cam' ower on a visit as “Don Tomas;” why, bless me, half the town went mad at his heels! It was “Don Tomas here,” “Don Tomas” there; “speech o' Don Tomas,” “carriage of Don Tomas,” “dinner to Don Tomas,” “coat *a la* Don Tomas,” breeches ditto, moustachio ditto; ivvry mortal thing wur coupled wi' the name o' “Don Tomas” for a twelvemonth, an' what for?—why, for his being Don Tomas to be sūre! an' so speechmungers Don Tomas us after that feshion. All respect for George and Benjamin, bud give a fellow credit fur being blessed wi' an ounce o'

common sense. Yuh'll fin' precious few who hev'n't hēard o' George an' Benjamin out of a Tom an' Jerry; bud we doubt whether thear even yuh'd fin' one 'at couldn't tell a noble lord ther were a bit o' difference atween *him* "blackening an' polishing shoes," an' another chap duing the business, wi' a bit o' reg, astēad on a blackening brush, an' polishing off wi' a bit o' wood—t' bristles bin stump'd up—, wi' the consciousness 'at ivvry stroke wur bringing down the constitution o' the leather, an' of heving just two penny pieces i' his pocket!

Bud Mr. Pothēad made a speech. If an archangel had dropt straight down from heaven an' let o' the platform o' Pogglesworth Mechanics' Institute that neet, he wodn't 'a' been so popular as Simon Pothēad wor,—noa, nur horf so popular, for he'd brung t' prime minister o' England down to sit i' that thear chair thear 'at ivvry body hed seen a thousand times. When Mr. Pothēad had stood on his legs till t' last cheer hed subsided, subsided at lēast till he'd gottant t' first word out on his mouth, he stood there to "second the resolution moved by his Right Honourable Friend who had just sit down," a sentiment which elicited three rounds of cheering, an' then he fairly began:—

"My lord, we reads in the biography of Rome that they vally'd the'r citizens be asses: if a party was worth 1,100,000 asses he was a soldier and a gentleman o' the first rank. Why—hem—a—it seems to me—(*Great applauding and laughter*).

Yes, gentlemen, as the nouble lord has just said, intellect is a *fact*, a *fact* gentlemen, an'—

“Facts are chieils that winna ding
And canna be disputed.”

(*Tremendous applause*).

Now I finds that I holds in my hand a paper, a paper to the following effect,—(*reads*)

‘That the report now read be adopted, and that this meeting desires to express its satisfaction at the growing interest felt in the intellectual agencies of this institution, and at the amount of prosperity which has attended the efforts of the past year.’

I rises to second this motion, and to move that the report now read be adopted. (*A pause of a few seconds.*)

Fifty years ergo where was this town? (*Intense demonstration of feeling*) Where *was* it I say? (*Renewed demonstration and audible groans.*) The poppylation in 1801 was 500, and now I employs twice that number myself! (*Applause absolutely deafening.*) What innumerable blessin’s has the means of heddication herforded us! We lives in a land of liberty (*Applause*), which so soon as the foot (*great applause*) of the slave (*Renewed applause, and loud cheers*) touches (*increased ditto, ditto*), he is FREE. (*Overwhelming applause, and vociferous cheers*). Bud there is a ’igher freedom than this (*Applause*), a noubler freedom than this; that sort of freedom which the facilities of this here institootion under whose roof of benevolence

we are now assembled, offers us ; (*Applause*) for what says the poet,—

“He is the freeman whom the slaves make free
And all a—and all is truth besides ;”

truth besides gentlemen, nothing like truth—it'll whop the devil yet. (*Cheers and loud applause.*) When I sees before me so many honoured faces, and so many of the most distinguished noublemen and gentlemen that the country has ever herforded, I own that I feels a pang as to my unfitness for appearing before them. But your Committee was so urgent in their appeal to me that I was materially indooiced to accept of their unsolicited invitation to second this here present resolution which I have the honour of moving, for which indeed I have comed totally unprerpared and never had the least ideas of making a speech at all ! But I have hold and familiar faces before me, who will upon this here hospicious occasion extend to me their fellah-townsmen (*Great applause*) their kind indulgence. (*Applause.*)

It is not for me to say what is calkylated and what is uncalkylated for the people of the nineteenth century—that is a matter of opinion ; but it is what the mannyfactur's and industrial occypations chuse to say. Look at the imports and exports of our town, and compare them with the same ten years back, more,—with any other town its size and poppylation in England. Glance at the increased accommodation which the public

buildings herfords us. View the means of transit—transit gentlemen,—I myself can remember the time when Birmingham was a three day's journey, and the mertropolis a weeks journey; when the "Tear-away" started from t' Cock an' Bottle at four o'clock one night an' travell'd neet an' day till we pooled up at t' Blue Hog, Holborn Hill, stopping to bait at t' Duke o' York, Black Lion, Crown an' Anchor, John O'Groat's, Bell an' Beauty, Three Goats, Boy an' Barrel, Whip-muh Wap-muh, an' Owd George where thuh always hed hot sandwidges a waiting for us int' green parlour t' other end o't' kitchen, an' how much d' yuh think they charged?—nobbut tenpence! fur which hercommodation an' ten degrees less o' comfort the impositioners o' the present day ad 'a' charged eighteenpence! (*Applause.*) But my lord, I speaks of the greatness of the hüman mind. I wants yuh all to be Arkwrights, Jacquards, Watts, Firgysons, Pallaces, Davies; (*A storm of applause;*) to follah in the footsteps of our hersteemed forefathers who have rendered unto the greatness of our native land. We now do trade with nations of barbarians in the far east whose ports whear to all seemings, closed against European traffic. This very town of Pogglesworth exports her own mannyfactur's to all parts of the civilized and of the uncivilized, world; (*great applause*), for when the goods reach the consignee it is hardly necessary for me to say that they finds the'r way by various

means and intellectual contrivances into regions scarce trod but by the foot of beasts of prey. This very town of Pogglesworth boasts of the most celebrated men of modern heras; men who are not too proud to extend their knowledge unto the uttermost surface of the globe; men who have been born amongst you, and lived amongst you all their lives, and men in which the nation takes a lively interest. I *could* name some names gentlemen, but this is unexceptionable; you don't require them naming to you, because for why?—they lives in your buzzums for ever. (*Loud plaudits.*)

In the second place my lord, mannyfactur's is a sign o' prosperity, and what are these doo to but to the heddication of the people? I myself can recollect the time when there was not any school of notidity in this town, and now, in these the rosy evenings of our declining years (speaking as we sees things ourselves), all that a young man has to do when he leaves his employment, is to take off his greasy jacket an' put another on, wesh his face, and go to the night school in connection with this here institootion, where he will have an opportunity of herquiring knowledge which may prove of heminent use to him; opportunities which your forefathers would have jumped at I can tell yuh. (*Applause.*) Heddication!—there's nothing like it gentlemen! It removes detrimental obstakkles in the way of your rising, as likewise it puts you

into other spheres of society—spheres gentlemen, (*glancing round the platform*) which we are all proud to honour and to see on this here horchestra this night. (*Much cheering.*) May they ivver continny to roll along in the orbits of their greatness and prosperity and never shed a leaf of their existence till they have crossed the dessert hocean of their life! (*Immense cheering.*)

Hignorance, my lord, is the ruin of trade and customs and the extraction of commerce, for a man prarfesses to know what he doesn't know nur never did, and what he doesn't know nur nivver will; it is the chimerary of society, the puzzumful weed which drinks in all the healthy food which we should have as norrishment, and leaves no cash account behind it. It is a vice which must be counteracted speedily by the most potent agencies which can be rendered available, and I owns with modesty that I sees none more potenter than that of Mechanics' Institootions. (*Applause.*) Here we have the grand elixir of the age, the great talisman of humanity, and the panacea for all good. It is an uncalculable benefit to the working-man to have books to read, but a much greater benefit to have a comfortable herpartment to read them in, surrounded by mounnyments o' the great charācters of all epoks, and fitted up so expensively as I can discern this here building to be."

(*Mr. Pothēad here pulls out his eye-glass and refers to his paper.*)

“The hinterlectual agencies of this here hinstitootion are numerous; noomerous I say are the agencies of, the hinterlectual agencies of this here hinstitootion. Here are agencies for the development of the various branches of Natteral Philosophy, as I discerns by the Syllabus which I have had conveyed into my hand;—for Arithmetic, Gommatry, Triggernommatry, plain and sphearical, Comic Sections, Hanimal Maggotism, Bot’ny, Physics, including the ũsual elementary compartments of heddication—Reading, Writjng, and Compersition, and the ’live and dead languages also, as I sees further on; Vocal Music and Writing from Dictation, Natteral history and English history,—all at five shillin’s per quarter, with ninepence extra for ũse of books, that is twenty shillin’ per hannum, fifteen per cent. deduction, seventeen shillin’s—a fair discount an’ which ought to be a source of great incouragement to the youths of the present day. But I do not discern here one of the grand elements of heddication, and which therefore I may be bold to suggest to the doo consideration of your committee; namely,—I do not parceive a class hinstitooted for larning to *count*. What needs a man know Matthermattics, Dicktation, Herstrology, and all that sort o’ thing, I asks, if he doesn’t know how to count? Then there is another point I fail to parceive,—the Rule o’ Three! Now this is a very important doctrine, which them what is herquainted with it well knows. And I should

likewise recommend the hinstitootion of a class of Astronomists for the study of Astronomy. I hopes to see the day come when a tallyscope will be in the hands of every unheddicated child in the Union of Pogglesworth (*Applause*); when every man can see for himself that the moon is an inhabited being, and see for hizself that ivvry plannit is a fixed star—a fixed star waiting for the blue eye of day to come with its rosy lips and mow it down with its icy breath like the wave of death,—

“That bourne from whence no traveller returns.”

(*Loud applause*). I would also suggest to the committee a suitable spelling class for the doo cultur’ of this interesting branch of the hinterlect, for, speaking as an employer (*Instantaneous applause*), as an experienced employer (*a louder repetition*) of labour, I should not feel qualified to employ a young man in my establishment who was, as I have undeniably known some who have been in, the habit of mistaking Dr. for Doctor, instead of Debtor—there isn’t mich difference, true, friends, for if you get hod on a doctor yuhr shüre to be a debtor in the end, but in a mercantile point of view the consequences are incompārable, the consequences āre uncumparisonable.

I must confess, my lord (while reverting to the present subject), that I have a great antipathy to the physical tribe in general, and have had ever since I was no bigger than a child; for it so happened upon one select day that I was taken

ill with—a—a—the herfection of the heart, for—a I had just beholden—a—a—the present Mrs. Pothead. (*A storm of applause, during which, Mr. P. helped himself to water, and not being able to find his pocket-handkerchief, drew his coat sleeve gracefully across his mouth.*) The present Mrs. Pothead, (*A voice,—“Three cheers for Mrs. Pot-head!” so three were given for that lady, and acknowledged by a succession of bows from Mr. P.*) ‘The present Mrs. Pothead,’ I was remarking. So the doctor was called in, and the result became that he proscribed a mustard plaister to be put on my buzzum. (*Merriment and applause.*) So I have always had an unspeakable veneration for the doctoristic faculty iver since, you may well believe. (*Laughter.*)

Well now (and this brings me to the third point), I perceive that this hinstitootion *teuches* Physics. I am glad to perceive this, for it is only from a doo understanding of the origin and prerportions of diseases that they can be overcome, and I hopes the day is not far distant when every man will have a son belonging to the physical faculty residing in his family. (*Loud applause.*) But I would here surgest (*Applause*), surgest something which would prove a valuable benefit to the world, namely,—that you young men (*Applause from said ‘young men’*) sticks to physicks. Now, does it sound to sense that a man who can acquire the knowledge of composing a treatise on a compartment of

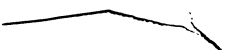
science, say, for instance, Geography, or Geology, knows as much about his prerfession as he ought to do? (*ought* because he *can* do) ; and would any senserble man with a grain o' sense imploy him as medical hertendant to his family while there was others to get? The physical prerfession are of a mucher extensive vally than any other prerfession, for they are the hinges of death as it weer, so that they ought to deprive themselves of much to hercomplish their mission successively. It is one of the highest persitions a party can hertain to, for he fights hand to hand with death, and its responsibilities are solemn and vast. Now I hopes to see a better state of heddication pervail amongst the rising poppylation of the present generation. And there is the science of P'litical Economy, which I should be glad to parceive introdooced likewise. You young men must not mistake this assertion, for P'litical Economy doesn't mean the economy of politics ; it's nothing to do with it in fact: Mr. Adam Smith lives in one house, and Mr. Chancellor o' the Exchequer in the other, and there is no connection between the parties, as may be observed by the sign-posts over the door. I should recommend all you young men to peroose with zelosity all the works on P'litical Economy which have hitherto been published, and I hopes to see every one of you a Adam Smith, a Bentley on Wealth, a Mills, a Porter, a Malthus on Poppylation, a McCulloch, and a Hopkins, aye, and a

Woodhead on the National Debt! (*Deafening applause.*) It is doo to the nation that all of you should become distinguished men in your day and generation. (*Applause.*) I entertains a prerfound respect for her Madgersty. Her Madgersty's government is sooperior to that of any other which I knows of, and it is doo to our loyalty that we regards it with the beating heart of our understanding and the throbbing pulse of our herfections (*Applause*): regards it, I say, with the veneration doo to such a perlitical hinstitootion and the proudness which its sacridity inforces upon us (*Applause*); doo I say to a man what has been born a BRITTON (*Immense cheering and applause*), and,—

“Britons”——

(*Conclusion of sentence lost in deafening and protracted cheers.*)

“The greatest humbugs in the world are governments (*Loud applause*); governments, I mean, what are the exception rather 'an the rool. There isn't an honest man in all the upper spheres of society (*Applause*), or in the lower regions of society (*applause*), but who wouldn't put a torrent to stem the evil of a bad government if he had the persition to do so,—is there now? (*No! No!*) Then solemnly I calls upon you heads of famerlics too heddicate your childer that they may be capable of dooly exercising the rites which civilization has herforded them; that they may be inabled to pick



out a man from the upper spheres of society who will be a faithful biographer of their daily requirements. (*A voice*,—" *A cheer for Adolphus Pot-head !*" *but three were given*); a man who has been born and heddicated amongst them so that he can understand their perculiar emergencies; to vote for the internal relations of your constitootion. To vote for a member of parlyment to represent your feelings in the hoggust hersembly which has come down to us from the days of our esteemed Saxon posterity is the 'ighest earthly honour to which a fellah-being can herspire (*Great applause*), and a privilege for which the working-men have to thank the devoted agencies of hinstitootions like the present. I was glad to see by one o' the daily papers which was, if my memory sarves me kerectly, the *Weekly Noos*, that there ware more pigs in Pogglesworth market a fortnight since than has ever been known before. (*Great applause*) This is an increasing development of prosperity, and I would inspire you to let it remain unmitigated for ivver. (*Applause*). I have also received during the past week an acknowledgement of a letter which I had the honour too herdress to the nouble lord at the head of the Commission of State Lunatics requesting the honour of his prezidence over your next ensooing swerry. (*A deafening din of applause which lasted for ten minutes. A voice*,—" *Is he coming ?*") I will resort to a definite reply to that important question when doo order is re-

stored. (*Silence is obtained*). Fellah-townsmen, I beg leave to respond to that sentiment preposed by one of your number,—HE IS. (*Hereupon "a scene ensued which baffles description,"—hangs him up, to say something new*) by the heels, in the old-fashioned way, and defies him downright ;—waving of hats, handkerchiefs, shaking of hands, rounds of cheering, and "one cheer more," till every man, woman, and child, grew hoarse ; and, in the midst, the instrumentalists, who had been engaged to "enliven" the proceedings, in anticipation of the blissful event, struck up, "See the conquering hero comes ;" and were soon accompanied in lusty endeavour by vocalists in the back seats and gallery. When Mr. Pothēad had wrung the last hand (some twice and three times), which could by any possibility be reached out to him, he pulled out his handkerchief to wipe his face, and his watch at the same time, and found by computation, that he had left off speaking half an hour and ten minutes ago.)

Mr. Pothēad simply thenked his fellah-countrymen for the "result of his communication, mentioning his "experiencing a sensation, which he could not hexpress, to observe the dillated loyalty of the people of England, which," had that night "cast a glorious inflection over the town in which he had the honour to have one of his private rezidences ;" and, as his time was "fast waxing," begged leave to sit down, which he did, amid a

renewed, though faint, attempt at "enthusiastic cheering."

Mr. Pothēad hed loked forrard most hungrily and triumphantly to the moment o' departure, when, as he anticipated, the noble lord ad be "hinging" on his arm, as they made ther wāay down an aisle lined wi' Pogglesworth worthies, but, at the conclusion o' the affair, there happened to be a cab standing at an angle of a street, close by the hall, and there chancing to be a retiring door near the platform, the noble lord, for some unaccountable reason, made himself scarce by these means, and was fifty miles on his way to the metropolis before Mr. Pothēad hed comed back tul hizself agāan, being made fully aware of his own existence by his darling son saying in a hoarse whisper as he brushed by him, "Come along old fool."

Mr. Lambkin was wont to hod up Theophilus as a model for percise imitāation to the one red-haired domestic in his family. He'd served his 'prenticeship i' the outfitting department of the latter's concern, bud being the lineal descendant o' one o' the richest men an' monopolists the country could boast on i' the seventeenth century, he wur sowl out an' pensioned be government, soa 'at he gāave up awal thowts o' business, an', as a mark o' respect was receaved into the benking-house of a Pogglesworth company. He soin rāase to be t' chief clerk an' cashier, and the abilities 'at he displayed 'i directing t' other clerks o' the establishment by

the code, which, to know perfectly, he wur i't' habit o' mum'ling ower tul hizsel, sometimes in the hearing of the principals, pointed him out to the latter as a man 'at therd long bin i' search on. When Mr. Lambkin smiled an' said 'at "Mr. W. never did this," or "Mr. W. always did that," the job wur settled at once; and so the shaddah of Theophilus haunted the desks of a house 'at he hed offuns hizsel declared he'd nivver trust wi' a bad orp'ny while it pleased Providence to gi'e him breath. Bud Mr. Lambkin's insignificance moan't be meddled wi' ur it'll be no long-er insignificance. He'll grow fat o' our words if o' nowt else, soa we'll wāaste as faew as posserble ower him, just saying (in order 'at the reader may know him when he sees him) 'at he wor a fellah 'at wur nivver knawn to frown. He awlus hed a oppen, bland, smiling countenance. You could nivver tell when he wor angry; nivver knaew 'at the bēast hed horns till you felt 'em. He'd literally bite your hēad off if he'd jawahs big eniff, an' nivver lēave off smiling. Oh, it wor a real summer to the heart to see him! You seed him coming an' involuntarily gave the wall side to sich a pleasant countenance, bud he didn't want t' wall side, and, wi' the most beautiful aspect of countenance 'at ivver you seed in your life, he runs jam into yuh an' knocks you clēan ower, turns round, an' seazes yuh by t' collar as yuhr down an' tells yuh he's orf a mind to horsewhip yuh i' the streets,

still smiling, broad as ivver. A ladies-man tul a t, yuh'd 'a' thowt him, bud a doctor's prerscription wur nivver a gurter puzzle tul a senserble man nur he wor to the ladies; they could mak *nowt* on him an' that's saying mighty much.

We ha' reason to remember Mister Lambkin, inasmuch as he wor the varry pictur' of his pater-familias who wor o' the same stamp, an' with whom we hed a bit of an adventur' long before he wur ivver thowt' on, bud nut befoar his owdest sister wur born—here was the connecting link. Fact is, we were a bit sweet upon his morsel o' flesh kind, an' we determined to boddom the business one day, which we did. But the tale is a long un—"too long for insertion," as editor's say when they want to get rid of an old customer who has been making a fool of himself, for it isn't i' the natur' o' folly to abridge itsen.

Mr. Lambkin, Junior, we introduce merely on account of his being one of a varry large class of individűals upo' whom the character o' Theophilus hed influence. Compared wi' Theophilus, he wur bud as the shaddah of a fool to the bodily substance of a wise man.

Men ad be a great deal wiser an' happier i' the long run, if they attached their minds to simple things more; but these ad seem but foolish trifles to him 'at nivver hes time to think, who "never troubles his head" to think. What a fine fund of enjoyment would it be now, if just one individual

could watch unobserved a thousand very little children of both sexes who had sprung up as if by magic in some sequestered place on a summer's day, and found themselves thus together. How their little, sensitive natures would fight shy of each other! We don't think they would cry at all. After they had got accustomed to each other they would stoop to gather flowers, and this employment would restore their tranquillity, and they would laugh and go on pulling. But here our philosophy quits us. What *else* they would do we know not, only to see what they *would* do and to read their little countenances the while, would be worth almost half a lifetime, were it not for the purpose of having life to do good, which we all have. Who would not exchange a good deal of book-lore for such an occasion?

There are two sorts of people abroad as a rule; and it is upon the knowledge of this fact that the observer builds; but there would be another basis obtainable in the deductions which were the fruit of the study of mind in action in its earliest stages. Simple data may be made to answer far greater ends at times than what is accomplished by that of a more complicative character. The worth of simplicity and the value of primal features is by far from being duly appreciated in the world of mind.

But don't think at all reader 'at all are fools who don't "observe" human nature, as the phrase goes; and, least of all, that there are no fools among

those who make pretence to a higher state of existence than their fellows. Of all the classes o' fools i' the world we pray to be delivered from the class of literary fools; from the young man who never cuts his hair and strains his eyeballs to show the blaze o' genius, affects a brown study with his eyes fixed on some particular object, taking precious good care it isn't a coal-scuttle, and walks along the street, as he thinks, the observed of all observers; to the well-known one who is the chief prop of hoary-headed monthlies, and swings along under the very legs o' reviewers, like a grandfather mas-tiff, who seems to know just where he is going and never takes the least notice of anybody.

And such a one may be o' the first magnitude i' this sorry class if he is "a great observer of human nature." He gi'es yuh keen points, is ironically clear on minute matters, turns yuh as yuh'd imagine inside out, an' is, as yuh'd term him, a clever, knowing, fellow. Moreover, he takes the most ordinary occurrences of every-day life to illustrate his positions, and there is no getting over these. Describing human nature indeed! Why, he is describing his own class! Three parts of mankind never make fools of themselves, though they may be fools by nature; it is mostly those whose itch is in the literary line who begin to make such out and out fools of themselves, and it is his principal object to deal with those who *make* fools of themselves. Give him his due, but bear in mind,

it must not be for a knowledge of humanity entire but only for the knowing of his particular self, for all his materials he has drawn out of himself. You will generally find such men harping on conceit, on superficiality in knowledge, on ambition, on vanity, on covetousness, on plagiarism, on affectation,—not but that we ought to have these vices shown up, but to their skill in showing them up, humanity ought to be added, and all the more, because these parts in a man are endowed with the most quickness, and they are as naturally repelled by harshness, howsoever mingled, as is a fine ear by discordant sounds howsoever interchanged. *He* takes a positive pleasure in ripping open the veins and watching the blood flow. He is a perfect butcher at his work, and doesn't think of the suffering victim at all, but just how much fame the carcase will yield him; and because he is the one and not the other, is the reason why he is so very cool about his business. His clear sightedness is but the result of his being so very near himself, and describing a man's self is *not* describing humanity, cant it who may. Very excellent and very truthful he may be upon other themes in human affairs, but his aptness to assume this daintiness at all times is great, and is calculated to do little good. He is so very severe upon actions and words, and the tenor of being generally intended to convey wrong impressions, that you almost tremble as the oracle proceeds. You have every

limb of the victim severed deliberately before your eyes, and when he isn't limbing, you can almost fancy him talking to you with the knife in his mouth. You are not to be a thousand things in your life-time, which, but for him mentioning, would never have entered into your head *to be*, and if it had, old Time would have very soon dispossessed you, and with gentler dealing by far. You are given to understand (not told outright) by a very cool and awfully clear way of putting the thing, that you are not to be vain of your abilities, with a great deal of palaver which makes you quite blush as it meets your eye and you compare yourself with the Argus-mind whose product it is. The lesson may be needed by you, but you actually fear the writer a great deal more than you fear the entrance of such a vice, and you would do a great deal of sin to be on gracious terms with that man any day,—you feel the *inclination* of it, at all events. He may be excessively vain of his own abilities the while, as by constant use of a certain disguise a man may become that in reality which that disguise impersonates. His vainness wears a mask, and here is all the difference. He is vain of his powers to write such an article. Your vanity preys on yourself. His vanity doesn't prey on himself, but on *your* vanity—it eats it up, till there is nothing left, and though he thus feeds himself through the medium of someother than the common receptacle, yet it finds its way where it ought to

do, nevertheless, and gives life to him. If you had no vanity, he would have it past bearing; but your having it is the cause of his seeming not to have it. You wear the spangled side of your garment outside; he wears it in: a man's self may bear the objective relation to vanity as well as the world outside.

If he writes very diffusely and pointedly in his own particular way on *conceit*, depend upon it he hasn't far to fetch his material, and if you cannot discern the fact anywhere else, you may in his cool assurance. His conceit is a mass of ice, and doesn't move, and herein, according to some, of a kind, is its virtue. You will *never* find such a man an enthusiast; (though such men are very liable to act inconsistently); for enthusiasm, like a sun, keeps the water running. He is especially hard upon these poor fellows. The fact is, he was a most enthusiastic character himself at one time, till he got cured of the disease by very ordinary means, and long afterwards, while ransacking his cabinet and drawers, coming across several parcels of MS., including a mass of poetry docketed "Ready for publisher," he was so disgusted with the contents, that he thought of all the fools in the world at that time he surely must have been the greatest; and henceforth it became his very natural conviction that enthusiasm was the height of absurdity; logically inferring that if it was not he would have been among the greatest of poets, the greatest of statesmen, the greatest of philosophers,

the greatest of historians that ever lived. The memory of the occurrence became none the less resultive because he felt it clawing the inside of him like a vampire. And the last person in the world whom you would *dare* to call imaginative. He gives you to understand that he has some sort of views on imagination, its province and peculiar capabilities, but whatever they are, he always keeps them in the back-ground, so that, though you would not dare to call him an imaginative man in the common acceptation of the word, yet neither would you dare to call him an unimaginative man. Works of imagination are beneath his notice. To judge by his own writing, you would infer Mr. Imagination to be a parson in irreproachable black, the smoothest shaven of chins, a thin layer of well-brushed grey hair of an orthodox cut, and giving a dignified swing to a black polished walking-stick, neatly turned, with a tassel attached; having moreover, a card-case in one coat pocket and a spare pocket-handkerchief in the other, hemmed by his maiden sister, Propriety, at stated times every alternate day (some days excepted) till it was finished. Who never enters a house unlooked for; always stays to dry his soles thoroughly on the door-mat, and never tells you by his countenance whether he is glad or sorry to see you; who never says anything at all to disturb you, and takes a wonderful interest in domestic affairs.

The man took a desperate interest in imagina-

tive works himself at one time, because he thought he might shine as a great writer in poetry or prose fiction, perhaps in both, himself, one day ; but, after racking his brain for images and plastering it over with them, and after straining and stretching, applying and analyzing what others had written, till all his fellow-students got far a-head of him, he, in a fit of ill-temper one day, burnt every scrap of his compositions within hand-reach, and, with a kick, sent all his models flying to the other end of the room, and has learned to regard that period of his life with abhorrence from its being the occasion on which the first oath which he ever uttered, escaped him (in French). He holds these his after-theories by appeals to reason, and as there is no other such substantial guarantee in this world, he is supposed to gain his point. He places the greatest minds that have ever existed in an equivocal position, but he doesn't leave you to infer that they are downright fools exactly, for he always conveys the impression that he can say a great deal more of something or other if he but chooses to do so. Such men no sooner die than they are forgotten clean. If there was no enthusiasm and no imagination amongst us, these men would be at a loss for an occupation. They have never fully learnt the true use of either. Supposing such are shepherds of flocks in rural parishes, as we sometimes find them to be, an exchange for a London St. Giles' flock would go a great way in teaching

them this use. At all events, they would find little time to come at the abuse of anything in this line. Youth and old age have each their mission and sphere to work in, but neither are proof against forgetfulness of the fact.

And dilating upon *pride* too! We think it would be difficult to find out a man prouder than himself. He is proud of a greasy hat and a thread-bare coat, and isn't happy if other people do not think that he is, and so here we have pride and vanity coupled. He has a way of inverting the order of things, which fails to convince you, but does not fail of irritating you; this effect, however, you lay to yourself; think that you alone are blameable, and it vexes you to think so, so much so, that were you less of a Christian and a sensible man, you would beat your head against the door-post, or whatever was most convenient, in sheer despair of ever knowing a twentieth part so much of yourself as he does. He says that a man who employs the plural personal pronoun and says "*we*," instead of the singular personal, and says "*I*," when he is writing, has, in reality, more egotism about him; in fact, has it all, while the latter has none; and then, by his choice and un-get-over-able way of putting it, you are dead shot, but though not dead killed, and convinced, you can't pass the line which he has marked out, as if there was some spell at work. A man who says "*we*," true, always thinks of himself most when uttering the word, but



generally with a degree of humility and backwardness which the man who says "*I*" never feels. *He* never loses sight of himself, because his "*we*" is a looking-glass to him. The "*I*" does forget all about itself generally, we admit, but it is with having given itself credit for a vast amount of importance to start with. If there is merit in a blind persistence, and in floundering on through thick and thin when the occasion is made, then the "*I*" alone has it, for the "*we*" has a nervous temperament, and it steps cautiously; it has an ever-present consciousness of its inner self—what that is worth in its own private, as well as in public, opinion, and if it looks at itself too long sometimes, and doesn't make advance, it seldom over-reaches itself, and takes what *isn't* its own with a compunction which "*I*" never feels. There is a fellow of our sight-acquaintance, the Lord forgive us! but the moment we see him, hate is sure to spring up like a mushroom. He is "*I*" impersonized. He is tall, moderately lean, has a remarkably long neck, holds himself as perpendicular as a mill-chimney; is decently dressed in black; wears a hat; and on he drives, walking as mortal fast as if he was the ghost of ten lamplighters, swinging his arms at a magnificent rate, eyeing you at a hundred yards distance, and then taking no more notice of you, but jolts by, with a supercilious gaze at the gloved hand which also carries the glove of the other hand, and exhibiting a most supreme ex-

pression of contempt on his lips towards everybody in general but towards you especially. He has thick-soled boots, excessively bright, which, noisy as they are, always attract notice, but look at them as you may, he never sees you. He is proof to hints—above them. He it is who stamps up the steps of the Mechanic's Institution, bangs open the door of the reading-room, walks, without the least abatement of noise, up to the first reading-stand, places himself in front of the other readers, and sticks there like a lamp-post, till he knocks half-a dozen of them a pace or two from where they are standing by choosing to wheel round and stamp to the other side, but, "lost to sight, to memory dear," for at every clearing of his throat, which is a constant occupation, and alarms you by the loud and 'live contempt of your personal self which it conveys, he sets the paper oscillating furiously, till one of your number has to draw his hand out of his pocket, and trying to steady it and the frame together, loses his place in the column and fails in finding it again till the clock strikes, and with its "dumb voice," as an Irishman would say, warns him that his time is up. But you almost forgive the fellow when you see how old ill-tempered Brown is scowling at him over his spectacles, as he tosses up and flings about the papers on the table at which Brown is reading, or had been reading, a paper which is now half buried beneath a mass of others. Evidently old Brown thinks (or you think

for him) that he will go to the devil if he doesn't mend his manners. He is the capital *I* among men, the pronoun, first person, singular number, of periodical writers, personified.

It would be sin, and a vast folly to impute egotism to our writer, who is so lucid in his discrimination between the properities of the several pronouns, but we cannot help thinking that we see egotism in his company too, but not the vile rascal who picks everybody else's pockets to fill his own, oh no! but the party egotism, in a great spread of broad-cloth, or fabric of some kind, cozy under manifold encirclings of a Scotch plaid, begloved, bemuffled, and carrying a respirator across his mouth, having discernible features to those only who are a bit familiar with him, but, being in company with a gentleman, he (the general inference is), must be a gentleman himself.

But apart from false shewings, and bleached and plaited dogmatism, there may be a good deal of real, downright, plain-dealing truth in the man, more truth than in a great many others put together who are not among the least of men. If he has the art of putting things one way, he has ditto in another, and, as a true man, calls things by their right names;—knows that there are locomotive swill-tubs pass for men, and says there is; thinks rightly that the class-general of human nature's observer's want their hats knocking over their eyes for their rudeness in staring at you; and that the

man with a curious mind (*i.e.* of a philosophical temperament), deserves a kick for posing you with impertinent questions ; and puts it beautifully clear how that there are more Tom-fools amongst Free-thinkers, Anti-Slavery Society members, and Educationalists, than ever either Hamlet's or any other body's philosophy dreamt of, introducing the reader to an acquaintance of his who is head and ears in the "Cause," and never speaks of the Anti-Slavery movement but by this designation, taking it for granted that people will at all times perfectly comprehend him ; how he runs hot against him every time he is out, and before he has time to say "how do you do," has him tight by the collar and is on about "the Cause;" how a stray word with a very remote reference to, or indirect bearing upon, the "Cause" needs but to be dropped to set him on fire, and he blinds you with the glare of his eyes, and startles you with the burning red of his countenance, and occupies half an hour of your time, in the delivery of one of the most eloquent appeals on behalf of the slave and your brother man that ever fell from mortal lips ; yet how that, notwithstanding, he is a mean man,—never sees you when he is walking arm-in-arm with the president of the Society ; and uses his official position merely as a stepping-stone to fame, which he thinks he shall be able to arrive at ; and a very silly and inconsistent man, for he would choke up the sea if he could and it would serve any purpose to do

so, and he does, weekly, in the most imperative and inflamed manner of writing, knit together with that burning eloquence for which he has rendered himself so celebrated, in a corner of the local papers, call upon Britain to arm, and America to prepare, &c.; and so would steep the world in blood-shed to knock the "fettters" off his black brethren, who never saw a fetter in their lives, nor mayhap couldn't tell what they were like. He wouldn't go a yard out of his way to help one of his own poverty-smitten and disease-stricken neighbours, because he or she is white and not black. There wouldn't be scope enough for his talents were he to join and become an active member of some charitable institution of his own town which did its work in a quiet way; he must have a platform whereon to declaim, and have a fashionable audience before him, which he can always calculate upon now, because it is a fashionable movement. Cant of any kind—O how despicable! how thoroughly unmanly! How rotten is the timber of any structure when it is cant-eaten! A man to be honest must hate it, and, doing this, he cannot be happy, and so a man may waste a good part of his life-time over these fellows! Yet it may happen that a man who does *nothing* but hate cant may come off better in the end than he who thinks, and the world too, that he has done a great deal. And everybody cants, from kings to cobblers! It's a pity there isn't a greater peerage

than what there is, for you may live a long time without hearing a peer cant, except he has a son and can't match him with a rotten borough. Then afterwards there is the annual canting expedition, when you may see the father in the son,—not but that the public to whom he comes isn't mighty soft, and none more so than that portion who use the hammer and the trowel, measures out yards of ribbon, and makes out invoices.

But there is another of this sorry class, who forms a connecting link between the long-haired biped and the knowing contributor to the monthlies. He is "our own" local "correspondent" of the county newspaper; edits the "Working-men's Intellectual," and is the accredited organ on all points connected with Mechanics' Institutions. He is an immense essayist, as everybody can tell you; and, by some means or other, he has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, though he never did more than adorn the pages of his own and a Debating Magazine or two, in the way of printed literature, in his life—possibly he might have had some great work in contemplation. Of course he is a self-educated man, and is "proud to affirm it." Contrary to usual practice he began with Hebrew and left off with French. He is good at argument, and knows it, and a platform would be very incomplete without him. He is the right-hand man of the President of the Mechanics' Institution, who is very bull-headed, and can say

nothing in the ante-room to lecturers but that he is "quite sure," and is always in mortal fear lest the lecturer should begin to talk to him in Greek, or ask him to help him to solve a problem in mathematics which had just occurred to him. He always rises to respond to the toast of "*The literati*" whensoever and wheresoever given, provided within a twenty mile circuit of his town, for he is present at all public meetings, whatever their nature, as the papers of the following Saturday testify. He has more "learned and accomplished" whom he is happy to call his "most intimate" friends, than any man living. Whenever you, reader, are in the company of a man who is always mentioning that he was with a friend the other night who said this, was in the company of friends lately who said thus, was off with a friend the other week who observed this, spent an evening with a friend who remarked how, &c., agrees with a friend who, &c., please set him down as a blockhead, because there was never a man yet who had many familiar friends and knew anything. He is an uncommon sort of friend who isn't a foe to time: set that down in your "almanac," reader, if you haven't got it there. But as he advances in years he acquires knowledge somehow or other (though it would puzzle a lawyer with his wig on to tell *how*), yet it is all of a positive character, nothing negative about it; he knows everything worth knowing, and is never in error in what he does

know. He discovers Buckle to be a very flippant writer, and is sure that what knowledge he has is superficial, showing as he does an indexical familiarity (happy hit! and he knows it) with the language and literature of so many countries, by the time he has got nicely into the way of shaving without cutting himself, overlooking the little fact that judgment must be formed by the contents of the book before him, and not by the contents of the envy-bag within him. He never hears the name of Baden Powell mentioned but he raises his stick to his brow and shakes his head—he knows him of old. Alas! alas! how well he is aware of the blemishes of all standard authors, the one blot upon their escutcheon of fame! Does my lord Fishingtackle wish to come at certain definite data, for establishing certain assumptions, for a certain purpose; does he require conclusive information respecting what his attention has been directed to; or, most of all, does he require a wormy faggot of educational statistics, he applies to the editor of the *Working-men's Intellectual*. He is the Champion of the working-man, and into whatever assembly he enters it is avowedly to exercise this his function; and, beholding him, the working-man beholds himself; he is their acknowledged head. He heads the local deputation who proceed to Downing-Street and have an interview with the premier respecting the repeal of the paper duty. He is chairman of the Tupper statue committee,

and perpetual ditto of the old established Shaksperian Club, being the possessor of lore which a Payne Collier might envy. In his younger days he was uncommonly glib at tongue, and delivered his sentences with as much ease as a newly-greased cart-wheel spins round when the cart is laid on its side, and with perhaps as much effect,—he was not slow to perceive this (one in a thousand he flattered himself), so cultivated a style to which in time he became entirely habituated. In the choice of words, more especially in oral discourse, he is scrupulous, awfully accurate, *i.e.*, when the word is quite developed, for it is all up-hill and boulders in a sentence till he comes to it; he stays his foot at the threshold, rattles at its door a space, and then (dropping the figure) delivers himself of it, with an emphasis which sufficiently indicates to, and impresses itself upon, the mind of the hearer that that is just what he intended to say, and that this unexpressed fact is what he strives to enforce. The remainder of the sentence is a succession of verdant slopes, slope below slope to the end, which it is quite refreshing to think upon after being witness to such a time of laborious toil. The word is the doll which he has whittled into shape, pronounced fashioned, and which he forthwith proceeds to dress up and furnish with playthings, not *always* stolen. He is a great reader, on account of a most comprehensive intellect which he possesses; and presumes on an acquaintance upon

your part with every new work published, good, bad, or indifferent. A speech would not be a speech, nor an essay an essay, much more a book a book, without a pinch of Greek pepper and a bit of Latin salt. With Greek and Latin translations of quotations he never troubles you as he does with the French, stiffly apologizing, however. In speechifying, he has several knowing allusions to the *Times* newspaper, and is peculiarly fond of combating its sentiments,—never fails of doing so where the members of a Young Men's Mutual Improvement, and all the rest of it, Society, constitute the audience, and which sly allusion, or bold persistence, as the case may be, is sure to bring down "thunders of applause." He has lost much of his early character—has exchanged various qualities; thus,—with less quickness of penetration, he has a profounder judgment; for a tact in collecting particulars, an ability for deducing therefrom, and establishing generals; and for dilated eyes whose rays of vision seemed to form an arch over the head, backwards, of the person with whom he was speaking, and a broad and highly polished forehead without the slightest indentation, for eyes whose inclination seem ever to shut up shop and retire into private life upon independent means, and a forehead with a tendency to gather wrinkles faster than his knowledge progresses; exchanging also for vanity, pomposity. In what he *has* written he affords us one of those stray examples where

"*we*" doubles itself egotistically—does double duty so naturally that, like many an other thing, it seems to grow greater with looking at.

He is, upon the whole, an agreeable man; has a generous disposition, and we grieve in having to class him as a 'literary fool,' but "*Quod est, est,*" as was the Doctor's conclusion and mental ejaculation, when he found himself a Bachelor of Arts (with a trifling outlay of ten pounds), according to a piece of parchment which one of his many admirers had been at the trouble of procuring him by the first mail, after the receipt of his communication, from a learned university of the United States of America.

But we are not going to shale out in this way: after playing truant and going a-pilfering Jackdaws nests, to come snēaking in hod o' the Doctor's coat tail. No; here we are, and, begging to anticipate your first question, reader, avow that what we have been saying doesn't concern either the W. or P. families in the least—has nothing at all to do with them. But, perhaps, it may have something to do with yourself, which you may likely do well to take in. If, however, you read for the benefit of any individual member of those families, of course, in all reason, these last few pages do not concern you in the least, and to such we owe many apologies, and shall, we incline to think, owe them for ever.

Bare facts, don 'em as yuh list, nobbut doan't don 'em i' ther neet-gowns an' puhr 'em to bed.

Mr. Lambkin (sorry to introduce him again) went smiling as usual one morning to t' benk, cam' smiling back agean at five o'clock, an' bid good morning to them 'at he met ont' rōad, which he wor i' the habit o' duing up to twelve o'clock at neet; went smiling back agean in a couple of hours for a carpet beg 'at he'd furgotten; cam' smiling out agean, an' hoam, to tell his wife he wur going out to dine; walked smiling down to the cab-stand, an' wur drovven to t' station, whear he smilingly asked for a ticket to Liverpool, gat thear i' due course, an' after visiting a t'oa'thre' benkers, smilingly asked an individūal t' way to t' docks; "What dock, Sir?" "No business of yours," he smilingly intimated. T' dock he reiched, whear he smiled a bōatman into rowing him tul a vessel 'at lay up the river for horf his usual fare; gat o' board, an' smiled a greeting to the captain, an' wur smiling o' his rōad tul America in a couple o' hours.

It appears he'd ax'd for a fortni't's holiday, an' gotten it. T' day after, one o't' clerks missed a carpet-beg, an't' month after he missed his quarters salary, for the Pogglesworth Banking Company was defunct, an' awal owing tul a carpet-beg. To be sūre it hed a rāather different lining to what they gen'ally hev, being lined wi' metal an' benk noates. The deficit amounted tul £100,000, nut reck'ning t' fardings. Now, Mr. Pothēad wur a sleeping pāatner i' this benk; in fact, he'd advanced fifty

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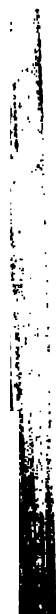
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LETTERS AND SERMON

OF

SAMUEL HICK.

THE preface to this volume was printed before what is contained in the following pages which precede the Glossary came to hand, therefore we throw together what we have to say respecting them in a note hereto.

The name of "Sammy Hick" is well-remembered in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and not altogether unfamiliar to the ears of others, we should say, judging from the sale of his *Memoirs* which, in the space of twenty-five or thirty years, have run through eleven editions. But no doubt there are thousands who have never heard of "Sammy," so for their enlightenment (our ambition is truly vast, but rather than erase this slip of the pen we are content to regard it simply as a magnificent hyperbole) we may say, that he was a blacksmith in a country village near Leeds, a Wesleyan local preacher, and very, and generally, popular; drawing as large congregations in the metropolis, which he visited once or twice, as in the provinces. He spoke the broad dialect of this part of Yorkshire in all his dealings with mankind. But in whatever he has *written* there is evidence of a restraint which belonged not to him. Sammy was not his true self in his letters. He is too busy trying to spell correctly to give a very true idea of himself. We have selected one out of his many letters, and two or three extracts, which are strongest tinged with the dialect, and, as naturally happens, these are amongst his most characteristic in style and matter. There is a good deal of merely bad spelling

in them, but if these words were altered, the letters could not be called, truthfully, his. This much for his letters.

And now with respect to the sermon which follows. It is the only sermon of his which was ever committed to writing: it being written with his knowledge, and revised by himself. About thirty years ago, and immediately after his death, this sermon was published by a Barnsley printer, but so incorrectly, with such grave orthographical deficiencies, that it was nothing worth; the sentiments were rendered ridiculous, and any value which it might have had in an antiquarian point of view, nullified by these.*

A copy of this publication was sent to the author of his memoirs by Mr. William Dawson—a gentleman fully acquainted with the dialect—with the autograph corrections of the latter, wherein about ~~one~~ half the words are substituted. We have had the advantage of this copy, and also of the sermon in MS. interleaved, and more elaborately corrected by the same.

The author's thanks are due to the Rev. James Everett, of Sunderland, who, in the most cordial and prompt manner, placed in his hands the MS. life and unpublished letters of the "Village Blacksmith," together with those copies of the sermon, with a courteous permission to extract and select as suited his purpose.

* This sermon has been reproduced lately, we find, in an abridged memoir, by an Halifax printer. It is an exact counterpart of the one which went before: it has been copied faithfully, even in those errors which would be manifest to any but those who knew, and cared to know, nothing at all about what they had in hand. The sound of the mass of words are merely reproduced in a different combination of letters to what is common: *sanctification* becomes "native dialect" in "sanktefekashun," *doctrine* ditto in "doktrin," *convinced* in "konvinst," *conqueror* in "konkurhor," *succeed* in "sukseed," *injure* in "injer," and in this way letters are substituted wherever it is possible to do so. A single page will furnish scores of examples.

It is but doing the author of his memoirs justice to say, that no one deprecates these absurd catch-penny attempts more than himself.

LETTER I.

Dated *January 24th*, 1826.

“Denby dal.

“ My dear bosom frend and beloved wife,

“ I tak hoap my pen this morning to enform you and my Crestion frends that I am verey hapey in my sowl and I engoy a good stat of helth and I want for no maner of thing that is good. My dear frend Mr. Brook hes bowt me cloth for a toop cot to keep my bodey from the cowlid storms for thear is a deall of snow folen in thes contrey, bot the Lord be blest ! we have plenty of coils and we keep good firs, and I believe the Lord hes sent me hear. I have plenty of wark hear for thear is a deal of por sofrin Crestions, and my frends gos with me to veset the sik and por, and I feel my sowl verey hapey in my wark ; and the best of holl, the Lord is caring on his wark and sowls is saved and believers are santefyed, and baksliders are coming hom to thor father’s hows, and the Lord is poting rens on thur hand and shows on thur feet, and thear is regoising hover the por prodegal. This week I hav been begen for a chapell, and my howld frend the quaker, Mr. Deleson of Hyflats, Mr. Hontres’ father, gav me the grownd, and we shall get a chapell, for it is greatly wanted ; and if I am spared till the next week, I am bown to asist them for a chapell at Peneston, so I fole

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belev I ham in the plas wear the Lord wowl'd have me be. If I am spared till to morow, Mr. Brook and me is bown to preach at Denby dall.

This morning wen I ros from my bed I found my sowl verey hapey, and my prospects of heven and glorey grows brighter and brighter to the perfect day, and my sowl is kept in perfect peas. I think the Lord is feting me hop hather for som triall or hels for my glores eneretans, bot I ham quit resind to his will. If I hav don my work I shall fall asleep and go to my dear frends that hes gon befor, and sin of redeeming lov for ever and for ever, and tak the kindom and poset for ever, wear storms shall never com.

My dear Jan [this to his daughter], I hop you will do all in your powr to mak your dear mother comfortobell; keep hor well haped both by day and night for it is verey stormey, and let hor hav som win or rom to noresh hor por bodey with, and I will tak car you shall be recompensed for all you do for your dear mother, and I will asur you it is not howt of sit howt of mind, for I rember you all at a thron of grace, both poblek and privat, and I well know that God that I sarv and loov, is a God that both hears and ansers prayer. Wen I hav don my work for theas two chapels I will com hover to see you and I hop to find you all in god helth both in bodey and sowl. Be sur you if anetheng showld hapen befor I com, right emeadeley and I will com emeadelety; and I cowld lik to hear

from you : send me a lon leter, and let me now how your going hon in the best thengs. And wen I hav don my work I hentend to go to my dear frends at Polleton and the hoder cirket. I bless the Lord I hav plenty of work, and you know it is the work that I lov and it afords good wages—peas, goy, and lov. This morning I have been releving a por woman : she towld me she had seven cheldren, and thay had won pond of meat sins Kesomas day, and she mad a potatey py on the pond of meat and they had a fēas, and I gav hor a shilling to by hor another pond of meeat with for to morow, and I never so a mor thenkfull crēater in my lif: I would hav the por in Melkeldfeld [Micklefield, his native place] to be thenkfull, for thear is no sich sofers in Melkeldfeld. I will asur you it leons me a lesen of gratetude,—will we hav fod to heat wil hoders beg from dor to dor—Pras the Lord ho my sowl ! for is marsed endurs for ever and for ever. Bot I must conclud with my kind loov to all frends, and desirs a entrost in thar prayrs. Plēas to send me word if Mrs. Porter is ded, and let me now how my dear gronchild his, and if she can run with hor boney letell hand.

Samuel Hicks,
Denby dall.”

LETTER II.

Dated “*Janrey*, 1828.

“I bles the Lord I hav hentered hon another

year and my sowl is verey hapey and I engoy a god stat of helth, and my last days is my best, for I engoy peas, goy, and lov. On the 2 of Janrey thear cam a leter for me to go to Winsor, [Sammy writes from London] and won of howr London frends went with me to be my pilot, and we arived saf, and we was reseaved with kind frends, and it was geven howt for me to preach, and I was in a strang land and did not now haney won bot a sowlger, and my frend that went with me. We had a good congregation, and I preached from my howld favret texts—pray without sēasing, and in everey thing giv thenks, and the God of pēas would santify them both in bodey and sowl, and keep them blamles ontill the coming of howr Lord and Saver Jesus Christ, and he that hes promesed will al so do it. We had a pray meeting after, and bles the Lord! thear was sowls gat blest. The next day my frends took me hover Wensers casell, and of hall the plases I hever so in my lif the rod that gos hop to the casell!—thear is abov a honderd steps, and the finest vew at the top! Thear is a vew into twelve cowntes—the finest prospect I hever so in my lif; and when I had a vew of all theas cowntes, and all the fin roms, and pecters, and the fin pantins that I so when I cam in to the plas wear his magestey pased to retir to pray to his God heverey morning at 8 clock, and wen I so the coshin, that he neeld opon, was worn thow wit constant neeling, I neeld me down on the sam

coshen and prayed that the tim might com wen all is magestes sobjets would wear thar coshings howt with praying. It regoised my hart mor to see that coshing and the picter and himeg of Prenses Charlot and hor dear enfant, and the hangels conwaying thor hapey sowls to the regons of eternal goy, and hor dear frends weeping over hor. It was as naterabell as lif. The sit of theas two obgets atracted my ming mor then all the sits that I so in all the kings palas [at] Wensers."

The remainder of this letter is omitted. From two more we give extracts.

Again writing to his wife from London, he says,

"Your dear Ann and me hes gost been takking a refreshment togather. We have hevery thing that is comfortobell. We have gust been at t' famle alter. I hop you do not forget this dutey ; and be sur you do not pench yourself for comforts for your por aflegted bodey. I hofans think about you. Wen I set down to a good dener I wish I had my dear wife to shar with me, bot if we do not heat at won tabell now, we shall heat at howr dear father tabell togather, and drenk of the wins of the leeys dobeld refind. My dear, if you find a desir for me to com hom I will comply with your desirs. I folle belev I ham in the plas wear the Lord hes plased me, for I ham verey hapey, and verey hartey, and I ham geting good, and doing good, and my lot is cast in plesant plases. Wen I want to retir, to reed or right, ah av a rowm to

go into, and I hav ivery comfortobell thing to engoy. I would not swap my plas with the best nobell man in this sitey. The last week I went to my naber Mr. Angol Taylor at Witall [Whitehall]. He was verey glad to see me and he ased me wat I was com to London for. I enformed him I was com to see a doter in London that was verey ill. He sad he was verey sorey for that. I towld him I was not sorey, for she was verey hapey, and redey for hor pasheg. Bot I most conclud. Ma the God of peas bles you all. Amen.

Sammy's old blind horse "Jackey," is introduced in another of his London letters to the same: furnishing us with the concluding extract:—

—"and pleas to let me now how my Gakey his coming on, for he his the Lord's, and I well now he hes got in to a marsefull man hands, and pleas to tak car of im that he dos not get in to the bogs, for he hes been wons thear and I ham sur he ded not lik; and wen I com hom I will pay you for all your kindness to him as I respect him for his wark sak wen I conseder that he hoged won of the noblest servants of the Lord in howr conection."

so l.

wit con.

A SERMON
PREACHED BY
SAMUEL HICK,
THE
VILLAGE BLACKSMITH,
ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

From the 16th and seven following verses in the 5th
chapter of 1st *Thessalonians*.

"Rejoice evermore."

"Pray without ceasing, &c."

"Nah, ye see ye've nobbut an owd blacksmith i't' poelpit to neet, an' soa ye moant expect a varry lēaned sarmond, for ye see when I first began to preitch ah could nāather read nur write, an' I'll uphod yuh ah wur sorely flāad 'at ah sud sāay my text wreng: bud *now*, bless the Lord! I can boath read an' write, for I promise yuh the Lord's a wonderful teicher,—when he undertaks onnything he can soin mak a job on't. Bless the Lord! if I can't preitch as lēaned as some, I can tell yuh t' word o' God as ah hev it afore muh.

"Rejoice evermore." My text says *evermore*. What! rejoice i' tribulāation, famine, an' nāakiness, when ther's noa money i't' pocket, an' noa meit i't' cupboard? Now, wor ther ivver onny man think yuh, 'at could du soa? O yes, friends! I can fin yuh a man 'at really did. What says Habakkuk? *"Although the fig-tree shall not*

blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." An' du yuh think 'at ah can't fin yuh another as good i't' word o' God? O yes, bud I can. What said Job after all his losses an' sufferings?—"Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." An' what then, Job? What then! wah, an' "*blessed be the name of the Lord!*" Now, what du yuh think a infidel ad ha' said if *he'd* bin i' Job's plāace? Wah, he'd ha' said, "an' *cursed* be the name o' the Lord!"

We awal know 'at we browt nowt intul t' world, an' can carry nowt out on't; how is it then 'at we're so unēasy an' disappointed when God begins to strip us o' wer worldly goods afore we lig down i' wer last bed, the grāave? Du yuh think, friends, 'at we're bown to be beat be thease Owd Testament saints 'at lived i't' dark āages? No! no! St. Paul talks about rejoicing i' *tribulation*; an' i' my text he says, "*Rejoice evermore:*" an' for flāad 'at Christians sud furget what grēat privileges they hev, he says, "*And again I say rejoice.*" Now, I'll tell yuh what I mēan to du—I'se detarmined to injoy my heigh privileges as I'm commanded; an' ye may awal du soa tu; yes, ivvry

one on yuh, fur God tells yuh to du it; an' he niver teld onny body to du onnything 'at he knaew thuh couldn't du.

“*Pray without ceasing.*” That mēans,—live i't' spirit o' prayer; an' ye mun prāay wi' yer voice as oftens as ivver yuh can. Ye mun prāay when ye're at wark, as weel as when ye're o' yuh knees. I've monny a time prāayed when av bin shoeing a horse; an' I knaew 'at God boath hēard an' answer'd muh. Now, if it worrant for this *innard* prayer, how could we “*Pray without ceasing*”? Bud St. Paul didn't mēan 'at we sud lēave wer business ur wer fam'lies, an' be awalus o' wer knees. No! no! I'd my business to mind, an' my fam'ly to provide for. Bud, glory be to God! while we're providing things honest i't' seet o' awal men, we may hod communion wi' God by sēacret prayer. Glory be to God!

What a vast o' difference ther is atween a *real* Christian an' a pharasee. A pharasee nobbut üses a *form* o' prayer; an' seldomer furgets to pray nor t' other thinks on't.

Still, this heart prayer doesn't free us through t'outard acts o' devotion. We sud awalus hev set times fur prayer, boath private an' public; we sud prāay wi' wer famlies an' i't' house o' God. It ad be a sad thing, if, at the grēat day o' judgment onny o' wer childer sud rise up an' sāay, “*I niver hēard my faather prāay.*” Thuh māay ha' heard yuh *curse* an' *swear*, an' maybe *tell a lie*; bud

thuh nivver heard yuh *prāay*. Other childer may sāay ;—“ We *hev* hēard our pāarents pray (for thuh maybe said the Lord’s prayer), bud then t’ varry first word wer a lie ; for they knaew ’at God worrant *their* fāather—thuh norther loved nur fear’d him—thuh wer o’ ther fāather the divil, an’ his warks they did. O friends ! this outside religion al nivver du ; we may gehr it intul wer hearts, an’ then wer prayers al be acceptable to God, an’ profitable tul wersens.

Wah bud then my text says, “ *And in every thing give thanks.* ” Eh ! what ! fur a bad debt ? fur a brokken leg ? fur parish pāay ? for a thack’t cottage ? for a dinner o’ herbs ? Yes ; bless the Lord, FOR ALL THINGS. He knaws what’s best for us ; an’ maybe if we’d more to be thenkful for, we sud nobbut be more ungrāateful. We’ve awal a dēal more blessings nur we desarve. We sud nivver tak a bit o’ breed nur a drop o’ watter bowt [without] gi’eing God thenks for ’em. If we wer nobbut more thenkful for wer marcies, God ad gi’e more. We’re be nāatur’ varry unthenkful, an’ ommast awalus murmuring ageanst God, an’ wanting so mich more an’ common food an rāament ’at God’s forced to gi’e us a varry strict command afore we’ll thenk him fur what he does gi’e us out o’ his free bounty. Ye mun i’ *ivry-thing* gi’e thenks ; “ for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. ” Now, ye see *God’s will* sud awalus be *our law* : an’ ye hear it’s the

will o' God in Christ Jesus 'at we sud rejoice ivvermore; prāay without cēasing, an' i' ivvry thing gi'e thenks.

"Quench not the spirit." Now friends, ye 'at hev t' spirit o' God, mind ye doant quench it. Grāace is a varry tender plant an' may varry soin be destroyed. Ye need'nt goa to bed drunk to quench it; it may be quench'd howt drink. It may be quench'd by [pron. *be*] neglecting prayer; by restraining it afore God; by gi'eing yer minds to silly, foilish trifles; by prefarring eorthly things; by refusing to du good; or by neglecting to pray wi' yer fam'lies.

When I wur 'prentice my māaster nivver ūsed fam'ly prayer; an' ah offuns thowt it wur noa wonder 'at we wur awal so varry wicked. Well sirs, bless the Lord! when I gat convarted it wur as nat'ral for muh to prāay wi' my fam'ly as it wor for muh to live.

Bud we may quench t' spirit be refusing to du wur duty, ur be speiking unadvisedly wi' wur lips. Ah remember quenching t' spirit o' God i' this way. A man cam to my shop an' axt muh to du a job for him, an' I teld him I woddant; bud I soin felt 'at I'd done wreng, an' I'd ha' gi'en ommast onny thing tul ha' hed my words back agean; bud ye see I wur off o' my gāard, an' t' divel gāan'd his point, an' pride hinder'd muh through confessing my sin. Well sirs, what wor to be done? Sat-an hed gotten muh down; bud

what then? I muddant lig *thear* an' gi'e awal up. O, no, no! I said tul my wife,—“Matty, I've lost my evidence o't' fāavour o' God; bud I'll goa to Mr. Bramwell; he's a man o' prayer, an' he'll help muh to gehr it agean,” an' so he did:—Gloary be to God! O friends, be careful nut to quench t' spirit o' God; bud if ye sud be so unhappy as to grieve it be onny mēans, *wrastle* an' *prāay* till ye get it back agean.

“*Despise not prophesying.*” Doan't ton yer backs o't' word o' God: for “faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.” As ah teld yuh afore, ye've nobbud an owd blacksmith for yer preicher, bud ye moan't think 'at ye needn't repent an' ton to God becos' o' that. Ye've as mich reight to mind what I sāay, as if t' best preicher i't' world wor i't' pulpit. Ye moant think muh a varry *wise* preicher, bud I'm a varry sāafe un for yuh; for if I preich at awal I mun preich t' Gospel o' Christ Jesus, for I knawah nowt else; an' if I wur to loise my religious expearience I couldn't preich another sarmon. I tremmle for t' man whoa dosst despise t' preichin o't' Gospel, becos' he rejects t' mēans 'at God's appointed for his salvāation.

Prophesying, here may mēan scriptur' predictions; an' it's varry dāangerous to scoff at 'em; bud as *preiching* is cawall'd prophesying i't' New Testament, t' christian preicher's a prophet. He foretells t' blessings o't' righteous, an' t' fearful doom o't' wicked.

Come, bud I mun go on, ur I sal speik ower long. In t' Apostle's dāays some wor fur Paul, some fur Apollas, an' some fur Cephas; some said one thing an' some another; bud we're to prove t' spirits, whether they be o' God ur noa.

Paul says, "*Prove all things.*"—Doan't be content wi' onny religion 'at comes tul hand. Examine if it be reight according to t' scriptur's. Some fowks bōast about nivver chāanging ther religion, when thāayve happens lived varry wicked lives: tawak tul 'em about convarsion, an' thuh sāay thuh hevn't ther religion to seek at their time o' life. Wah bairns, they're cawall'd Christians upo' noa better grunds nur Turks are [pron. ur] cawall'd Mahometans, happens becos' ther faththers an' gron-faththers wor Christians. Nah, a man 'at fears God an' warks righteousness i' onny country, sal be accepted be him. Still, we sud wawak wi' them 'at travels t' best rōad 'at lēads to t' kin'dom o' heaven.

When I fosst began to be religious, I thowt I'd goa to t' *best people*, an' be reight if I could. I knaew what mother Church wor, soa I didn't try her; an' so I went to t' Cath'lic chapel,—they're t' owdest Christians, an' mak gurt pertensions to be t' oanly traew church o' Christ; bud I didn't understand the'r *latin prayers* an' monkey caremonies. I fan noa good tul me soul thear; so I went tul a Quāaker-meeting, bud ther warrant a word spoken at it, an' that wodn't du fur me: I wanted to knaw

how I mud love an' sarve God. Well sirs, then I went to t' Baptisses, an' to t' Calvinists; bud I fan t' Metherdisses suited muh t' best, an' wor t' freest to tawak about religion; still I'se noane slāavishly bun to onny pāarty, an' if I could fin onny gāaner wāay, chēaper wāay, ur better wāay o' getting tul heaven, I'd willingly go in't.

"Hold fast that which is good."—Nah friends, heving *fun* religion, doan't be so ready to *pāart* wi' it, bud hod it fast. The world, the flesh, an' the divel al awal strive to gehr it through yuh, bud be detarmined soiner to pāart wi' yer life, nur "make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience." Some o' yuh hev fun religion noane so varry ēasy to get; bud if yuh loise it, an' ton to folly, mebbly ye may niver gehr it agean.

"Abstain from all appearance of evil." This is a *capital direction*! Hah monny fowks get wrenc through self-concāate an' proud confidence. "O!" say thāay, "ther's no harm i' sich an' sich things." Eh! bud I knaw better. What! isn't it clearly forbidden be t' word o' God? Now they're nut quiat cartain whether it's reight ur wrenc, still they're detarmi'd to ventur', for awal t' scriptur' says, "he that doubts is damned." If ther's nob-but onny *appearance* o' evil, doan't ventur'. When I go onny whear about business I awalus try to gehr out o't' wāay o' wicked men; I'm like a fish out o' watter when I'm i' their company, an' I can't live out o' my element. I'se awalas flāad o'

being corrupted be 'em : fur can onny man tak fire intul his boessom, an' his cloas nut be burnt ?

Nah, am coming tul t' *varry best pāart* ! for I'm sūre I can sāay summat about sanctificāation, fur I love it t' best o' awal. "*And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly throughout spirit, soul, and body.*" Nah, ye see I've been teld 'at some gurt men think 'at man's māade o' three pāarts,—spirit, soul, an' body. I can't tell yuh mich about awal this; bud I can tell yuh 'at yuh've a soul 'at al nivver dee; an' if yuh ar'n't senctified, as my text says, whoally i' this life, ye mun nivver goa tul heaven. T' body al soin dee; it al varry soin be said, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." An' ye see when this poor body goas tul dust, t' soul al orther be number'd wi' t' blest, ur wi' t' damn'd cast out. If it isn't māade hoaly i' this life, it al be driven tul a plāace o' misery: bud if its māade hoaly here, it al rise tul a plāace of happiness hereafter. Nah, ye see, as av teld yuh afore, I know varry little about this dividing man intul three pāarts: bud whether yuh divide him intul three pāarts ur thirty-three pāarts, they mun awal be included i' this senctificāation. Nah mind; this senctificāation is to tak plāace i' ivvry one on us *afore we dee*; for we're *first* to be whoally senctified,' an' then to be presarved blāameless untul the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The sanctificāation of a sinner through t' curse

o't' lawah, is a grēat wark 'at noan bud God can du; bud to sanctify t' sinner *whoally*, is ommast more nur man can understand, an' maks fowks stegger at t' doctrine o' *intire sanctificāation*, an' they can't believe 'at it refars tul onny stāate o' grāace on earth. Bud t' Apostle prāays 'at t' Thessalonians may be thus sanctified, an' tawaks about it i't' other Epistles, an' declares "that it is the will of God, even your sanctification."

I hed me doubts about this doctrine mysen, bud I wor fully convinc'd o't' traeuth on't one dāay as I wor bown through a wood. I seed two trees 'at hed bin fell'd; one on 'em hed bin cutten awāay to mak a ship, ur mebbly a coffin: bud t' owd stump wor left i't' grund, an' young trees wor growing agean out o't' owd un. "Ah!" thinks I to mysen, "nah this is just like a man in a justified stāate—t' owd stump o' his evil nāatur' remāans, an' fresh evils spring up to trouble him." Well sirs, I comes to t' other tree, an' it wor lāad on't grund, bud t' roits wor torn out o't' eorth, soa 'at it couldn't grow agean; an' I sed to mysen, "Nah this tree's just like a man in a sanctified stāate"—t' strengs wur cutten 'at bun him to t' world, t' eorth wur no long-er about his roits, "the world was crucified to him, and he to the world." I then gat a fair view o't' doctrine o' sanctificāation, an' it wor the Lord 'at māade ūse o' thease two trees to teich muh what ad long desired to knaw.

Sometimes I compare religion to t' varry best coin i't' realm: first, ther's repentance; nah that may be cawall'd a seven-shilling piece: then comes pardon, that's horf-a-guinea: an' then comes sanctificāation, that's like a guinea. Nah whoa'd be content wi' seven shilling, ur horf-a-guinea, when he mud just as weel hev a whoale guinea if he'd nobbut axe for't.

O what a blessed world this al be when t' christian church zealously contends furt' doctrine o' christian hoaliness! Ommast awal wur nat'ral disorders ur owing tul wur sins; if fowks wor more religious now-a-dāays ther woddant be so mich need o' doctors; an' when t' malinneum comes *they may seek a fresh trāade*, for ther'll be no more sin, an' then ther'll be no more pāan nur sickness. Bud this stāate o' hoaliness isn't bowt its trials. O no! ye moant think t' battle's ower, or 'at t' wark's done, for as soin as yuh step intul this gospel liberty be *fāath*, ye may get out on't be *unbelief*. Tak' care, then, 'at ye doan't fall through yer stedfastness.

Ye're to be "*preserved blameless in spirit, soul, and body*."—When parsecution ur tribulāation rises through orther the divel ur man, doan't be so ready to pāart wi' yer senctificāation; bud if yuh sud ivver loise yer hod, strive to gehr it agean. It sometimes happens in a grēat battle, 'at some partic'lar spot's takken an' lost monny a time i' a dāay. I've lost this senctificāation a vast o' times,

bud I awalus gat it agean. I've suffer'd a varry dēal fur this senctificāation I'll promise yuh. The divel once gat hod o' muh this wāay. A cunning man cam intul my shop one dāay, an' ax't muh what I gat be going tul so monny love-fēasts an' other meetings, an' ax't muh if it warrant possable to live to God bowt spending so mich time an' trouble? What he said set muh a rēasoning, an' I lost my evidence o' senctificāation; bud I prasantly fun out my loss. I wor like an owd pilgrim 'at hed lost his roll, an' I went back to fin it.

Some fowks believe 'at sin al nivver be destroyed be deoth—they mak deoth a meeghtier conqueror nur Jesus Christ. Bud I knaw better nur that, an' owd mother church knaws better nur that tu, for shoo teiches us to prāay "that the *thoughts of our hearts* may be cleansed by the inspiration of the holy spirit;" an' if *t' thowts be cleans'd*, we're sūre *t' words al be good*, an' *t' life hoaly*, for out o't' heart comes awal evil. The promise o't' Saviour is, 'at the gospel sud be preich'd as a witness tul awal nāations, fur then sud the end come! The end! The end o' what? The end o't' world? No, no! Wah what then? Wah, *t' wickedness o't' wicked sal come tul an end*, an' *t' eorth sal be fill'd wi' the gloary o' God!* An' I'll preich this doctrine tul t' end o' my life.

Nah suppoasing 'at King George wor to mak a decree (for kings ūse' to mak sich decrees) 'at if onny man dosst preitch t' doctrine o' senctificāa-

tion, he sud hev his hēad cutten off; I'd willingly lig mine upo' t' block, an' sud, wi' my last breoth sāay, 'Māay the varry God o' pēace senctify yuh whoally, body, soul, an' spirit, an' presarve yuh blāameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

T' *pāapishes* tawak about a *purgatory* after deoth, bud I've hed *purgatory* eniff *here*, for

" 'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

Nah, I nivver mēan to hev onny more o' this purgatory, for ah nut oanly mēan to live i't' injoyment o' this religion mysen, bud invite awal to partak' on't. Yes, *I'll preich this doctrine o' senctificāation wal God gī'es muh breoth!*

What a vast o' ignorance ther' is i't' church o' God about this Christian hoaliness! Some men nivver think on't at awal—thuh nivver wish to be onny better nur they are. Others seek it i' a wreng wāay—they keep watching the'r ees, an' watching the'r ears, an' watching the'r tongues. Hey!, bud thuh nivver luke at the'r hearts! They want to du God's wark, an' he wean't let 'em; the'r seeking to be righteous be t' deeds o't' lawah; they want to hev good fruit bowt first makking t' tree good. 'Can a man gether grāapes o' thorns, ur figs thro' thistles?' No more can he bring a clēan thing out on a unclēan un! How did yuh get t' blessing o' justificāation. Wor it be t' deeds o't' lawah? No, no! Ye obtāaned it be prayex

an' fāath. Ye'd know thro' experience 'at it worrant "unto him that *worketh*, but unto him that *believeth*; his faith being accounted unto him for righteousness." Ye mun i't' sāame wāay wrastle, an' prāay, an' *believe*, 'at yuh may obtāan this blessing of a clēan heart.

Others hev reight views o' this gospel salvāation, but then they grow weary an' fāant i' the'r minds—they think about it, an' tawak about it, an' happen thuh may pray about it; bud they doan't get it, fur want o' parsevearance; they gi'e it up to' soin. Noa gurt blessing can be obtāaned bowt mich ēarrestness o' soul; "they have not because they ask amiss." Jacob's detarmināation wor, "I will not let thee go without thou bless me:" an' this mun be yowers, if ye mēan to succeed. It's nut praying a bit to-dāay, an' a bit to morn, an' a little bit more t' next dāay, an' so on; it's bringing t' matter tul a point. Idle wishes an' prayers tell fur nowt; a sing-el hour's good ēarrest prayer al be better nur a whoale year's praying be bits an' bits i' this idle wāay.

Mebby some o' yuh may hev bin stirr'd up to seek after senctificāation, an' may hev prāayed for't i' reight good ēarrest; bud ye gav ower just when five ur ten minnits more struggling wod ha' browt yuh into liberty. What a pity 'at awal thease former prayers sud ha' bin lost an' ūseless thro' want o' parsevearance; nāay, warse nur ūseless, fur mebbby ye're a vast more unbelieving an'

careless nur ye wor afore. Ye're ready to sāay, "We did try for't, an' we didn't get it, an' why sud wuh try onny more?" An' as *ye* didn't get it that time *yersens*, mebbby ye wean't believe 'at *others* hev bin more successful, an's ready to think 'at we decēave wursens when we profess to injoy it. Come nah, begin agean, an' be detarmined—God hes promised, an' though it's said, "for these things I will be enquired of," still, God's more honour'd be wur *trust* then be wur supplicāations. Sin's led monny a man tul destruction, bud I nivver hēard 'at hoaliness ivver injured onny man. A man varry offuns fares better fōr't i' this world; bud whether ur noa, i't' world to come he'll hev life everlasting.

I'd once a man 'at lived wi' me; he wor a varry good workman, bud he wur detarmined to live i' sin, an' he'd nivver come tul fam'ly prayer. Nah, it grieved muh sadly 'at onny man sud live i' my house, an' be sich'n a gurt enemy to godliness. He wor sich a reprobate an' spendthrift, 'at he'd hardly onny cloas tul his back; an' he wor awalus i' debt at t' āalehuses an't' shoemakkers. Well, ah thowt it mud come tul an end, fur we couldn't long go on i' that feshion, soa I detarmined to pāart wi' him. Bud one dāay wal ah wur rēasoning o' this matter, summat seem'd to sāay tul muh, "How monny years hed God pāatience wi' *thee* Sammy, afore *thou* were convarted?" "*Five an' twenty!*" "Wah then," thowt I tul

mysen, "I mun hev a bit more pāatience wi' this poor fellah." Ah felt a vast o' pity for him, an' I'd fāath to believe 'at God ad sāave him. Well, sirs, I set a trap fur him, an' bāated it wi' fāath an' prayer. I gat him persuāaded to goa tul a love-fēast, an' they wonder'd to see him thear, for he went just out o' curiosity, an' mebbby to mak fun on us; bud the Lord fun him out, an' he wur soin deeply convinced o' sin, an' wor i' sich grēat distress 'at he "roared out in the disquietude of his soul," *an' it ended i' convarSION.* Ther wor a grēat chāange boath in'ard an' out'ard—God māade a *bran-naew* man on him, an' he now fin's 'at "godliness has the promise of this life, as well as that which is to come." Wah he lukes a hunderd pound better nur he did! He soin began to pāay off his owd debts, an' can live varry weel now bout gehring intul onnybody's debt. Now sirs, du yuh think 'at *sin* ivver did onny man good like this? No! it *promises* a varry dēal, bud then it *nivver performs* what it promises; wah, *it can't*, fur *it's nowt to gi'e!* T' word o' God declares 'at "the wages of sin is death;" soa ye see they're varry dreadful wāages, an't' poor sinner's foarced to addle 'em varry dearly.

Now sirs, this religion's t' varry best thing 'at onnybody can get; it maks good husbands, good wives, good childer, good māasters, an' good sarvants. Ye see it's t' best thing 'at ye can hev i' this world, an' if ye continue to t' end ye're sūre

to goa to heaven, for "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." *May God save yuh awal!* I hoape I'st meet ye awal i' heaven. Ah feel sich love for yer poor souls, 'at if ah could ad tak yuh i' my arms an' carry yuh awal "into Abraham's bosom." Bud ah can nobbud prāay for yuh, an' beg o' yuh awal to gi'e yer hearts to God. God bless yuh awal, an' may ivvry one o' yuh be trully convarted to God, an' senctified whoally. *O poor sinner!* du let muh beg o' *thee* to turn thro' thee evil wāays, an' become a *naew* crēatur'. An' māay the varry God o' pēace senctify yuh whoally, an' presarve yuh blāameless i' body, soul, an' spirit, that at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ ye may awal be prepared to meet him, an' enter through the pearly gāates intul the naew Jerusalem.—Lord grant it!—*Amen!*—an' *Amen!*''



GLOSSARY.

AAMON'S. Almonds. "Goa foteh muh an arnce o' āamon's."

A'BACKO'. Behind. "Think o' the divel an' he's sūre to be aback o' yuh ;"—a proverbial way of denoting those curious connections of thought exhibited where (*e.g.*) one person who has been long absent from the house of another is induced to go there and make his or her appearance just when the latter is thinking about them ; or, where one, who from some reason or other, desires the presence of another, ere the thought has well shaped itself, is startled by the voice of the identical one.

ABBUD. Corruption of Aye but, and very much in use.
or "Thah issant barn !" "Abbud I am barn," or going.

ABBUT. "Let muh catch thuh thear agean an' algoa tell thee fatther an' he'll gie thuh a sound hiding !" "Abbud he weant !" "Nah I'm off !"—"Abbud stop a bit, ah want to speik to thuh !" is an example of its denoting an anxious or excited state of mind. "Come awāay wi' thuh throo thear, ur that bēam al tummle onto thee hēad as sūre as thah's born !" "Abbud ah can't, ah gottan my foit fast !" In these two last senses the word seems to do duty for "Ah ! but."

ABOON. Above. "Thahs aboon speikin' now !" "Keep fast hod aboon thear !" One of a class of words the orthography of which is perhaps due to the *u*, which held the place of *v* formerly, and which being, by a certain class, pronounced as it was spelt, or, at all events, the *v* being mute, came in

time, either to be entirely disregarded when it formed part of a word, or sounded as *w*. Thus, *above*, from being written with the customary termination—*abouen* (agreeable indeed with its root, *Buſan*), might have been pronounced by the masses “*aboon*.” There is *over*, the old spelling *ouer*, which has perhaps, on the contrary, always had the *w* sounded after the manner of *w*, at least by one class of people, and so pronounced “*ouer*,” as we have it now. The Scotch pronunciation of *love* or *loue*, “*lo’e*.” *Have*—*have*, we meet with now as “*ha’e*” and “*ha’* ;” *gave* and *giuen* (*gave* and *given*), as “*ga’e*,” “*ga’*,” and “*gi’en* ;” *euen* as “*e’en* ;” *euver* as “*e’er*”—the old spelling was evidently regarded as one syllable,—

“Through whiche that he is euer in strife,
While that hym last a-ny life,”

Confessio Amantis.—*Prologue*.

no apostrophe denoting the pronunciation as a simple license taken ; and it is evident too that *neuer* was sometimes so treated,—

“With all the thoughtes of mine herte,
For that thyng shall me neuer asterte.”

Ibid, Book 1.

and these are far from being solitary examples ; they occur frequently. That *neuew*—*nephew*, was pronounced as a single syllable is evident,—

“There was whylom by daies olde
A worthy knight, as men tolde :
He was neuew to the emperour
And of his courte a courteour.”

Ibid, Book 1.

So *yuell*—*evil*, in the same eight-syllabled verse,—

“Where so it be to yuell or good
For if the wordes semen good ;” &c.

Ibid, Book 7.

and the same with *diuell*, our Scotch *de’il*.—

“The diuell, that lieth in hell fast
Hym that it cast hathe ouercast.”

Ibid, Book 7.

and in Skelton,—

“To tell all his touches, it were to great wonder
The deuyll of hell and he, be seldome asonder.”

Crowne of Lawrell.

A BURNING SHAME! A gross act of injustice extorts this phrase. It is “a burning shame!” too, to give a dog a good beef-steak, or for a woman to expend money in articles of dress while she pines her children.

ABOON-HEAD (pronounced aboon-hēad). “Its dry aboon-hēad,” is said after there has been a fall of rain and the weather has taken up. “Its black aboon-hēad,” means that there are overhanging clouds.

ACHANCE (generally pronounced *achonce*). In case. “Let me tak care on’t achance tuh loises it.” “Tak t’ umbrella wi’ thuh achonce it rāans.

A CHURN-MILK STUDY, is the state when, having before had advice tendered us about a piece of business, which we have disregarded, we find ourselves in a fix and reflecting as to the best way of relieving ourselves.

ACOCK. Astride. “Acock o’t horse.” “Acock o’t bezom.” “Acock ’n a rāal.”

ADDERSAA. I dare say. Very much in use, though not easily recognizable as pronounced. “Is tuh barn thear does tuh think?” “Addersāa.” “Ah sāa,” for “I say,” is another example of this class of words which have an extra syllable linked to them, besides undergoing the alteration in sound, though, indeed, it may be that they have lost a particle themselves, and the overplus of sound as we now have it is but what is left of *sayen* the old form.

ADDLE. To earn. “It’s weel-addedd”—well-earned. “Addle nowt an’ ware at t’ end on’t, an’ tha’ll soin ha’ to leuk rarnd t’ corners.”—Earn nothing and spend hard, and you’ll soon come to poverty.

“Addlings.” Earnings. “Whoas a better house an’ I hev? an’ av gotten it together, stick be stick, an’ ivvry bit on’t, wi’ my awan addlings!”

“This is my awan addling!” says a man, pulling out of his pocket a handful of silver and showing it to his comrade.

ADOORS. Without the door. "It's warm out adoors to-däay!"
 "Pleaz mother may I goa out adoors abit?" "T' ball's
 roll'd out adoors afore tuh's hed it a minnit thah sees!"

AFORE. Before. "He'll be thear afore I get thear ten to one."
 "I sal be off afore long." "Gehr afore him an' keep afore
 him." "Afore neet." "Afore al du that al heit häay wi'
 a horse!"

AFRONT. In front. "Afront on him yonder!" "He wur
 afront an' we wur aback on him."

AGAIN. Near. "Ageant' church a't' hill top." "Agean wur
 awan door." "It's nut nowt agean thear at awal"—not
 anything near there at all.

AGAIN. Against. The preposition "against" is never used;—
 it is always *again*, "agāan," or, "agean," as pronounced; a
 form that was in old use, and which approximates closer to
 the Saxon.

AGAIN (pronounced *agean* and *agāan*). By. "Ah sal want
 it agean that time?" "Thah sal hev it agāan then."

AGATE (pronounced *agāat*). In the act of doing anything.
 "Agāat on 'his wark." "Agāat o' tēasing muh." "Gehr
 agāat o' reading an' see if thah can't mak summut o' thee-
 sen!" "Agāat on his poor wife agean!" i.e., beating her.
 "Someb'dys been agāat o' this sügar!" "What are thuh
 agāat on you fowks?" "Thuh'r agāat o' shakkin' carpets."

AGEAN. Again. We have noticed this word in another part,
 and give it a place here merely to introduce the phrase, used
 by way of encouragement,—“Try agean, like t' clerk o'
 Beeston.” What originated it is not known.

AGEANSTA. Against you. "Cloise ageansta." Close against you.

AGGLE. To cut uneven. "Luke how thah's aggled that loaf!"
 "What's tuh aggling at now pretha?" Cloth is "aggled,"
 when the knives of the cutting-machine, or, rather, the roller
 in which the knives are fixed, jump, and cut the cloth at
 short distances till it is re-arranged.

AGOG. Agoing. "Gee him a sup o' drink an' he'll soin be
 agog on't," alluding to an hobby of a tale that a man is in
 the habit of telling. When a father sets his child upon the
 back of a rocking-horse he sets the latter in motion, and then

going backwards apace, exclaims,—“There, now he’s agog!”
—placed and going.

AHINT. Behind. “Cloise ahint him”—close behind him.

“Ahint-hand agean! tha’t awlus ahint thee time ah think.”

AIG. Eager. Speaking of a profitless occupation, a man says that he isn’t “so āag after that business.”

AIGRE (pronounced *Ager*). Sour. “Aager beer.” “Turn’d sour with, or, by reason of, the thunder.

AILMENT. Illness; lingering disease. “Ah wur thear last week an’ fun ’at he’d gotten a āalment.” “He’s hed a āalment theas ten years.” A long-standing illness is an “ailing” too.

AIM. Intend. “Whears tuh aim o’ going tul does tuh think when tuh dees, if thah chēats a boddy an’ leuks ’em it ’t fāace i’ this wāay?” “It’s his āam to du muh as mich harm as he can.” “Whear’s tuh āam going to morn?”

AITHER (pronounced *Aather*). Either. “Ah tell’d him he wur āather a roague ur a foil, ah ouddant sāa which.” “Will yuh hev t’ top ur t’ boddom cut missis?” “Aather wāays al du māaster, am noan nice at awal.” “Nur am noan bown bethart thuh āather”—Nor I’m not going without you either.

ALABLASTER. Alabaster. One of a class of, at first-sight, or sound, seeming corruptions, but which simply displays an adherence to an old form.

ALL IVVERS (or evers). A common hyperbolic phrase. “Tawak abart brass! he’s brass eniff fur awal ivvers!” “Watter eniff fur awal ivvers!” “Stuff eniff fur awal ivvers!” “Coils eniff fur awal ivvers!”

ALL LONG. Because. “It’s awal long o’ thee ’at he did it.”

ALL MACKS. (*All makes*, though the current spelling is no corruption). Every kind. A phrase in very common use. Ask a man what he saw at the Great Exhibition, and in nine cases out of ten his reply would probably be—“Awal macks o’ stuff.”

ALL-OWER-BACK. A juvenile game.

ALLS. Everything belonging to one. “Pack up thee awals an’ tramp!”

ALMIAS CLIFF. A tall group of rocks near Wescho-hill in Weeton township, at a short distance, upon the summit of which are large cavities, and on one side of them a cavern called "Friar's Parlour." Near the entrance are the remains of a rocking-stone.

ALONG ON (pronounced "*longa*"). "It worrant longa me!" or "It wor longa thee soa doan't sāay nowt!" (The **LONG ON**. double negative is much employed). "Well if it be longa me, what o' that, nah then?"

ALWOODLEY HALL. One of the few old residences which remain to us about Leeds. It is distant about four miles, and is so sequestered in position that it is rarely visited. It is not a large place, but what there is of it has, to all appearances, remained intact. It has probably been built near upon three hundred years. Here lived a Sir Gervase Clifton, who died in 1666, having had seven wives!

ALLY. The aisle of a church or chapel.

AMENG-HANDS. When there is a task of some difficulty to do in a workshop and none to whose lot it falls particularly, any unpleasantness is speedily got rid of by agreeing to do it among, or as pronounced, "ameng-hands"—between themselves. A farmer will cut up a stack of bad hay and truss it off "ameng-hands," *i.e.*, mix it up with trusses of good hay and send it thus to market. A party of juveniles do some mischief, none of them can be pointed out distinctly as the perpetrator, but the accuser never doubts but that it has been done "ameng-hands."—(*Mengan, A. S.*)

AMMAT. Am not. "I ammat bown to buy a pig i' a poake, noan so, ah've bin thear once an' I ammat going agean!" "Nah Dāavid! yuhr barn yonder ah reckon?—yuh see I ammat!"

AN. Oftentimes does duty for *if*. "An thah doesn't let that aloan al hazel thee rig for thuh!" "Ye'll tell him then dāame?" "An' he comes ah will, depend on't māaster!"

AN'ALL. A much used term. "I'm barn an' Tom an'awal." "Ah didn't think he'd ha' done this an' an awan brother an'awal!" "Gi'e us some brēad dāame an' a bit o' cheese an'awal." "He desarnes a good cawaling." "An' a good

bensiling an'awal." "Besides" is perhaps its general equivalent.

AN'ALL (pronounced *an'awal*). Also, as well. "Ther wur Dick an'-awal wi' us." "That cloise belongs to me an't' other an'awal." "Whoa wur thear aside—thee an'awal?"

"An'awal,—does tuh think I wur barn to stop awāay?"

ANENT. Against; besides; opposite. "That tree anent t' or church." "He's cloise anent him," are examples of

ANENST. the first meaning. Soldiers abreast are "anenst" each other, or "toan-anenst t' other" as it would be expressed, which is an example of the second meaning, and the third is in common use.

ANEW. Enough. "Anew on 'em." "Enew's as good as a or feast." "Hes tuh gotten anew on 'em thinks tuh?"

ENEW. "Aye, I sal ha' anew." *Enew* and *anew* has regard more to number, although not bearing an exclusive restriction to this, while *eniff* is used on other occasions. Thus, a man says in respect of poor preachers, that there are "enew on 'em," and that he had had "eniff on 'em." He would never think of either exchanging the words or employing duplicates in this case.

ANGRY (pronounced *engry*). A wound is said to be angry when inflamed and, of course, painful.

AN'ODDUN. Instead of *one*, this combination is with very few exceptions used. "How monny hes tuh?" "An odd un." "Hah monny barns is ther thear Tom?" "An odd un." "An odd," too, takes the place of *one*, too, very frequently. "Wor ther onnybody thear?" "An odd chap." "An odd chap an' an odd barril o' āal were together—ah thowt ther wur varry deacent comp'ny." "Hah monny lumps.o' sūgar hes tuh gotten into thee cup pretha?" "An odd un, bud ah think it's ommast filled it."

ANPARSIL. The character or contraction, &c., as repeated by children.

A-PICKPACK. Astride of. A child is set "a-pickpack" a horse, or a mastiff, or the father gallops it "a-pickpack" on his back round the room.

APPLE-PIE ORDER. Neat, orderly. A room with every-

thing tidy and properly placed is pronounced to be "in apple-pie order."

We have met with the assertion that this compound is but a corrupt pronunciation of *A Pol au Pied*. Dr. Hamilton, however (*Nugæ Literariæ*—Essay on "Correlates and Synonyms"), is certainly at fault in several of his inferences, so that the assertion cannot be taken implicitly.

ARRANT. This word, though used often in its proper sense as or a contraction of "Are not," is also in perhaps **AR'N'T.** greater use in the sense of *Am not*, as, "I ar'n't like him." "I ar'n't sich'n a foil as that." "I ar'n't bown to tug mysen"—not going to hurry myself. "Ar'n't E?"—am I not?

ARR. A spot, or indentation. "Pock-arr'd"—marked with the small-pox. "An arr-toad"—A freckled toad.

ARRAN. A spider. "Arran-web"—Cob-web.

'AR'STON. The hearth-stone. "Fettle t' a'r'ston' up a bit me lass afore thee fæather comes hoame."

ASCAUNCE. Oblique, aslant. "I saw thuh luki'g ascaunce at her mun!"—A delicate way of conveying an intimation.

AS GOOD. Might as well. A much-used combination. "I'd as good as [have] ne'er ha' spokken fur what better ah am." "Ad as good goa now hedn't e thinksta?" "Aye, thad as good ah think."

ASIDE. Beside, by the side. "Aside o' that." "Aside's o't church." "Whear's tuh live nah like?" "Haw, aside's o' ar Tom." "Ther's fotty aside's that"—forty besides that. "Cloise aside on't"—Close beside it.

ASIDES. Besides. "Whoa went asides him?" "Aside'n him?—hawah nobbud me."

ASK WEATHER. Damp and unsettled.

ASKERD. A water newt. Most commonly found in ditches, near ponds, and stagnant pools.

ASPILL. A clownish-mannered person.

or

ESPILL.

ASS. Ashes. "Ass-pan"—a tin box or pan placed beneath fire-grates to receive the ashes as they fall down. "Ther'

assing t' rōading an't' corser!"—sprinkling the road and causeway with ashes, as in frosty weather when snow is on the ground.

ASS. Ask. "Ah ast him to gi'e muh't an' he wodn't." "Ass him agean then, ther's nowt to be gottan wi'art assing." "Thuh wur ast at church last Sunday." "He nivver sees muh bud he asses muh fur summat; ah nivver saw t' likes on him, nivver!"

ASSIL-TOITH (Tooth). A grinder, or molar tooth.

or

AXLE-TOITH.

ASS-NEUK. The place below the fire-grate where the ashes fall.

ASSUREN. Assured. The first form is the most common.

or

ASH-UREN.

AT. *On*, in some cases, but most in use as a contraction of *that*.

"He's coming at Seterder neet"—on Saturday night. "Set at muh an' gah muh't reight!"—set on, or upon, me, &c. And then as *that*. "Th'art a foil 'at thah didn't!" "Thenk God fur a good dinner, ther's monny a hunderd 'at knawahs t' want o' one!" "It wur him 'at did it!"

At is also used to render a sentence more complete than what is generally done. "When's he bown?" "Haw, to morn at neet"—to-morrow at night.

AT-AFTER. Afterwards. "Al du it at after." "Come at after!" "Witta come now?" "Noa, bud at after ah will." "At after ah went thear ah went yonder." "Tuh idle to du owt bud cal i't' dāay-time, soa shoo does her bit o' wark at after, when ivvrybody else is i' bed!"

ATHOUT. Without. "Am barn athout him!" "Shoo's athout owt tul her fortun', bud shoo's eniff on hersen"—She's without anything to her fortune, but she is enough of herself.

ATTLE. "Doan't care an attle whether ah goa ur stāay awāay"—care nothing at all about it.

AUMAS. Alms. "Aumas-houses." "Aumas-women." It is but recently, comparatively, that this word (alms) has contracted itself into a single syllable; though "almes" was

probably as far removed from "aumas" as that: the one being from the A. S. *aēlmas* and the other from the Fr. *aumosne*. The word with us, we have little doubt, has never been any other than what it is, whatever may have been its phases and changes in book-lore, neither belonging, in some instances, to one language or the other, strictly speaking, but influenced by both nevertheless.

AVELONG. Oblong. "Aside o't' Grime-cabin cloise—a āve-long piece o' grund it is."

AWAND. Implying a knowledge of a person's qualities or peculiarities, or a confidence (feigned or real) in his powers; as, when a woman tells her neighbour that she saw her husband enter the "Fleece" when he turned the corner, she replies, "I'll awand him!" or, when a child tells its mother that it cannot perform the task which it has been set to, she makes answer: "I'll awand thuh, my lad!" accompanying her words (if she is in a good humour) with a smile and a look of confidence.

AWVISH. Dull; half-witted. A person feels "awvish" when he has been up all night and finds himself in a third-class waiting room at the railway-station before breakfast next morning. "Nobbud a bit awvish by t' seet on him" is said of a staring, stupid-looking countryman.

AWSOME. "An awesome barn"—one easily frightened.

AYE MARRY. Words of assent. "He's an off an' on sort o' fellah [vacillating]; he'll nivver come to noa good my opinion—huh?" ["huh"—an interrogative.] "Aye marry," or "No marry." "Then he's sūre to goa then?" "Aye marry is he." Used also ironically;—

"Missis!" (in a stentorian voice, from a short distance.)
 "Well?" "Gi'e us a pennorth o' 'bacca wi' that youngster—d' yuh hear muh?" "Aye marry."

AYE-SURE. An equivocal affirmative. "Is tuh bown yonder then?" "Aye-sūre." "Noan o' thee 'aye-sūres'; tell us right if tuh mēans to goa?"

BAA. To bleat. The young of sheep are always called "bāa iambs." A father says of a little child, to his wife, who has

been absent from home a while,—“He’s bin bāaing all t’ time thah’s bin awāay”—crying for, or to be with her.

BABBLEMENT. Silly talk. Generally used in regard to children.

BACKSET. To have a set-off against any deed. If a woman knows that her neighbour is watching her enter another person’s house against whom she has vowed enmity to that neighbour, she will look about her mentally for a “backset,”—a circumstance or cause which can be set-off against the deed. Thus, she may say that she went for the purpose of blowing her up. She must have a tale to give an acceptable tone to the deed, and this is having “a backset.”

BADE. To bathe. “Whear’s tuh barn to bāade at Jack?”

“At Sandy-lobby—dash lad! it’s stunnin’; ah bāaded thear at drinking-time yesterder, an’ it tuke us up to t’ neck!” There is its equivalent in the German *bad*, bath, and in other cognate languages the approach is near. A. S. *Badian*.

BADGER. One who unites the business of a grocer and that of a provision-dealer.

BADLY. Poorly. “Owd dāame Mosby’s ta’en badly agean; this is twice shoo’s hed a badly bout sin’ shoo cam ower here.” “How d’ yuh feel yersen to dāay then like Tommy?” “Badly, varry badly; t’ weather suits noan on muh.”

BAIT (pronounced *bāat*). To tease. “Doan’t bāat muh soa!” “He’s bin bāating him an’ at him awalt’ afternoin—he’ll get t’ length o’t’ band enow.”

BAK’HUS’. The bakehouse. “Nip to t’ bak’hus’ my lass an’ fotch muh a faew o’ tins, an’ ax t’ missis if shoal grēaz ’em a bit for muh!”

BAKING. The quantity of bread baked at one time. “Yer’ve a rare bāaking missis this week!” “Aye barn, my bāakings is as big agean as they ūsed to be—t’ fill of a mouth o’ two mak’s a mint o’ difference.”

BAKING-SPITTLE. A thin board with a short flat handle, used for putting the rolled-out cake into the oven, and for turning it round, and over, at successive stages.

BAKSTAN. “Bakstan’s” or *backstones* are square and smooth-hewn stones made to fit into ovens for the purpose of baking “haver” or oat-“cakes.” The stone is of a pesu-

liar kind and very heavy. "Baxstones" used to be brought about for sale, the mode of conveyance generally by panniered donkies, the men-drivers making the still street resound to their sonorous cry of "Baxston's!" A "baxston' cake" is now made, where the stones are *nil*, by taking one of the iron shelving plates out of the oven, fixing it over the fire, and placing the cake thereon. These are generally by way of a treat, as the warm cake ensures a coating of butter—splitting them open for this purpose. In "bakstan" there is no elision. *Bak*, Gothic, fire; and *stan* Saxon, or *stain* Gothic, stone.

BALK. An end of cloth in its unfinished state, as it leaves the manufacturer's hands.

BALK. To disappoint, a stoppage. "Balk'd o' gehring his cloas this week; t' tåalor's ower threng to lehr him hev 'em." "Went tul" such an one's church, or chapel; "wal ah wur i' London bud ah wur balk'd; he worrant thear"—did not preach. "Ah'll run thuh a räace an' noa balks." "Wah tha'll mak a balk theesen if noab'dy else does."

BALL O'T' HAND. The "ball" is the palm of the hand.

BAN, TO. To curse. "Thuh säay when drink goas in sense comes out, fur he went banning an' rawaming abart t' hars like a madman." "Thah may ban till tuh's fonder an' what thah is, fur what gaum *I* sal tak on thuh!"

BAND'S-END. "Nut worth a band's end"—of no value. The phrase is common.

BANG-UP! (pronounced *Beng-up*!) Direct; up to the mark. "Beng-up" in point of dress, or commanding features and stature. One splendidly, though becomingly dressed or adorned, is "beng-up, fursüre!" An arrow wings its way "beng-up" to the buli's-eye. A half-witted fellow goes "beng-up" to the main entrance of a mansion by the winding avenue, and asks for "a drink o' watter." One person goes "beng-up" to another and knocks him down; the latter rises, doffs his coat, rolls up his shirt-sleeves, adjusts his apparel with scrupulous care and begins "eyeing" and "squaring"; "beng-up fur owt!" a spectator remarks—in good trim and condition.

BARBER. To shave. "Bown to barber mysen." "Am barn to get barber'd a bit." "As he wur barbering on muh he let t' rāazor tumml!"—As he was shaving me he let the razor fall!

BARE-BUBS. Said of birds when in an unfeathered state.

BARLEY! When a juvenile is hard pressed in games where swiftness of foot is the most necessary, or wishes to stop to tie his shoe-band, or to speak to a companion, &c., ~~while at other games,~~ if he or she cries out "*Barley!*" they are entitled to these privileges and may forthwith do so, resuming his or her position at any time with the word "*Off!*"—the signal.

BARN. A child. "Bring that barn here." "Awlus t' moast wark whear ther's t' moast barns." "Bless us barn!" is a common ejaculative expression.

BARNEY. A soft character; having very childish perceptions and actions.

BARNISH. Childish. "Doan't be so barnish." "Ah reckon nowt o' sich barnish fowk."

BASS. A door-mat, a kneeling-mat or "knee-bass;" a hassock.

BASTE. To beat; also a process of saturating meat roasting before the fire, with gravy, to moderate and assist the action of the fire, is called "basteing" it. Also, to sew in a particular manner.

BAT. To strike; a blow; as a stroke with a flail on the threshing-floor. "Gee him a bat o't' hēad!" "Gee him his bats!"—or blows—implying a deserving of them. *Bat* is also used to designate two wheat or oat-sheaves banded together, as made up for the market. "A bat o' strawah." The game of cricket is invariably called by the females "bat an' ball;" we have never heard the former word in a single instance used by them, and very seldom by adult males, excepting professionals. It is a difficult word to pronounce, and a juvenile game as a rule, so persons think themselves both above the game and the word.

BATE. Bit (pret. t. of bite). "He bāate o' that apple."
[See SHOTTEN.]

BATTER. To give blows in quick succession. "Batter that

bass." Beat that mat. "Poor fellah! thuh battered him terribly!"

BAUK. An iron bar fixed across the chimney over the fireplace on which the "reckon" is hung. [See RECKON.]

BAUK-HEIGHT (pronounced *as spelt*). The height from the floor to the balk, or cross-beam. "T' biggest chap ah ivver seed i' my life—he'd stand bauk-height, ah'll lāay owt he wod!" "Hah big wor it;—wod it be three yards does tuh think?" "Aye addersāa it wod; it ad be somewhear abart bauk-height."

BAWK. To speak loudly and without premeditation, as several persons anxious to prevent an accident all "bawk out" together.

BAWBEE. "I āant a bawbee abart muh soa ah can't gi'e thuh nowt!"—have no money at all, &c. "Nut worth a bawbee!" is a phrase of constant recurrence, meaning that the object of allusion is pennyless, or that the article, whatever it may be, is valueless. The Scotchman's halfpenny is "a bawbee," from whom we get the word.

BAWDY. A prostitute.

BAWSON. A noisy, empty-headed person; also, any noisy person. "What's tuh clam'ring at thah gurt bawason!"

BEAGLE. One in flimsy or whimsical attire. "A bonny bēagle!"

BEAK (pronounced *bēak*). The brim of a covering for the head, as the "bēak" of a hat,—"*t' bēak 'n a hat*," as the sentence would carry itself; the "beak" of a cap, the two "beaks" on an infantry soldier's full dress hat, &c.

BEAK, used also for a hat entire. "What's tuh geen fur that bēak?" "Gotten his granfathther's bēak on!"

BEAL. The same with "Bel" (which see) but its use is limited to the rural places about.

BEARERS. The four men who bear the corpse to the hearse, and from thence into the chapel, and to the grave; generally amongst those who were in intimate friendship with the deceased.

BEAUTY-SPOTS. A certain kind of pimple about the mouth.

BEB. To be continuously drinking, but implies more of in-

difference to the liquid and somewhat more of habit than "bezzling." [See BEZZLE.] "He sits bebbing yonder astêad o' going abart his business." A "bebber," strictly speaking, transacts orderly and is circumspect in his manners; the "bezzler" has not the power of so doing, being either already dead drunk, or partially drunk. A man may sit a long while "bebbing" before he is drunk, but he begins to "bezzle" only after he can't tell what he is doing.

BECK. A brook, as Lady-beck, which ran water at one time; now, "amid intellectual greatness and supereminence of civilization," puddle.

BECK-STONES. Stepping-stones across the "beck."

BED-POULS, or Bed-poles. The bed-posts.

BED-STOCKS. The frame of the bed-stead, over which the sacking is stretched.

BED-STOCKS. A juvenile game at which when "sides" are or chosen, one side or company hides separately

BED-O! within certain pre-arranged limits, when, at a signal, the other side commences cautiously the tracking of them. When one of the hiding number is discovered, "I spy!"—such an one (naming him) is shouted out, when the whole of the tracking party run back to their station and spit on the wall. If this is not done the discovered one can take him to the place from whence he started, and claim to be ridden upon his back down to the station or place of rendezvous, and the number of rides are "counts," so many making up the game. The "spied" ones, and others who have not been espied, but who think it a good opportunity, rush out of their place of concealment immediately, and if they are fortunate enough to lay hold of one before the goal is reached and can retain their hold till their "nomony" is said (which consists in repeating the figures, "two, four, six, eight, ten," and spitting over the head of the captured) the ride is claimed in due course. One or two are always stationed to guard the prisoners, as if one on the side of the "outing" (those out) can steal out of his hiding-place, and by some stratagem, as by walking behind any person, contrive to reach the station, by his darting past, crossing the

"ring," and shouting the word "Relevo!" (Relief O) the prisoners are at liberty to make their escape, and once without the limits of confinement those counts (for each man of them is a count) go for nothing; and if no rides are obtained ultimately, the winning side goes in again and have their "seccy outing." It is a game only resorted to during the winter evenings when the darkness favours their movements.

BELK, TO. To belch.

BEESLINGS. The milk of a newly calven cow. A "beesling" or pudding is held in high estimation. When a

BEEST. cow has calven, the milkman gives notice to his customers, who send vessels and are served with a due proportion gratis.

BEETLE or FLEGGING-MELL. A flagging mallet.

BEF. To cough short, with little movement, and a quick noise; generally prelude to a violent "coughing bout." "Coughing an' beffing t' dāay through."

BEHINT. Behind. "A long wāay behint-hand." "Lagging behint."

BEHOD. Implying a degree of expectation. "I'll behod him to du that;" "Thah may behod him fur owt o't' soart;" means that what is hinted at, or expressed, as likely to be the procedure of a person, may be naturally expected, knowing, as the speakers do, the character of such person.

BEGOAN (Begone). Taken aback, and experiencing disappointment; implying more of the latter than surprise. "Sadly begoan," "Rarely begoan," are the commonest combinations.

BEL. To cry suddenly and loudly, or to shout loudly. "What's tuh belling at?" "Bell'd an' roar'd like a barn 'at he wor."

BELDER. To make a loud noise with the voice continuously. "Bel" (which see) implies suddenness—the act of crying out suddenly; "beldering," an unceasing cry, as the "beldering" of a peevish child; and the "beldering" of a juvenile, who make the streets resound with the name of a comrade at a distance whose ear he would catch.

BELIKE. Likely, very likely. "Belike it māay." "Du yuh think its bown to weet a bit to dāay missis?" "Belike enniff māaster, it's hung for't awalt' dāay."

Revised transcription - see WM paper here

BELIKE. Be obliged. "Ah sal nivver ha' noa pēace wal it is done, soa ah sal belike to du it." The word also carries an amount of gentle persuasion with it. One anxious that another person should go somewhere, says, "Ye'll belike to goa." A sick woman says to her husband when he comes home after his days work,—“Ahve done my med'cun, tha'll belike to goa fur some more my lad.”

BELL-HOUSE. The church belfry.

BELL-MAN. The town-crier. "As fat as Big Ben," is yet a household phrase.—A former bellman in great repute upon account of his huge proportions. He wore a low-crowned large-brimmed hat, and also a pair of round eyed, brass-framed spectacles. He held the office a many years, and at his death the town was indeed bereaved.

BELLOW. A surly man with a loud voice "bellows" when he is angry—"bellows like a mad bull."

BELLOWSER. A crowner in the way of argument, a 'decided hit;' 'a good say,' knocking the wind out of your antagonist. A violent blow is "a bellowser" too.

BELLYBUN'. The strap passing beneath the horse's belly when yoked.

BELT. To beat. "Belt him his hide!" "Belted t' wind out 'n him."

BENE. Infants are taught to "clap bene," or "ben-e," as it is pronounced, for a gift; that is, return thanks. An infant too, at the suggestion of its mother, "claps benē" for joy at the sight of a dainty, or anything given it as a treat, say an orange. Children are also taught, when unable to articulate, to "clap benē" before partaking of food, or, by this act, to signify their desire of a blessing upon it. An infant "claps benē" when "daddy" comes home from work, having been taught thus to evidence its delight.

BENG. To hurl with violence. "Beng 't ar him!"

BENJY. A low-crowned straw hat with a very broad brim.

BENK. A bench.

BE-NOW (By now). By this time. "Ther'll be thear benow." "Ther'll ha' goan benow." "Ther'll ha' sehrran off benow," —they will have set off by this time.

BENSIL. To beat. "Bensil him his rig for him—a young tyke!" "Thah's barn to gehr a good bensilling lad when thah gets hoam!" a piece of gratuitous information the object of it acknowledges by giving *him* "sich a bensil as he weant furegt fur a month."

BEAS. (Beast, beasts.) A cow; cows. "A nice bēas that!" "Twenty bēas." There is perhaps no other word in which a letter is so much treated with contempt as is the *t* in this.

BERRIES. "*Berries*" are gooseberries. A man would think ungracious thoughts of that hotel waitress who had set before him currant, rasp, or strawberry pie when he had asked for "berry, as plāan as his tongue ad let him."

BESSYBAB. One fond of childish amusements. "A gurt bessybab." "Doan't be sich 'n a bessybab!" The whimperings of a spoiled child is "bessybabishness." "Come to thee mammy then thou little bessybab!—shoo does nowt bud spoil thuh."

BESTED. To be overcome by a better person. "Th'art likely to be bested I hear." "Av ne'er bin bested i' nowt yet o' that soart an' noan mēan to be."

BETHART. Without. "A bit o' bread mother!—ah doant want onny butter on't." "Haw, can tuh du wi' it bethart thinksta?" says the mother ironically. "Fleeing art bethart thee bonnet! flossy dolly!" "Bethart thah goas, I weant."

BETTER. More. "Better an' a year owd." Also in the sense of mastering. "He gat t' better on muh,"—proved too much for, or, mastered me.

BETWEENWHILES. In the interim. "Ah went tul Bradford or

ATWEENWHILES. day: betweenwhiles, ah happened to leet on an owd māate," &c.—during the interim I happened to alight on an old friend. "Brekfast at eight, dinner at twelve, an' plenty to heit atweenwhiles,"—and abundance to eat in the mean-time.

BEYONT. Beyond. "Is Halifax afoar yuh come at Bradford?" "Noa, its beyont it." "Thuh sāay at t' moin's beyont t' weather-clouds an' ivvrything else?" "That's beyont my knowing,"—beyond, or, above, my knowledge.

BEZOM-HEAD (pronounced *Bezom-hēad*). "He's as fond as a bezom," is an oft-recurring phrase, signifying very foolish, womanly, *i.e.* one devoid of *manly* action, or, one in the habit of committing frequent and gross mistakes; but to be "bezom-headed" is to have a degree of stupidity mixed up with one or all of these phases. "Bezom-stuff" is the name which ling goes by,—*"Addle-moor bezom-stuff,"*—the ling growing on Addle-moor, near Leeds, of which troops of Irish are the gatherers, and the bezom-makers.

BEZZLE, TO. To be drinking continuously when there is no thirst. A baby has a little can of water given it to "bezzle at" in order to amuse and keep it quiet. One addicted to drink is styled "a sad bezzler." "Bezzling agean."—Drink again.

BIB AN' TUCKER. Complete, with regard to dress. "Put that barn it's cloas on, bib an' tucker, an' let's goa a gethering buttercups." "Don'd grandly, bib an' tucker, nowt a wanting." A "tucker" was an old-fashioned neck-frill, plaited narrow.

BIBBLE-BABBLE. Idle talk.

BICKER. To quarrel peevishly. "What yuh bickering abart? —ah wish yuh'd cawal muh once fur awal an' ha' done wi't; bicker, bicker, bicker, t' dāay throw, ther's *niver* noa pēace whear yuh are." Two children have an orange given them and are told to "share it nicely an' ha' noa bickering about it."

BIDDER. The man who is engaged to bid to funerals. He visits all the neighbours within a certain limit, and such friends of the deceased as he has received instructions for, and repeats the formula,—*"You are expected to attend John Smith's burying to-morrow at three o'clock. We bury at" such a place, naming it. We have noticed of late years the gradual substitution of "requested" for "expected."* The good old word is, with the good old custom of coming to a neighbours funeral *en masse*, fast failing us.

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BILLY. If this is the familiar abbreviation of a Christian name, he must have been a strange and an odd specimen of his kind who bore it in this instance, for "Billy" was addicted to everything, and could almost *do* everything, we should suppose; an individual in whom all the good and evil, and conditions, foul and fair, of nature, would appear to have met. Here are a *few* of the phrases having such a reference, for there exists a great many mental and physical actions in which a man may ape "Billy." "As drunk as Billy." "As hoat as Billy." A swift runner "runs like Billy." "As sharp as Billy." "As mad," that is, as angry as "Billy." "As pleased as Billy." "As fond as Billy." "Can work like Billy." "Laughs," "roars," "swears like Billy," &c.

BILLYBOY. A small, light boat; used in river navigation.

BIN. A large chest for corn or flour; where for the latter, or generally plated inside with tin. "Flour-bing." "Corn

BING. bing." "T' bēan bing." The *g* is sounded in most instances.

BINK. A bench. "Clap thuh darn o' that bink."—Seat yourself on that bench. "Schoil-binks,"—school-benches.

BIRK. Birch. "Birk-rod." "Birk-tree loin."—Birch-tree lane. "Bin gehring birk'd."—Been getting punished with the rod made of those twigs.

BLACK-BLEGS. Bramble-berries. "Bown a blegging,"—
or Going a-gathering the berries. "T' hedges

BLEGS. is black ower wi' blegs." "Whear'll tuh mak' for first?" "Bleggy loin,"—a lane or by-path so called from the abundance of this fruit growing there. "A bleg-pudding" is a favourite treat to juveniles. "Daub'd awal ower wi' blegs,—thah'll ha' noan furt' puddin' mun if thah goas on heiting 'em i' that thear wāy."

BLACK-CLOCKS. Beetles. "T'house swarms wi' black-clocks; ther's noa living in't."

BLACKGUARDS. The dusters and cloths for doing the dirtiest work, are so called. "Wesht awal bud t' blackgāards this week an' ah sal lēave them wal t' next."

BLAIRING. Crying loudly with the mouth unusually agape. An impudent and ill-trained child "blairs out" its tongue

to the passers-by. An ill-natured, scolding, fretful woman is apt to be found by her husband, when he comes home, "blairing at it agean" from some cause or other.

BLAME. Much used imprecatively. "Blāame thee! what's tuh done that for?" "Blāame it! nobbud luke."

BLASH, TO. A water-carrier with an over-full can "blashes" out the water at every step he takes. A mother's gown is "blashed awal ower" by the child upsetting a cup of tea upon her knee. "Blashy weather" is rainy weather, when the roads are filled with pools of water which "blashes" at every step. "Blashed an' blathered through hēad to foit, a shāame to be seen."

"Blashy" is used in the sense of *weak*, too, as "blashy tēa"; and treacle or small-beer is "poor blashy stuff," as is water-gruel.

BLATHER. Sauce; to prate. "Noan o' thee blather." "What's tuh blathering abart?"

BLATHER. Mud or puddle so thin that it will splash when trod upon. Spattered trowsers are said to be "blathered." "A blathering tongue" is in the head of a person who makes a point of telling everything he or she knows without the slightest degree of compunction. "Fur goodness sāake barn doan't tell her nowt for shool goa an' blather it awal ower."

BLEB. A bubble. "Sōap-blobs"—Soap-bubbles. "Blobber or ing"—the rising of air-bubbles on the surface of liquids.

BLOB. "Blebb'd an' blistered" is a common expression when describing the effects of a burn or scald where the skin is blistered.

BLENCH. Swerve. "Weant blench fur nowt."

BLANKET-PUDDING (Blanket-pudding). A "poke-pudding" [see]; because (we suppose) the many and soft folds of the paste with the jam inside are suggestive of this kind of coverlet.

BLESS THE KING AN' ALL HIS MEN! A common exclamation when surprised and startled, as a mother when, having stept out of the house for a few minutes, upon her return finds it full of children whom her own have invited in.

BLETHER-HEAD. A blockhead.

BLETHER. A bladder. Also, to cry loudly,—“Blether’d an’ roared like a barn.”

BLETHER-TONGUE. A blabber; having a tongue in a head where there is nothing (worth speaking of) but wind, which blows everything out that chances to get in.

BLINK. To evade. “Nobbud he doesn’t blink it.”

BLINK, TO. Is the involuntary action of the eye when excited. A woman who “ne’er blink’d an ee” at her husband’s funeral, shows a want of affection. The hardened criminal in the dock never “blinks” when sentence is passed upon him. A blink is produced by emotion, and is not the mere habit of winking.

BLISH-BLASH. Nonsense.

BLOB-MILK. Milk with its cream mingled.

BLOOD-PUDDING. When a pig is killed, a bowl full of blood is generally saved for this kind of pudding, which is mixed with various ingredients, seasoned well, and baked in a deep tin. There are some, however, who, from superstitious motives never do this, but allow the blood to run to waste.

BLOSSOM. A person, male or female, noted in any way for unbecoming qualities. Such an one is “a bonny blossom!” “*That blossom!*” When “in for it,” somehow, a juvenile has this preliminary greeting.

BLOTCH. Blotting-paper.

BLOWN-MEAT (pronounced *Blawhan-meit*). Meat impregnated with the eggs of flies.

BLOWSY. A white cotton coat, in general use for summer wear.

BLUB. To swell;—“blubbing up,”—swelling up. Also, to blister,—“Ah burnt me fing-er, an’ it blubb’d up in a minnit.” Also, to bubble. When milk is poured from one vessel into another, it “blubs” in the receiving vessel.

BLUBBER. A bubble. Also, to weep and use the fingers to the eyes, as a child. “What’s shoo stood blubbering an’ roaring thear at?” “Summat aals t’ barn ah think!—its done nowt bud blubber awalt’ morning.”

BLUE MILK. Milk after having being creamed once, and is a day old.

BLUFT. To blindfold.

BLUNDER-A-WHACK. One whose carelessness has brought on disastrous consequences.

BLUNDERBUSS. A stupid, blundering fellow.

BLUR. Blot. "To blur,"—to blot, as, a "blurr'd copy-book."

BLURT. To speak precipitately. "Nah then, blurt it art at once an' ha done wi't!" the mother says to the child, who is anxious that the father should know something which its little bosom finds it difficult to carry, notwithstanding the playful injunctions of the mother. One who has got something to say, but cannot express himself readily "blurts it out be bit an' bit." If there is neither sense or argument in what he says, he "does nowt *but* blurt." In the same way an impulsive, fiery-natured, quick-speaking man, when angry, doesn't talk, but "blurts."

BLUSTROUS. "A gurt blustrous fellah," is one who says a or a great deal more than he dares to do; one

BLUSTERY. whose looks and demeanour are "mighty big," as a workhouse official, or an infidel demagogue. "Blustrous weather" is windy weather. "Blustery" has the same meaning; "It rāans an' blusters,"—rains and blows. "Blustersome," in a less degree, and more by fits and starts.

BLUTHER. To sob and cry like a little child. "Bluther's an' roars like a barn."

BLYN-DERS. Blinkers.

BOB. "Bobbing awāay,"—Hastening away. "When ad said that, ah bobb'd off,"—hastened off. "It's herleven o'clock ah see; I mun be bobbing,"—going in haste.

BOB. To toss; to throw for another to catch; to make an exit or an entree. "Bob that dog ower t' brigg an' see if it'll swim." "Bob that bawal here." "Gie us a bob,"—or catch. "When he'd said that he bob'd off." "Whoa sud .bob in bud" such an one.

BOB-COMB. A large comb with long teeth used in securing the "bob" of hair.

BOBBY. A slang name for a policeman, which, like "Peeler," is a word monument to their originator.

BOB-INTO-CAP. A juvenile game.

BODGE. To frame awkwardly and ludicrously. "What's tuh bodging at pretha?" says a mother to a young hopeful hemming his pocket-handkerchief with a darning-needle. "Bodge" differs from "botch" in that while the latter implies more of awkwardness, the former has more of the ludicrous. A man may be "botching" in the matter of real work, but hardly "bodging" in it.

BODY. Person. Telling this boddy an' t' other body what ye nivver knaew yersen—av noa paatience wi' sich like fowk." "What a queer boddy you is,—is shuh a Met'ody ur a Ranter boddy?"—"Norther, shoo reckon's to be Church."

BOGGARD. A goblin, generally supposed to be of a sable complexion. Both this term and "Boggard-hoil," or hole, (some dark, out-of-the-way place), are used in terrifying children.

BOGGARDS. Accumulations in the nostrils of a dirty child.

BOILY. Babes food. Boiled milk with soft bread crumbled in. Boiled liquids generally.

BOKEN (pronounced *boaken*). To strain in vomiting.

BOND-MAN DAM. A dam near the "King's Mill's," which was formerly kept in repair by the tenants or "bond-men" of the farm; being bound by agreement thus to do.

BONFIRE night, is here duly observed, probably more generally and zealously than in any other part of the kingdom. In the fore-part of the day juveniles go from house to house begging "chumps" and coal, and form parties to go in quest of branches, loose rails, or fencework, and whatever becomes an inconvenience to remove is hid "till dark," when it can be brought off unseen. There is the usual amount of fireworks, fifty-sixers, and small cannon, and the "Guy," and a parkin-cake to finish up with.

In "cadging" for the coals, &c. too, we omitted to mention a "nomony" which is repeated at each house. Those who refuse the "cadgers" often experience a night of annoyance—squibs being let off through the key-hole, "jumpers" fused and introduced at the door-bottom, &c. The sale of fireworks by shopkeepers has been of late years prohibited, so the manufacture is principally home.

BONNY. A word capable of being much varied in meaning. It may have that of *pretty*, or *beautiful*; or, it may be used in the sense of largeness, or distance, as, "A bonny size;" "a bonny way."

Ironically, as, "A bonny fellow." "A bonny brute." "A bonny trick."

In the sense of *pleasing*, as in the actions of an obedient child, which are pronounced "bonny," by the mother,—pleasing to her.

Or, lastly, as an equivalent to *bad*, or *sad*, as when a great misfortune overtakes a friend, it is "a bonny job" for him. "A bonny cowl,"—A bad, or severe cold. "Ther's bonny to du;" may either mean "sad to do," or "much to do"—a great stir.

BONNY-GO. To have walked leisurely down to the station, and then found that the train had just that instant started, would be pronounced "a bonny goa." It is the *whistle* of others, who find themselves in a fix, embodied in words; and no other word, or combination of words, in the language, could convey the same meaning, and express it so well. "Rummy-go" comes near it, but this conveys too much of the ludicrous. *Go* is also generally employed for "turn." "Whoas goa is it?"—Whose turn is it? "Go in an' get thee goa;"—take your turn, as, at the wicket, in playing at cricket.

BOOGTH. Bigness or size. "Abart t' boogth o' my hand,"—or about the size of my hand. "How big wor't?"

BOOK. "Haw, nobbud t' book o' that thear stoan." "Them two barns is abart t' boogth o' one another ah think?"

BOONING (pronounced *Boining*). Aid rendered gratuitously.

BOTTOM-CLEAN. Thoroughly cleanly. "Fair bottom-clean is t' woman."

BOUD. Bold; of which word it is not a corruption.

BOUND (pronounced *bun*). Determined; resolved. "Shoo's bun a going,"—resolved upon going.

BOUT. "A poorly bout,"—an attack of illness. A man has had "a sad bout" with another man in trying to persuade

him to co-operate in some undertaking. "A drukken bout,"
—time spent in habitual drunkenness.

BOUT. Without. "Bout meit." "Noan on us is bart a
or fault."

BART.

BOW. Any kind of archway. The magnificent archway entrance to a palace, or any arcade attaching thereto, would both be bows simply, though they might be "grand bows fursüre."

BOWDY-KITE. A young person aping the manners and actions of an adult, ridiculously, to everybody but himself, is so called.

BOWL. An iron, or wooden hoop.

BOWL. To make rapid progress;—imitating the action of a "bowl," or boy's hoop. "Bowl off!"—Be off,—and that quickly. "Bowl awāay,"—Lose no time. "Went by muh barling awāay like a good un,"—Past me, running at a great speed.

BOWN. Going. "Whear's tuh barn tul?" "Am bown or hoam." "I arrant bown." "Nur I ar'n't norther

BARN. barn." The two words are not discriminated in use, though persons may get into the habit of repeating it in one form and will restrict themselves to it. The "bown" is the least refined, and is generally employed by the factory girls.

BOWT-BREAD. (Bought-bread). Baker's bread. "Hers [her family] lives o' bowt brēad." "Nobbud *bowt* brēad." For the greater part, only those who are too idle to bake, buy their bread, hence the tone of contempt with which it is spoken of, not lessened at all by the knowledge of its chalky and alummy nature.

BRACKENS. Fern

BRAID. To "net," or wash out lightly.

BRAID. To resemble. "Ye brāad o' one another—ye're sad uns to mak leet dumpiings on." "It doesn't brāad on't mich."

BRAID-ROD. A yard-stick.

BRAN. "Marrow to Bran"—a match for Bran; an allusion we cannot fathom.

BRAN or BRAND-NEW. Quite new. "A bran-new suit o' cloas."

BRANDRITH. A small iron frame with cross-bars, standing or on feet, placed on the fire for pans to rest upon.

BRANDRE. upon.

BRASH. Hedge-stubble; young hedge-wood;—generally a minglement of the two. "Ah āant time to mend that gap i't' hedge to dāay, so we'll cram it wi' brash."

BRAST, BRASTED,—past tenses. "Ower full an' it brast"—too full and it burst. "It gar hoater an' hoater an' hoater, then it brasted"—got hotter and, &c.

BRAT. A term of reproach employed towards children. Also, a long "slip," made of coarse material, worn by factory girls.

BRATCHET. An appellation bestowed upon a child in anger. "Thou young bratchet! al āather teich thee to du different ur else al see!"

BRAWNGING. One with massily-set features and a stout, fresh, country-look, is said to be "a grēat brawnging fellah."

BRAY. To cudgel; to beat with the hand. "I'll brāay thuh nobbud let muh gehr hod o' thuh, depend on't!" "If ye du brāay muh ah'll brāay yar Bob when ah gehr hod o' *him*, as sūre as am wick ah will!"

BRE. The eye-brow. "Ee-brees"—eye-brows.

BREAD-LOAF. Loaf, by itself, is seldom used. "Bring us t' brēad-loaf here!"—Bring me the loaf here. "Gee him a cut off o't' brēad-loaf, an' lehr him be off!"

BREAD-MEAL (pronounced *Brēad-meil*). Unrefined flour, used in the making of brown bread.

BREED. Breadth. "T' breed o't' rōading"—The breadth of the roadway. "T' breed 'n a yard ur soa"—About a yard in breadth. "A rare breed,—yuh could swim a faew cockle-shells on't"—alluding to the Humber.

BREK. Break. No corruption here. *Breccan*, A.S. to break.

BREET. Bright.

BREOD. Bread. Pure Saxon. Elsewhere we have sought to retain this and similar sounds in the modern form of spelling, as "Brēad."

BREOST. Breast. Pure Saxon, too.

BREWARD. The brim of a hat.

BREWEYS (pronounced *Braeweyes*). Dried oat-cakes broken into a vessel, and hot water poured upon, then strained, soaked in gravy, peppered, salted, and served as delicious morsels.

BREWSTER. If the termination *ster* was the formerly existing feminine affix to the verb (*Trench*), it appears singular that the form lives on in the term "Brewster Sessions," which are held here periodically for the granting and renewal of licenses to publicans,—singular, that is, in having such a connection.

BRIBE. A piece cut off an end or piece of cloth, being damaged, or imperfect.

BRIGG. To bridge; a bridge, as "Timble-brigg," leading to the "Temple" that was,—the ancient residence of the Knights Templars at Temple-Newsam.

BRISKIT. A part or "cut" on the side of a beast, on the belly-part of the hind-quarter; in the cooking of which, it being very thin, it is generally rolled up and boiled.

BROCK. To "sweat like a *brock*" is a common expression, and is explained in the "Whitby Glossary," as being "the cuckoo-spit insect found on green leaves in an immersion of froth."

BROTH. A phrase often used is "Ah'll blaw her broth for her," &c., or "his broth for him," signifying the intention of treating them to a scolding.

BROW. A hill.

BRUFF. An halo round the moon; considered a sign of rain.

BRUFF. Full-featured and fresh-looking.

BRUSH! The imperative "Go!" "Brush off!"—Be off.

BRUST. Burst. "Doan't cork it ower teet ur it'll brust—ye've brusted two awalready." "Whoa's brusted two?—ye've brussen 'em yersen!"

BRUSSEN'D. Full to bursting; also, to burst. A gorman-dizer before rising from table, jocularly intimates to all within hearing the fact of his being "ommast brussen'd, an' couldn't heit a bit o' moar if it were ivver soa."

BRUSSEN-GUTS. A greedy eater. "Here's another plâte-full for thuh brussen-guts! an thah gets no moar bēar i'

mind!"—speech to a "greedy barn" at dinner table. Any remarkably corpulent person bears this designation.

BRUSSELS. Bristles. "Pig-brussesles"—Hog-bristles.

BUCKET. A pail. "A bucket o' watter." Also, one of those small boats, seen at fairs, which ascend and descend continuously, one after the other, by means of simple machinery.

BUCKHUMMER. "Goa to Buckhummer!" a phrase of slight and contempt, as those—"Go to Bath!" "Go to pot," and others of local, and perhaps also of general, significance.

BUCKSTICK. A well-dressed, sprightly child, or youth. "Come hither me buckstick!"

BUFFIT. A low stool.

BULL. A word in use amongst children, and this only during a fall of snow, when they cry in concert,—

"Snaw, snaw, faster;
Bull, bull, faster;
Owd women picking geese,
Sending feathers down to Leeds."

It may possibly be a corruption of *burl*, to pour.

BULLIRAG. To "bullirag" a person, is to abuse him when the abusing party has some advantage over him. "T'owerlucker [overlooker] is a bulliragging fellah!" "He knaws am as wāake as a kitling so he starts on an' bulliregs muh." "Am noan barn to be bulliragged wi' him!" Alluding to a keen landlord looking after his rents, and not too nice in his language, the occupier says, after he has gone,—"T' gurt bullirag! ah wur nobbut behinthand a week"—but in arrears a week.

BUMMLE-BEE. A humble-bee.

BUMBLEKITE. One whose clumsiness is productive of mischief. A child runs against a table filled with crockery and overturns it: says the father, quietly looking on, "Go it bummlekite!"

BUN. Bound. "Bun him tul a stāake an' left him thear!" or "He's drukken agean, al be bun for't!" "Bun him

BAN. 'prentice." "Ah ban him fur three year."

BUNCH. To kick. "He wur bunching him reight!" "Then

he sud ha' bunched him back—ah'll bunch him nobbud let me gehr a seet on him!"—only let me get a sight of him.

BUNKUS. An expression common with juveniles. When a lot of them have been giving chase to one, the phrase "Two to one'll kill a bunkus" has gone from mouth to mouth: the meaning of which we confess ourselves unable to gather. "Bunkus," we know, in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield, means "a jack-ass."

BURL. To pour. To "burl" out tea or coffee.

BURN! An imprecation. "Burn it!" "Burn thuh!" "Burn 'em! say I." The "say I," we may just remark, is used in a different sense to what most readers will suppose,—that the word, or phrase, has been used with great reluctance. It is used as if to show what *could* be said by reason of great indignation, rather than that this may find full vent in the imprecation. We have heard those with high claims to personal piety, in moments when great wrath overcame them, give utterance to similar language, and, though aware of the crime, yet it was evidently regarded as greatly palliated by the affix "say I." "Ord" is frequently prefixed to the phrase,—*"Ord burn thuh!"*

BUTTER-FINGERED. One who can't take an heated tin or vessel out of the oven without the aid of a cloth, is pushed aside hastily, with the words, "Gehr art o't wāay butter-fingers!"

BUTTERSCOTCH. A richer kind of toffee, butter being used largely in its composition. "Real Doncaster butterscotch!"—the genuine article and no mistake.

BURYING (pronounced *Burrin*). A funeral. It is the custom to serve those who are bid in the "house" or in a neighbour's if there is not room enough, as very often happens. Wine is handed round, and a large sponge-cake given to each in a sealed packet, having printed on the outside an appropriate verse or two, even if those most concerned are unable to read them. Chairs are carried into the middle of the street and the corpse brought out, sung over, and then carried by the bearers (still singing) at a slow march to the top of the street where the hearse is waiting. Several persons have

previously been deputed as "tēa-makkers," and when the mourners return, the relatives, and those intimate friends who are invited, take tea together.

BY GOLLY! A form of oath. Used as often at the end of a sentence as in any other way. "Luke here be golly!" and when so used is always indicative of surprise. *Golly*, as a petty oath, is an Americanism, too.

BY GOW! An exclamation, or oath.

BY GUM! An oath.

BY JEGS! A petty oath.

BY THE MEGS! Juveniles invariably asseverate "By the Megs," but it is in pretty common use. "By the Megs! I'll hev hod o' thuh!" is a phrase often addressed to very juvenile delinquents.

CAAN'T. A contraction and corruption of "care not." "I cān't wha' tuh does nobbud doan't gehr intul mischief," a mother says when a child asks if it may not "go out a bit."

CAB-HOLE (pronounced *hoil*). "An' a bonny cab-hoil it wor," says a woman, alluding to the dirty state of things in a neighbour's house, where she had been visiting at.

CADGE. To beg. "Bin a cadging." "Well, hah mich hes tuh cadged—let's be knawing?"

"Cadger"—a beggar. "Tha'll ha' to turn cadger some o' thease dāays if tuh doesn't mind!" is the mother's understood rebuke to an extravagant or wasteful child.

CAFF. To break resolution; to run off a bargain. "He wur to goa wi' me to Donkester at one time bud he caff'd on't." "Thah luke's blue—is tuh caffing on't?" "Nāa, av caff'd on't long sin'."

CALEEVER. To be about mischief, or gambolling foolishly. "Nah then, wha't tuh caleevering after?" "Drop thee caleevers!"—Cease your gambols. "Minds nowt bud her caleevers." "Goa's caleevering up an' darn, an' nivver minds her wark at awal."

CALF-LICK (pronounced *caw-af-lick*). A large brow with a tuft of hair promontory fashion, is said to be "calf-licked."

CALL. To scold. "Ah gav him a good cawaling." "Tha'll

get thee cawals lad when tuh gets hoam." "Ah sal ha' to cawal meesen then, for me mother's goan art a weshing."

CALL, also, occasion. "Mun e send for him missis?" "Haw noa, ther's noa cawal for't."

CAMBRIL. The curved and notched piece of wood wherewith butchers stretch the hinder legs of the slaughtered animal in order to suspend it.

CANDLE-BARK. A cylinder-shaped tin box for candles.

CAPE. The old-fashioned juvenile collar with a "tally-ironed" border, covering the shoulders entire. The counterpart in female attire, the "tippet," in every respect like the cape, save in its being longer, reaching down to the waist, is worn yet occasionally. Both these names are in common use, but the old meaning is departing from them. Other than *cloth* "capen," and *fur* "tippets," we never hear of now.

CAPPIL. A piece of leather sewn over a hole in a shoe. "Tak' thease boits to get cappil'd at t' toas." "Bowt a pair o' second-hand boits fur six shillin', an' nowt aals 'em bud ther cappil'd at t' heels a bit."

CAPT. Surprised; astonished. "I wur capt to see him thear"—surprised. "Fair capt"—clean astonished; as at the tricks of a juggler. "I'll cap him afoar av done wi' him." "He's capt eniff awalready am thinking."

"Capping"—surprising.

To "cap" is also used in the sense of *puzzle*. "Tha'd cap a parson."

"Capper"—a puzzler. This word is used, too, in the sense of a "finishing stroke;"—something that crowns all.

"Says he,—'Tom didn't see thuh thear.'

'An' what if he didn't?' I says.

'An' I didn't see thuh thear,' he says.

'That wur likely eniff' ah teld him.

'An' thah warrant thear at awal,' says he.

'Well nah, that's a capper,' says I.'

"Hes tuh seen t' new machine Bil?" "Aye lad!"

"What's tuh think tul't?" "It's a capper!"

CAR. This and *Cow* [see] used indiscriminately. "Car thuh darn"—Kneel you down.

CARANT. A spree. "A jolly caránt, t' neet long"—A jolly spree, the night through.

CARD UP, TO. To "card up" is to separate the cinders from the ashes, and sweep the hearthstone.

CARLED PEAS (pronounced *peis*). Grey peas, steeped all night in water and fried the following day with butter. Often a substitute for marrow, or garden peas.

CASE. To beat.

CAST (pronounced *kast*). To add. "Kest up that sum." "Ah gotten it kessen." "Doan't mak a din, thees faather's kessening doesn't tuh see!"—or, adding up. "Kested it awal be mysen."

CESS. A tax. "Cess-getherer"—Tax-gatherer. "Cess'd at" so much, means rated at so much. "Ah pāay six parnd an' awal 'at comes agean it; watter-cess an' ivvrything."

CHAMP. To make a noise with the teeth in eating.

CHARK. To drink to intoxication. "He's charking"—drinking with that view. "Charked"—Drunk.

CHARGER. A dish. Not often used of earthenware.

CHATTER-WATTER. Weak tea. "Wah this *is* chatter-watter—nivver tāasted sich stuff i' my life."

CHEEK. "Can't cheek to ass him agean, av ast him so offuns." Can't face it—hasn't "brass" enough to enable him to do this. "He's a cheek fur owt"—impudence for anything. "A cheeky trick on him"—A bold trick of him. "Gee him sixpence, an' he'll ha' t' cheek to ass thuh fur a shillin."

CHEEK, also, the door-post. "Door-cheek" and "cheeks."

CHEEK AN' CHOWL. *Tête-a-tête.* "Cheek an' chowl together."

CHEER. At Christmas time it is customary with some of the publicans to purchase in a stock of game and other articles of Christmas cheer, which are raffled for, generally on the Saturday preceding the 25th, by shilling subscribers, to the number of a hundred or a hundred and fifty. This institution is called a "cheer."

CHEESE IT. A slang term, meaning "Give up." When an angry man is being subjected to annoyance, his annoyer is told snappishly to "Cheese it."

CHELTERED. Clotted, coagulated; as the blood in a slaughter-house becomes, if suffered to remain a day or two.

CHENNEL-HOIL. (*Channel-hole.*) The street gutter.

CHERRY. Ruddy. "A cherry-faace." "A cherry-cheeked bonny barn." A countryman's visage is generally described as "cherry"—"fat an' cherry-luking."

CHUCK. To toss or throw. "Chuck that bawal here." "Doan't be chucking thee stoanes at me."

CHIMLEY. Chimney. In like manner *omnibus* becomes "omäibus."

CHIST. A chest, as "Cloas-chist," "chist o' drawers." A wooden box of any kind is also styled a "chist."

CHOKE-DAMP. The foul air which gathers in a pit or colliery.

CHOMP. To chomp is to chew, where the chin is in vigorous action and at a uniform rate, as in the case of an aged toothless person.

Also to chop small, as in preparing apples for mince-pies.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS. For two or three weeks before the 25th, the principal home-feature of the working population is singing. There are few of the younger members but what take part in either vocal or instrumental music during the Christmas festivities, and this time is devoted to rehearsals. On Christmas eve the town and suburbs is alive with the music of "many voices," which continues throughout the night and far into the following day. "Christmas singers" is the name they go by: "waits" are here unknown. There are, perhaps, in these companies, to be found some of the finest voices in the country. They consist very largely of professional singers, who are, in most cases, accompanied by bass, violin, and flageolet players. We cannot imagine a more thrilling effect than some of these old melodies have as the stillness of the night is, from time to time, broken by them. The strains are almost too sweet, and while they are yet entering the ear, there is positive pain for fear they should cease as sudden as they began. Of a "Yorkshire Christmas" Washington Irving gave some characteristic details. Alluding to this minstrelsy, he says:—

"As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, when 'deep sleep falleth upon man,' I have listened with a hushed delight, and connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and good-will to mankind." When the last knell of the hour of midnight has been sounded by the last of the town's clocks, to hear that fine old hymn commencing

' Christians awake !'

burst upon the ear from a dozen well-trained voices, accompanied by stringed instruments, is grand indeed, and its music will never die away—haunting the memory, almost as fresh as ever, to the advent of another Christmas morn. On Christmas-eve the houses, as a rule, are either quite empty, or quite full of company. The supper is the chief feature. It consists of basins of furmety served out to each individual, together with a 'yule-cake' of large dimensions. This they are not expected to eat, but may stow away as they think proper. Spice-cake and cheese, together with ale or spirits, in a moderate quantity, are partaken of afterwards, and continue on the table till the company breaks up, which is generally at an early hour in the morning. The usual greetings are exchanged with the last stroke of twelve, and all join in singing right gloriously 'Christians awake!'"

The first thing to be done on the eve is to light the candle—a large mould, decked with evergreens—which is done by igniting a long piece of paper that will burn some time, for it is considered unlucky if the wick is not so as it will continue to burn after the spell has been withdrawn. Then the good housewife sees to the snuffers being carefully put away, for the luck is lost once for all if the candle is snuffed either on that or on any other night while it lasts. The length of snuff, or burnt wick, must be preserved intact till the whole of the candle is consumed; and for this reason the light is never *blown* out, for, with a strong breath, the ghost of wick would go with it; so when bed-time arrives, the wick is

carefully pressed between the tongs, when of course the flame dies out, and the tongs being cautiously opened again, all is as it should be. The "Yule-clog," as it is called, is placed upon the fire during the fore part of the evening. The ceremony of lighting it with a brand saved from the previous year's one, of putting by a fragment of it when it cools, to preserve the house from fire during the coming year, &c., is confined to the rural districts about. It is usual to dress out the house, and especially the windows, with laurel, box, fir, rosemary, holly, &c., the holly in greatest profusion, a day or two previous, and allow it to remain over New-year's day. Some of the poorer class will go a long way to procure a branch or two of berried holly to break in little sprigs and place all over the window. It is customary with the grocers on Christmas-eve to give to every customer a mould candle (called "Yule-candles"), coloured blue for the most part, which causes throughout the town an universal bustle in all the grocers shops till long after the usual hour of closing. The multitude of general provision-dealers give the usual Christmas-box of cake and cheese and a glass of gin or rum to their regular customers, who never fail of dropping in in large numbers during Christmas week. From an early hour on the following morning the juveniles are all astir. Their *modus operandi* is, to put the mouth to the key-hole of the door of those whom their "mother knaws," and bawl out their "nomony":—"Ah wish yuh a merry Kersamas, a happy new year, a pocket full o' money, an' a barril full o' beer; pleaz will yuh gi'e muh my Kersamas b-o-x!" If the duty of "letting Christmas in" has not fallen to the lot of some other individual, by pre-arrangement, which is generally the case, the lad is admitted, who brings along with him a twig or leaf of evergreen and leaves it behind him, as he is the first-comer, or "lucky-bird." He then receives bread and cheese and always money. The later comers may or may not have money given them, but he has this privilege. Upon no account whatever is a female allowed to step over the threshold *first*. A more unlucky event than this could not well be. A "lucky-bird" with red hair, might, by force

of circumstances, be allowed to enter, but a girl, or woman, never; and, chiefly for this reason, the door is kept secured till Christmas has been duly "let in." Open house is kept generally upon this day, and every one who enters has the cheese and bread, &c., placed before him and helps himself. Some of the churches, and all those in the country about, are decorated with evergreens, and the Christmas hymns are sung and chanted at the morning service. Afterwards, the customary "doles" take place. The Christmas dinner is a leading feature with the bulk of the artizan as well as with the middle-class population, and which requires several days of preparation. The plum-pudding forms, of course, the most conspicuous feature, but the days of roast-beef, as an accompaniment, are but as a shadow to what they were. The flocks of geese which are walked into the town on the preceding day are indicative of the revolution in taste. Mince-pies are, afterwards, generally partaken of, as the slaughter of pigs, too, is universal at this time.

Females make a point of obtaining a piece of spice-cake from all their friends, as their number of "happy months" depends on the different sorts of cake which they have partaken of: as the number of the one is, so, it is supposed, will be the number of the other.

CHUCK-FULL. Quite full, top full. "Wheeling a barrow
or chuck-full o' stoanes." "Fill that hoil chuck-
CHOCK-FULL. full o' sand." "Is that swill-tub empty?"
"Noa, it's chock-full."

CHUCKIES. An infantile term for the hen tribe generally.
"Goa tak thease crumbs to t' chuckies."

CHUFF. Pleasurably excited. "Hah chuff that barn is o' its
lääkings." "Ah reckon ther barn tul Ameriker." "Aye,
an' bonny an' chuff they are an' awal o' going."

CHUMP. A lump, or large piece. "A chump o' beef." "A
chump o' wood."

CHUMP. A log of wood. It is the practice of boys here to go
"a-chumping" for about a week before Bonfire-night,—
gathering large branches, railings, or anything they happen
to come across of, not being too nice about the right of
ownership.

CHUNTER. To plain incessantly.

CHURCH-YARD-COUGH. A consumptive one. "Poor boddy! he's gottan t' church-yard-cough, whoivver he is"—likely soon to be there.

CHUSE. Choose. "Which on 'em wi' tuh hev—come, chuse?"

CLACK. To hit—a gentle stroke with the open hand; a juvenile game. "Ah've geen yuh t' last clack," says a little girl to her school-companion on parting for the day,—the last hit, it being accounted unlucky in the idea of these to receive this, but lucky to give it.

CLAG. To adhere; sticky. To be "clagg'd wi' muck," is to have mud-bespattered garments. "Am fair clagg'd,"—so thirsty that the tongue adheres to the roof of the mouth for lack of moisture. "Clagg'd," in the sense of encumbered, as "clagg'd wi' barns," having them always *sticking* to her, holding on by her garments and following her about.

CLAME. To paste up, or cause to adhere. A child "clames" the white-washed wall with its dirty hands. A bill-poster "clames up" his bills.

Also to swear, or spread over,—as the pig-sty is "clamed" with mud, or bread with butter. "Doan't clame that brêad so thick; ther's another dâay to morn remember!"

CLAMM'D. Parched. "Clamm'd wi' dryness,"—Parched with thirst. "Am fair clamming."

CLAMMY. Sticky.

CLAP. To lay hold of. "Gat cowl an' it clapt tul her lungs an' shoo's nivver kessen it sin'." "Afoar he could clap hands on him, he wur off, begow! like awal that."

CLAP-CAKES. The old-fashioned fare of very poor people; made of oatmeal and water, without salt, rolled out very thin, and baked upon a "bakston'."

CLARTY. Sticky. "Goa wesh thee hands, ther fair clarty,"—sticky with dirt.

CLATTER. To beat upon the head. "Clatter his hêad weel."

CLATTER-BRAINS. A noisy, do-nothing person.

CLAW. To handle. The shambles have a bad repute because dirty Irishwomen are accustomed to go the length of them, from one end to the other, on a Saturday night, "clawing

ower ivvry bit o' meit 'at thuh can lig ther fing-ers tul: an' aw-alus claw t' meit wal ther trying to chēap it,"—and always hold the meat, or, handle it, while bantering for it. "It lukes as if it hed been clawen bonny an' weel." "Aye marry dus't; its fair clawah'd black, onnybody may see't."

CRAWK. To scratch.

CLEAN. Entirely. In general use, yet in a far less degree than here with us. "Clēan ower,"—entirely over. "Clēan gōan." "Clēan done wi'." A man takes aim at an object and knocks it "clean" from its position,—“done as clēan as a ribbin,”—as a ribbon.

CLECK. A brood. "A cleck o' chickens." "A bonny cleck on 'em." A fine (iron.) lot of them.

CLEOVE. Cleave.

CLETCH. A brood of chickens.

CLICK. To snatch. "Click that art 'n his hand." "Gee ower clicking barns." "When ther's nobbud a marthful o' brēad i't' hars ther'll be some clicking for't."

CLIM. Climb.

CLINK. A blow. "Sāay what he mud tul him, he'd noa business to clink him i' that wāay." "Catch him a clink." "There, that's a clinker."

CLOAM. To pull about. A girl goes complaining to her or mother "'at t' lads ha' bin clōaming," or "clawm-

CLAWM. ing her."

CLOGGED. Set in, as the wheels of a machine with dirt. A busy end of the town is also "clogged wi' fowk." An asthmatical person is "clogged" in the breast.

CLOISE. A field.

CLOISE-NEIVED. Greedy and selfish, close-fisted.

CLOMP. To walk heavily.

CLOT-COWD. (*Cold*). "It's clot-cowd" is said of water, which, having been hot, has stood till it has got cold again.

CLOT-STILL. To stand without moving is to stand "clot-still."

CLOUT. To inflict a blow with the open hand on the head. "Clout him maister."

Also, in the sense of *to patch*, and *cloth*, as used generally.

"Han' clout,"—hand-towel; "dish-clout,"—dish-cloth; "floor-clout."

CLUE. Whether twine or thread is wound on to anything or not, it is called "a clue." "A clue o' band,"—a ball of twine. "A clue o' threaded," or "A cotton clue,"—a bobbin of thread.

CLUMP. A lump. Going "to skoil wi' a gurt clump o' brêad i' his hand."

CLUNGY (*g* soft). Sticky. "Keep that clungy stuff awāay through me garn,"—from my gown.

CLUTHER. Cluster. "Luke at them chickens hah they cluther abart t' owd hen." "Doant cluther abart muh soa barns, ther's nowt to be flāayed on." "Cluthered awal 'n a hēap."

COBBLE. A small pleasure boat.

COBBLE. To mend or repair. "Tak thease boits to cobble." "T' doctor's cobbled her up a bit,"—repaired her health. "That chair boddom wants cobbling sadly." In sending out finished goods "to get up again," *i.e.* to improve by cutting, pressing, or steaming, &c., they are sent "to cobble," and when returned are styled "cobbles" or "cobblers."

COBBLER'S-MONDAY. A day to do nothing in. "A cobbler's Monday" is made of a day when no work is done from a disinclination to exertion. It is the practice of shoemakers (generally those who are in a small way for themselves) never to do any work (to work at their trade *i.e.*) on this day; hence the phrase.

COBBLE-STONE. A large round stone, such as is found in the coarsest description of gravel.

COBING. A large piece of coal.

COCK. To hold up. "Cock it up an' let's luke ar it,"—Hold it up and let me look at it. "Cocks his hēad as if awal t' street wur his awan."

COCKER. To pet. "Cockers him up past biding,"—Pets him beyond endurance.

COCKET. "A cocket body,"—clever for their age; said of old women.

COCKLES. Imperfections in cloth. A "cockley" place, is either because of another quality of west being inadvertently put in, or it is owing to the warp not being properly arranged on the "beam" in the process of weaving, so that the west passes over two or more threads at a time, instead of taking them singly, and what is technically called a "slack," or uneven place, is the consequence.

COCKLETY. Unsteady; having an uncertain balance. "Doant treid o' that plenk määster, its nobbud cocklety." "Put that kettle fair on t' ribs nah, an' doant lehr it be cocklety to be piked ower t' first time abody goas near t' fire."

COCK-O'T'-MIDDEN ("midden," pron. *middin*.) Master or champion for the time. Of two disputants, one "clēan cam ower t' other, an' now he's cock-o't-middin." "Dar! he dar du owt; he's cock-o't'-middin onny dāay,"—his superiority being proven.

COCK-STRIDE. A short stride. "Here he comes sither! at a cockstride,"—at a child's pace.

COCK-WEB. A cobweb.

COD. A pod. "Peiscod." "Bēanscod."

Cod, also, to deceive. "Thah's noan bown to cod me." "He's bin codding thuh awalt' while! mun, he's a rum un to cod is that chap."

Cod, also, a simpleton; one easily taken in. "T' biggest cod 'at ah ivver seed i' my life—thuh can cod him up wi' owt."

Cod, also, a lie. "Does nowt but cod,"—does nothing but lie. "Eh what a cod!"—what a lie!

CODDLE. To nurse. "He's nowt to 'plān on, he's weel coddled."

CODDY-FOAL (pron. *foil*.) A child's name for a foal.

CODGER. An artful character. "An owd codger." "He codged," or did "muh art o' that,"—me out of that.

CODLING. A simpleton. "What a codling t' fellah is." "What's tuh codling abart there at,"—What are you playing the simpleton there for.

CODNOP. A foolish fellow.

COGGLY. In an unsteady position; likely to fall. "Thah's setten that dish ont' tääble varry coggly, it'll tumble if tuh doesn't mind."

COIF-SCREED. Cap-screed, or border. *Coif* is never used separately.

COIL (*c* hard). Cool. Has exactly the sound of the first four letters in the Dutch *Koelen*, from whence we suppose it is directly derived.

COLD-PIG. Goods ordered of a merchant and then returned is "cold-pig" to him. A bit of slang, but which, nevertheless, is in serious use amongst a certain class.

COLLOGE (*g* hard). To colleague; to come together. "What's yon chaps colloging yonder for?" "Some hah ur other they gar agāat o' colloaging wi' one another, an' t' job wur soin done then." "Doan't thee colloage wi' onny sich like nah, mind that."

COLLOP. A cut from a fitch of bacon. On "Collop-Monday" (in Shrove-week), "collops" are the order of the day amongst the masses, which, along with eggs, cooked in the frying-pan, constitute the noon-tide meal. Bacon is invariably a penny or two-pence a pound dearer this week than at any other time, so great is the consumption.

COME THEE [THY] WAYS! Are terms respectively equi-

GO THEE [THY] WAYS! valent to "Come this way!"

I WENT MY WAYS. or "Come here!" "Go your

MADE MY WAYS. way!" or "Go along!" "I

went my way," or "went along;" and "made my way;" are much used, and always in this form.

CON. To read. "Conning a book,"—reading a book. "Conner,"—reader.

CONNY. Pretty. "A conny larl thing whos'ivver's shoo may be,"—A pretty little thing whosoever's she may be.

COP. To capture. "Thah hesn't bin long i' copping thee donkey Bil to dāay,"—hasn't been long in catching him in the field. "Ther's two Bobbies takking a youngster to t' hoil 'at ther've copp'd." "That big uns t' best fur copping 'em, cos he cops 'em wi' boath hands, an' then treids 'em darn wi' his heels to mak sūre on 'em."

CORNS of tobacco. Minute particles, such as generally remain in a tobacco-box when said to be "empty."

COTE (pron. *koit*). Not only applied to a pigeon-house, but also to a sty. "Pig-coit."

COTTER. "Cotter up,"—to run up, or shrink, as undamped cloth after exposure to rain.

COUCH. Kneel. "Couch thuh down honey an' sâay thee prayers."

COUK. A cinder. "Doant thrawah them couks i't' midden!"

COUK. Pluck. "Keep thee couk up lad,—ther's warse things happens at sêa."

COUK-HEAP. Cinder-heap. "Couk-getherers,"—poor people who frequent the ash-heap in mill yards to pick out the cinders for home consumption.

COUKTANS. The stomach.

COUL. To rake. "Coul that muck art o' that corner an' tak it awâay." "Mother, Tommy's goan an' spilt some o't' flar art o' t' poak an' he's yonder couling it up wi' his hands an' puhring it in agean."

COW. To kneel. "Cow'd darn i' his best breeches."

COWD. Cold. A peculiarity in the dialect is this substitution of *w* (*u* and *w* being interchangeable) for *l*. Thus, also, in "woud," or *wold*; "moud" or *mould*; "owd," "bowd," "fowd;" for *old*, *bold*, and *fold*.

Where *a* occurs between consonants there is a pretty general substitution of *e*, as *benk*, *prenk*, *shenk*, *creg*, *dreg*, *weg*, *neg*, *swegger*, *breg*, *tenk*, *lenk*, *crenk*, *spengle*; though indeed, in reality, the words may be but few, yet they are very much employed.

Another peculiarity is, when two *o*'s come together, the second *o* is changed into *i*. In this, as in all of the cases, there are exceptions. *Fool* becomes "foil," *cool*, "coil," and in the same way we have *moin*, *soin*, *broich*, *shoin* (*shoon*—shoes) *spoin*, *noin*, *roid*, *choise*, *goid*, (this word only occasionally with us Leedsers; Bradford way it is always thus pronounced) *broid*, *floid*. *Book* would no doubt fall into this category if it was a word in common use, but it is not; one may associate with a family for a long time and

never hear it. It is looked upon as an affected word, and the only occasions we have heard it used has been in connection with "t' book-stawls i't' market," when children's education formed the subject of conversation, or when a mother in an angry mood has told one of her children to "gehr a book intul his hand an' stir art o't' house if he dar," "an' tuh dar," to use her own better sounding form. Part of the exceptions we find reduce themselves to rule too, and this is the substitution of *u* for the second *o*, as *louse*, *groum* (the *o* and *u* in all these sounded as the same in *growl*) *roum*, *rouse* ("a rousing fire,") *ouze*, *rouk*. Another part exchange both *oo*'s for *ü*, or, the first for *e* and the second for *u*, as *forseuk*, *teuk*, *leuk* (look), *creuk*, *neuk*, *heuk*.

Then again, there is the changing of the first *a* after a consonant and where followed by a *u*, into *o*, as in *doughter*, *frought*, *tought*, *nought*. "Bought" in the same way is sounded *bowt*, "fought," *fowt*, "sought," *sowt*, "ought," *owt*, "nought," *nowt*, "wrought," *wrowt*.

When the vowels *ea* come together the *e* is often changed into *i*; "steal" becomes *steil*, "meal," *meil*, "deal," *deil*, "heal," *heil*, "peal," *peil*, ("Hearsta hah t' bells is peiling!") "seal," *seil*, "Teale" (a man's name), *Teile*, "weal," *weil*, "pea," *pei*, "reach," *reich*, "preach," *preich*, "teach," *teich*, "speak," *speik*, "breach," *breich*, "beach," *beich*; "bleach," *bleich*, "peach," *peich*.

Where the triplicate *one* occurs (the monosyllable "one" is *not* included) it is invariably changed for *oan* in sound; thus we have *goan*, *noan*, *t'oan* (the one), *aloan*, *stoan*, *boan*, and a great many more in this class.

Where *ew* occurs there is a peculiar sound, by which, alone, a Yorkshire West Riding man may be distinguished. The *e* has a sound made up of the *a* and *u*. Substitute *ae* for the *e*, and, we conceive, the sound is exactly hit. Thus, say "haew," for "hew;" "naew," for "new." The examples here might be very numerous.

A peculiarity which obtains very largely, however, is this. —Where *ea* or *oa* come together, the sound is broken and another syllable formed, and thus there are comparatively

few monosyllables; for "mean," is said *mēan*; for "soap," *sōap*; ("me-an and so-ap"—making a regular division, would not express the sound correctly, as the *a* has the sound of *u* in the phrase "little un,"—little one); "loaf," *lōaf*; "dean," *dēan*; "clean," *clēan*; "sea," *sēa*; "tea," *tēa*. There is a previous reference to *ea*; those words are sometimes sounded as there given; at others, according to this rule. And, generally, where there is an *o* flanked by consonants, the sound is the same, as *stoav*, *hoap*, *moap*, *choak*, *eloap*, *coap*, *moar*, *gloary*, *soart*, and in the few cases where it ends a word,—*soa*, *whoa*, *noa*, *goa*, *hoa*, *loa*; or where followed by *e*, the *a* becoming its substitute, as in "toe,"—*toa*; "woe,"—*woa*.

With very few exceptions indeed, where the vowel *a* comes between two consonants, or, a vowel (first) and a consonant, another *a* is added which makes another syllable. Thus "trade" becomes *trāade*, the full accent being given to the first *a*, and the last, in every case, having the sound of *u* in "little un," before-mentioned: "bade," *bāad*, "day," *dāay*; "nature," *nāature*, or *nāatur*; "consideration," *considerāation*; the *aa*'s being sounded as in "Aaron."

There are other changes, but less prevailing; and some of a character unworthy to be denoted, being mere barbarisms; as seen in the words (and a large class they are) "town," "noun," "out," "clout," "spout," "shout," "gout," "gown," "power," "our," "hour," "cower," "scour," "flour," "flower," "sour;" sounded *Tarn*, *narn*, *art*, *clart*, *spart*, *shart*, *gart*, *garn*, *par*, *ar*, *har*, *car*, *scar*, *flar*, *flaher*, *sar*, manifestly the product of times when people have been disposed to as little exertion as possible.

COWD FIRE. A cold fire, is one laid ready for lighting. The parlour (where there is one attached to a cottage) is seldom used but on Sundays, yet there is generally, the week through, "a cowl fire" in the grate, so that if visitors chance to arrive it may be speedily lit. Whether or no, the "cowd fire" is prepared on the Saturday for the Sunday, in the best-ordered families.

COWD PUDDING. Cold pudding. An antidote for love-

sick persons. "Can't tuh eit nowt lad!—is tuh badly ur summat?" "Badly! aye," is the response, *not* of the person addressed, "gi'e him some cowl pudding,—that's what *he* wants."

COWER. To kneel, or bend the body low. "Cower theesen darn ameng t' muck an' then tha'll be reight." "Awāy wi' thuh du t' cellar floor a bit an' doant cower ower't nah," —adding the caution on account of its dampness. "Cower tul't." Kneel to it.

COW-FOOTED boots, or shoes, are those worn down on one side.

COWK. What is left of an apple or a pear when it has been or cut down to the core. "Here's a apple for thuh doy

GOWK. —mind an' doan't heit t' cowk nah." "Carry them cowks an' apple pillings for Mrs. Smith's pig, an' if shuh offers thuh owt mind an' sāay,—noa thenk yuh Mrs. Smith, my mother said ah warrant."

COWL. A blow. "Gi'e him a cowl o't' hēad." "He's bin cowling muh fur duing nowt." To "cowl" a person's "toppin" for him, is tantamount to a threat of chastisement.

COWLADY. The lady-bird.

CRACKLIN. A small wheaten cake pricked full of holes, and baked so hard that it is necessary to soak it before it can be eaten with any comfort, consequently in great request amongst juveniles.

CRAM'LE. To creep. "Sither hah that barn's cram'lin' up them steps—we sal soin hev him wauaking."

CRAMMLE. To tread underfoot. "Spoilt his new shoin be cram'lin' 'em o't' heels."

CRANSH. To crush, with a loud, prolonged, and broken sound, as, "cranshing" a mouthful of green gooseberries, "cranshing" salt with a rolling-pin. A cart-wheel "cranshes" brittle substances as it passes over them, and the clean housewife's detestation, a cinder in the middle of the "house" floor, "cranshes" beneath the foot of the person who treads upon it.

CRAPS. When the "leaf" of a pig has been cut up and

"rendered," or boiled down, what remains are called "craps," and, when cool, are eaten at breakfast and tea.

CRAWDEN. A word in use principally confined to juveniles, and signifies a challenge to perform a feat. When a youth declares himself ready to give any of his comrades "a crawdening match," the kind of feat is selected, as, climbing a high tree, hopping on one leg up hill, adventuring across a pond by a straight cut, thus, taking deep, as well as shallow places; walking, without support, upon a rail, or anything else of a similar nature; and he who climbs the highest, hops farthest, goes the greatest distance across the pond, or the greatest distance upon the rail, is said to be the "crawdener," and the defeated (all those who have accepted his challenge) "crawdened." Feats of a more dangerous nature are perhaps the most commonly practised, such as "steeple-chasing it" over the garden-fence and about the grounds belonging to some irritable character.

CREE, TO. When the wheat [*See FRUMITY*] is first brought from the mill, it is put into a clean bag and beaten with a wooden pin, at the top of the cellar steps, to be nice in our statement. Then it is put in a pan over the fire to undergo the "creeing" or seething process, by which means the grain softens and increases in bulk. To prepare it for sale, flour is mixed up with it, and when the "creeing" process is finished, the contents of the pan are poured or ladled into basins. When cool, the masses are taken out of the basins, intact, to be piled one upon another, like a mountain of jelly-cakes, in the window, ready for sale. By using flour in the composition, a saving of full three-fourths of the grain is effected; but there are still people who adhere to the ancient and more honest fashion of sending out basins of "creed wheat," and nothing but wheat, which, when prepared, "is frumity, an' nut flour porridge, an' goas a good deal farther."

CREGG'D. When the neck has become stiff and aches from having had it bent in one direction for any length of time it is "cregg'd."

CREEL. A wooden framework, extending from rafter to rafter, whereon "have" or oat-cakes are hung to dry.

CRIB. A child's bed, without posts, and generally with side and foot-boards.

CRIMPLE. To crimp. Sometimes called "nipping," because where the breadth of muslin was narrow the "crimple" was made by means of a penknife and the thumb, between them both gathering and nipping it into its requisite form.

CRIVVIN. A crevice. "What's t' määster abart missis?" —"Nāa, he's nobbud pläästering some o't' crivvins up a bit i't' stääble."

CROB. To "crob" over a person is to tyrannize over him.

CROMP. To crop grass or herbage. It implies more of the sound or noise, made by the horse's mouth, than of the act itself.

CRONK. A starvling child, or any cold-dreading person "sits cronking by t' fire t' dāay through," or whenever they have an opportunity.

Cronk, also, to squat on the haunches as gipsy and other croncs do while enjoying their pipe of tobacco.

Cronk, also, to perch. "Gotten cronked up thear."

CROODLE. To crouch. "Luke how shoo's croodlin' up her shouthers." "Croodlin' afear t' fire." "Let's croodle up i't' corner, so as daddy weant see us."

CROSS-PATCH. A peevish child.

CROW. Having "a crow to pluck" with one, is to have to call them to account for something. "Come thee here young määster, av a crawah to pluck wi' thee."

CROWLER. The large double-shafted roller, used by farmers to break up the clods, causing the earth to fall about the roots of the young corn and other produce.

CROWN of the causeway. The middle of the causeway. A mother admonishes her little child, whom she is despatching upon an errand, to "mind an' keep to t' crown o't' corser."

CROWN, PLAYING. Playing truant. "Can mak nowt on him; it's nut a bit o' üse sending him to skoil fur he'll play t' crown if ah du."

CROZIL. The "smutty" or smallest particles of coal, fused together by intense heat, forming large cakes of metal-like substance "blob'd" over, and generally the colour of blue

steel. "Burnt tul a crozil," said of anything much burnt, and of this black-blue colour, as a toast.

CRUDDLE. To huddle.

Also, to congeal, as milk, when turning sour.

CRUKE. A hook nail.

CUDDLE. To embrace.

CUMBERLY. Taking up a deal of room. A bedstead in the "house" is "varry gāan [convenient] bud varry cumberly yuh see."

CUNNING. Sometimes used as *sagacious* as, "a cunning dog."

CURCHY. Curtsey. "Mind an' mak thee curchies nah, an' lehr 'em see at thah hesn't bin browt up i' a wilderness."

CUSHY. A cow. Infantile terms.

CUSHY-COW.

GUT YOUR LUCKY! When a mother has "gotten t' barns donn'd" ready for school, and at the moment of departure they have no time to spare, she opens the door for them and bids them "cut" their "lucky!" Or when, coming in from marketing, she finds a troop of other children in the house with her own, she says to these, with an attempt at mildness, but nevertheless with anger—"Come cut your lucky awal on yer!" A thief, having escaped the officers, "cuts his lucky," up street and down street, to an hiding-place. A person having stayed too long in a neighbour's house, jumps up on a sudden and declares that she must "cut her lucky."—"Bud I mun be cutting my lucky." "Cut thee lucky!—ah'll ha' nowt to du wi' thuh," says a father to a child, feigning a disregard of it.

DAB. A clever person. "He'll beat thee if tuh doesn't luke rarn'd t' corners sharp, fur he's a bit of a dab thah mun knawah."

DAB. A hit. "Dabb'd him o't' cheek."

DAB-HAND. A "dab-hand" at his business or occupation, is an expert hand. One juvenile will boast to another that they have "nowt bud dab-hands i' their shop."

DACITY. Capacity, suitability for any position. "It ad be t' makkin on him, bud yuh see he's noa dacity for't"—for the

situation in allusion. "No dacity fur nowt; he's good to nowt."

DAFFLED. Bewildered, sense-confused. A countryman walking down the main street of a town on a Saturday night when the shop windows were blazing with gas and the roadway entirely thronged with people would be "daffled."

DAFT. Dull of apprehension; one "not altogether there."

DAG. A sharp thrust with a stick. "A dagging pāen," is an acute pain.

DAISED. A joint of meat, or a loaf, too quickly roasted, or baked, and burnt, is "daised," and "badly done" in consequence.

DAKER-HEN. The landrail.

DAL! A petty oath. "Dal it! whoad a thowt it."

DALL'D. Wearied. "Fair'd dawal'd out"—wearied out. "This is dawaling wark"—wearisome work.

DAMMER. We have heard lads employ this word in such phrases as,—“Let's goa fotch dammer Smith.” “He's goan wi' dammer Giles to bāad.” “Hol-low! dammer, come here wi' thuh.” “Whear's tuh barn dammer?” but though aware of its being a Scotch term for a minor, yet we cannot pretend to say whether it is really used here in that sense. At all events, there is not a sea of difference in the respective use of the terms. [See too, **JAMMER**].

DANDER. To shake. “T' house fair dander'd agean as thuh went by”—a troop or two of cavalry, *e.g.*, at a gallop, with their guns and ammunition waggons. “Gi'e ower dander-ing there ur thah'll dander t' hoil to bits!”—a very necessary caution to young hopefuls, in these days of half-inch floor planks, infinitesimal window-frames, and brick-thick walls. Also, temper. “His dander's up,”—*i.e.* He shows his temper. “Lay him alōan ur he'll be dander'd sharp.”—Let him alone or he'll show his temper quick.

DANDLES. An ill-conditioned, mismanaging, dawdling female. “As arrant a dandles as iver I sawah.”

DATELESS. Confused and stupified by concurrent circumstances, good or bad. “Muddled,” and not knowing how to act for the moment.

DAUB. To besmear. A painter's apprentice begins his professional career by "daubing spouts and sich like;" since it is tacitly taken for granted that he can do nothing but besmear decently at the outset.

DAUBY. Anything sticky. "What's that?" "Gum."
"Then it al be dauaby then,"—implying that they don't feel inclined to meddle with it.

DAUNCH. Over-particular.

DAWDY. One showily, though slatternly, dress'd. "Nobbut luke at her how shoo's dawadied out." "A bonny dawady."

DEAD-HORSE. To pay for work done before-hand, is to cause the workman to be working upon the "dēad-horse." If a tailor had to receive an order for two coats, and getting one done by a certain time, had to take it home, and received pay for them both, he would have a "dēad horse" to work on when he got back again.

DEAF-NUTS. Nuts without kernel.

DEATH. Used often for deaf. "A dēath an' dumb lad."

DEATH-LOUSE. A *white* louse, is so called, and is regarded as a sign of death to the person upon whom it is found.

DEBATE. To consider. "Ah wur just debāating whether to goa ur noa."

DEE. To dye. "Dēer,"—Dyer.

DEED. Doings. "Ther's bin sad deed." "Wōaful deed."
"Bonny deed." "Ther'll be deed eniff afore it's ower it's doubtful."

DEG. To sprinkle. Sprinkling linen previous to ironing it, is called "degging" it. "Come, gehr agāate an' sweep that floor, an' mind an' deg it weel first."

DEEPNESS. Is generally used for depth. "Its a rare deepness is that hoil."

DELF-LEDGE. A large square wooden frame, fitted up on the kitchen wall, shelved, and furnished with thick roller supports at intervals, within which the delf-ware is arranged in tasteful order. They are now very rarely made, but are still to be seen in many houses, and are generally of oak.

DELVE. To bulge; to dig. Used, also, in the sense of appli-

cation. To be "awalus delving at it," is to be always at work.

DENG. To hit, or throw down, violently.

DERBYSHIRE NECK. Those necks having an incurable swelling, a malformation in some cases, are so called.

DEW or DUE. "A shabby dew," says a man who has had twopence given him for getting a waggon-load of coals in. "A fairish dew," says another who has got a shilling and a lot of victuals away with him for the same. "A pock-arr'd dew,"—being defeated in one's object; come off the worst, and after a sorry fashion. It will be seen that these examples do not carry the shade of meaning "due" does in standard usage.

DEYL. Deal,—pine-timber. Dutch *deyl*.

DIB. Dip. "Mother, this bread does tãaste dry." "Dib it i't milk then an' hod thee noise." "Dibbing an' brëad."—[See DIBBING].

DIBBING, or, perhaps *dipping*, of which it may be a corruption. —Melted fat, into which bread is dipped, strewn over with salt, and, of course, eaten.

DICKEY. A loose front.

DICKEY. "It's dickey wi' him,"—all up with him. One observes to another wishing himself dead:—"It al be dickey wi' thuh soin eniff lad wi'art wishing for't." It is "dickey" with one who is made bankrupt; with those who come off worst in anything, &c. A phrase as old as the time of the second or third Richard, is a suggestion we have come across.

DICKY-BIRD. A louse.

DIDDLE. To deceive, or cheat. "Diddled muh art o' sixpence." "He's a rum un to diddle." "Doan't goa diddle t' poor fellah,—ah sud'nt like it mesen."

DILLYALLS. The "appointments" more elegant than useful, in a gentleman's residence.

DILLY-DALLY. To idle; to procrastinate. "Tha'll be dilly-dallying wal it al be ower lãate an' then,"—will be procrastinating, &c. "Doan't be dilly-dallying thee time awãay thear."

DIN. Noise. "Goa upstairs an' fotch my stuff garn darn an' doan't mak a din—t' babby's asleep." "Could yuh hear him weel whear ye sat?" "Wah nāa; he didn't mak mich din i' tawaking,"—spoke low, or with little noise.

DING-UP. To "ding-up," is to exercise an unfair advantage by laying hold of the past and faulty deeds of a person and making them tell against him; making them a cause of reproach.

DITHER. To shake. "Sich an unēarthly din, it fair māade muh dither agean." "Dither'd an' sheuk as if shoo wur tum'ling to bits."

'DIZEN. To bedizen. "'Dizened out to t' height on't." "Wah barn, tha'll hev hauf o't' town at thee tāal thah's 'dizened out so grand,"—will form an object of special attraction as she passes along the streets. "Bedizened" is used mostly in contempt,—“Went strutting abart bedizened like a Tom Foil.”

DIZZY. Perhaps the diminutive of the obsolete word *dizzard*. It is confined entirely to juveniles.—“What a dizzy [*i.e.* simpleton] he is.”

DOCKEN. The dock plant. Supposed to be efficacious in removing the sting of nettles, by the side of which they are found growing. Children rub the affected place, repeating their “nomony” the while—two or three lines which we cannot word exactly, but differing not much, if any, from the form pretty well known.

DODGING. “Awlus dodging at it.”—Always at work. “Dodging abart all t' dāay through.”—At work all the day through. “Dodged till am tired.”—Worked till I'm tired.

DOFFEN. Doffed. “Doffen his coit off; he mēans wark ah see.”

DOFFING. Undressing.

DOG-CHECKS. Those small triangular-shaped pieces of earthenware, with feet, upon the apex of several of which, vessels are placed to bake by the potter. Children use them as substitutes for “checks” occasionally, though what is meant by the prefix we know not.

DOG-DAISIES. Wild chamomiles.

or

DOG-STINKERS.

DOGGREL. A mischievous boy.

DOG-NAUPER. A church beadle.

• **DOG-ROGUE.** Term applied to a mischievous juvenile.

DOLE. A donation. In some of the rural churches, as that of Addle, there is the "dole" of bread to the poor of the parish after the morning's service, provided by the interest of monies left for the purpose by some good old church-going Christian of yore.

DOLLOP. A large quantity, or number, of anything.

DOLLY-CLOUTS. Doll-clothes.

DOLLYMAWKIN. A giddy girl.

DONDY. A vulgar, gaudily-dressed female.

DONK. Damp.

DONNING. Dressing.

DOUBLER. A small earthenware bowl, used for making flesh pies or "family pies" as they are called, and for other purposes: may be seen to advantage, in any cook-shop window. "Sell'd him up, doubler, dish, an' spoin."—An auction sale of the "entire effects."

DOUBT. (Spoken grievingly). To believe. "He's a bad rascal." "Ah doubt it,"—believe it, or have good reason to believe it. "He's kill'd hizsel wi' t at t' last hahivver" (alluding to an intemperate man). "Aye, av offuns doubted it,"—offens had reason to believe that he would.

DOUCH. Dainty of appetite. "As douch ower thee bit o' meit as if thah *wor* somebody."

DOVVEN. In a dozing condition. "Bin hersleep hes tuh?" "Noa, noan't I; on a bit of a dovven that's awal."

DOWLY. Dull. "A dowly dāay." "He's bin as yuh muh sāay dowly like fur a week an' better, an' we've thowt awal along 'at summut mun be t' smatter wi' him." "Can't tuh come hoam a bit soiner thinks tuh Tom, it's so dowly sitting i't' house be mesen theas long neets?"

DOY. A name of endearment for a child. "Come to me doyl!"

DOZZEN'D. Persons are "dozzened" when they have a

shrunken, old appearance;—"when ther've *pined in*." An apple is "dozzened" when it is dry and withered.

DRABBLED. Plastered with mud by trailing, or "drabbling" along the ground.

'D'RAT. A much-used imprecation. "Drat the barn! he's bown to tummle i't' fire;" which, if spun out to its real length, would, of course, be "God's wrath alight upon the child," &c.

DRAGGLE-TAIL. A child is a "little draggle-tāal," when, after being missing for several hours, it returns "regg'd as a sheep, an' lost i' muck,"—having torn its garments and besplashed and dirtied itself greatly.

DRAPE. A cow not with calf, and giving no milk.

DREE. Slow, tedious. "Du gehr on wi' thee wark—how dree thou art." "It's a long dree läan," or "loin."

DRIBS AN' DRABS. "Ye'd better mak sūre on 'em wal ye've t' chonce, it's awal 'at we can du to gehr 'em be dribs an' drabs," says the dealer to a customer in respect of an article; meaning that no large quantity of it can be had by them at one time, but have to take them as they can get them.

DRINK. Ale. "Nobbud hed a pint o' drink for a week." "Awāay wi' thuh fotch a quāate o' drink an' mind an' doan't slap onny on't." "Which is t' better sleck,—drink ur watter?"—Which is best for slaking the thirst,—ale or water?

DRINKING. There are three meanings attached to this word, apart from the ordinary one.

First.—Tea. "Am bown hoam to get my drinking,"—to get my tea.

Second.—Luncheon. "Gehring his fornoin drinking" or luncheon, called also "*drinks*,"—"Gehring his drinks." And,

Third.—When a man is on the "rant" [*see RANT*], or becoming intoxicated in a public-house, he is said to be "drinking." "He's bin drinking yonder awalt' dāay an' nāather his poor wife nur barns a bit o' shoe to the'r foit."

DROOSE. To drowse.

DEOT! An imprecation. Is seldomer used than *Drat!* and

carries a greater amount of emphasis with it. It would be "*Drat*" the child, for wandering from home, but "*Drot*" the gipsy, who stole it. It is generally softened down by "say I."—"Drot that man! say I;" very different indeed from "I say," of which it might be deemed a transposition.

DRUB. To beat. "Gee him a good drubbing." "Drub at him määster."

DRUND. To drown.

DROWNDING THE MILLER. When too much water has been put into a bowl of flour, it is called "drowning t' miller," and more flour is required.

DU. "A bonny du thuh wor." "What a du ther is." "This is a du an' no mistak." "A sad du." "Goa farther off if ther's bowu to be a du at t' end on't." "Du" may either mean tumult, or it may mean a sad event, as in the fourth example. "A reg'lar du thuh wor atween 'em"—a battle-royal, in words or deeds.

DUBBING. A preparation of oil and tallow, employed in softening the leather of boots and shoes.

DUBS. A discount in the matter of marbles. When or marbles are won, after the unfortunate juvenile

DUBBINGS. has been "scragged"—his pockets or bag entirely emptied, or at any time when he chooses to give up playing, one out of every three won from him is counted back into his hand and given him. If they are won a second time, one out of every six, "dubs out o' dubs," and so on, doubling the proportion every time, till "scragged up," when the winner, if he is a generous one, will give the loser one back "for good luck," which the latter spits upon and pockets.

All this can be avoided by special agreement. "Ah'll lāak thuh at sets an' noa dubs."

DUCKY-STONES. Large flat pebbles found amongst gravel, used in the game of "Duck and Drake."

DUDS. Shoes, and sometimes clothes. "Don thee duds."

DUFFER. One who gives in; who lacks pluck; one who does not abide by his word; he who rues at a compact, but rues with half a will. "A duffer" is one who is not hard to be

persuaded to consent to anything, but whose weather-cock will always veers round in the opposite direction just in time to mar everybody else's expectations but their own and those who know them; announcing this their determination generally in a whisper, and with such a pleasant aspect of countenance, and so smooth a tongue, that the disappointed always think themselves fools for their pains and—nothing more; for “duffers” are so highly varnished, that there is no getting to see what *their* skin is like. They say “fail,” but it is always to themselves.

DULE. The devil.

DULLARD. A thick or dull-headed person.

DUMB-FOUNDER'D. Astonished and perplexed. A person goes into a machine-room in full work for the first time in his life, and is at once “dumb-founded” by the novelty of the scene, the intricacy of the movements, and the medley of noises. “Barn, ah wur fair dumb-founded.”

DUMPS. “I’t dumps,”—sulkily melancholy. “I’t dumps t’ dāay through.” “Shoo’l come rarnd nobbud lehr her alōan.” “Noan shoo; shuh’s dumpy be nāatur.”

DUNNOCK. A hedge sparrow.

or

DICKY DUNNOCK.

DUST. A quarrel. “A bonny dust atween ’em.” “He’s as sūre to kick up a dust if he goas, as sūre as owt.” The last sense may be figurative, but in the word’s common use is not merely so, being from the Suio-Gothic *dust*, a tumult.

DUTCH. Language that can’t be understood, affected or otherwise, is “Dutch” to the listener. “Nāa barn, thah tawaks Dutch, ah can’t understand thuh.” A man goes to a lecture, which happens to be of a technical character, and being asked upon his return how he liked it, says,—“Wah it mād a body feel as gaumless as a fleg, fur it wur Dutch to muh.”

DUTCH CONCERT. A confused noise, as the laughing and crying of children mingled, is so called.

DWINE. To pine away. “Dwined awāay wal ther wur nowt left on him.”

DYKE. A ditch, or pool of water. “Dykey weather” is the result of an abundance of rain. “To dyke,”—to ditch.

DYKE-WATTER. "Going as fast as dyke-watter," said of one in a fast decline. "Sich as him gen'ally goas as fast as dyke-watter when thuh du goa."

EAL. *Earl* is thus pronounced. After the same manner *early* or is pronounced "eorly" or "ēa'ly;" *earn*, "eorn," or

EORL. "ēa'n;" *earnest*, "eornest," or "ēa'nest;" *earth*, "eorth," or "ēa'th;" *learn*, "leorn," or lēa'n;" and where *ea* comes together they break into syllables generally.

EALING. Anything reclining, or at an angle, as the "ēaling," or roof, of an house.

EASEN. The eaves. "Easing drops"—drops of water from the eaves after rain.

EAVEN-HANDS. To complete a bargain with nothing to boot or on either side, is to do it "eaven" or

EVVEN-HANDS. "evven-hands." To be *even* with a person, too, is to be "at evven-hands wi' him."

ECKLE. To aim, intend. "He eckles o' going ah reckon"—aims in going. "What's tuh eckling after now like?"—What are your intentions now, then?

E'EN FAIR FALL. A very common expression with not a very clear meaning. If a man has a bad master, *e.g.*, which causes him to quit him and go to another, if this one proves a still worse, he says to a companion, or neighbour,— "E'en fair fall t' owd un onny dāay"—meaning, that his old master was better to work for than his new one. "T' owd shop" is kept by one man, and "t' new un" by another, "just started." A woman goes to the new one in hopes of cheapening her purchases, but finding it to her loss to go there, she says,— "E'en fair fall t' owd shop, al goa thear no more"—she will go to the new shop no more.

EGG. To incite; to urge. "He'll egg him on till he'll be duing him an injury." "Ah sudn't ha' done it bud he egg'd muh to du it." "Egging him on tul't"—Urging him on to it.

EHR (E as the first *e* in *feather*). Get. In very common use, and generally as the first word in a sentence. "Darn, Boxer! [speaking to a dog] ehr hōamy"—Down, Boxer!

get home. "Mother, will yuh gi'e us a horp'ny to buy summat wi'?" "An' me anawal mother." "An' me anawal mother," cry other children in succession. "Ehr awāay art wi' yuh awal! ye'd weary a growing tree!" angrily responds the mother. "Ehr off wi' thuh, an' doan't lig thuh darn by t' rōad"—Get off with you, and don't lay yourself down by the way, *i.e.*, make haste back.

ELEKAR. A vinegar made from beer.

ELLER. An alder-tree.

ENCHOR. The chape of a buckle.

END-IRONS. The iron side-plates within the fire-grate, serving an economical purpose.

ENDWAYS. "Come hither endwāays honey"—Come forwards, or, make haste.

ENOW. Soon; by and by. "Daddy, my mother wants yuh." "Tell her I'll come enow." "Is tuh bown yonder, then, Tom?" "Enow." "Ah'll send t' lot on 'em enow; thuh can't come just yet a bit."

ESH. Ash. And so "*eshler*" for ashlar,—smooth-hewn stone. "An *eshler*-wauall,"—a wall of that description. "A lot o' eshes."—A lot of ash-trees.

EXPECT. Oftens takes the place of "suppose." "Ah expect ye're barn yonder to-morn John?" "Wah yes, ah think ah sal; bud if it rāans ah expect ye'll put it off?" "Aye, we'll noan goa if it wets onny."

FAD. To deceive in talking; to flatter. "Started on an' teld muh a long paddynoddy abart what he ūse to du when he wur thear, bud ah expect he wur fadding muh." "He'll fad onnyboddy fur a pint o' āal."

FAFF. To blow without violence; agitating the air gently, as with a fan. A person "faffs" the chaff from wheat as he turns it over in his hands.

FAIRY-PIPES. Little short-stemmed clay pipes, with a larger bowl than usual, found in digging. Old tobacco-pipes simply, though as to how they came there, and why peculiar to the North here, are questions not easy of solution.

FAR END. "At t' far end,"—a phrase much employed. "Poot

DYKE-WATTER. "Going as fast as dyke-watter," said of one in a fast decline. "Sich as him gen'ally goas as fast as dyke-watter when thuh du goa."

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FAR END. "At t' far end,"—a phrase much employed. "Poor

Tom's sinking fast; he's ommast at t' far end poor fellah." "Ah've bidden it long bud ah sahn't bide it mich long-er,—he's ommast gotten to t' far end." "He'd a matter o' fifty parnd to start wi', bud he's abart at t' far end wi't by t' lukes o' things."

FAIRINGS. Gifts of money, or presents of nuts and brandy-snap at the fair-time. It is usual to bestow "fairings" at this time as it is to bestow Christmas-boxes.

FAIRISH. Decent. "A fairish sort on a boddy be awal accarnts." A person is also "fairish," or pretty well, in health.

FANTECKLES. Yellow brown freckles upon the skin.

FARRANT. Well-seeming and well-behaved. "A farrantly boddy,"—An agreeable individual every way, both in person and manners.

FASH. A staid and knowing child is spoken of as being "an owd fash."—"Shoo's a reight owd fash is that." "Doan't fash theesen,"—Don't be in too great a hurry, or, again,—Don't overwork yourself.

FAT. In any juvenile game where a marked-out ring is employed, as in the games of "piggy" and "ringy," if the "piggy" in the one case, or the marble in the other, falls, rolls, or is hit within the ring at all, it is said to be "fat."

FATE (pronounced *fāat*) *p. t.* of Fight. "Hes tuh ivver fotten that kiddy Bil?" "Aye, ah faat him t' last week."

FATTY-CAKES. Cakes with "kneading" in them, *i.e.* [knead in with] lard, or dripping, oven-baked and served to tea or breakfast. This made sort of cake dispenses with the use of butter, and "issant so grēasy like d' yuh see."

FEASTS. The feast days, or "tides" as called elsewhere, are days of jollity. It is at these times that friends from a distance arrive, and long absent relatives contrive to meet together again. The amusements outside are various—sack-racing, boat-racing, horse-racing, donkey-racing, with the usual spectacles, penny shows and what not, common at fair-time. The quantity of beef consumed this week averages at least twice as much as in any other. The quantity of red cabbages for pickling brought into the market at this time too is enormous. As on the fair days, the afternoons of the *feast-days* are made generally an holiday.

FEEL. Smell. "A nasty feel."

FEGS. Used asseveratively. "By my fegs." "By my fegs! lad, I'll hev hed on thuh." "Wi' tuh du it?" "Weant E? By my fegs, lad, tha'll see."

FELL. To fell, is to knock down, being in constant use as a metaphor; not wanting in vigour either in one of its phases, for a man not only fells an ox when it is hide-whole, but fells a crop of it when roasted. A hearty eater is "a rare feller."

FELTERED. Entangled. "T' wheel gar hod 'n his brat an' felter'd an' draew him, an' poor barn! he wur cutten to bits."

FEND. To provide; to employ one's self. "Ah soin fand art 'at he couldn't fend for hizzel mich more fur two on us." "Astead o' cronking thear, gehr up an' fend abart,"—assist in the work of the house. "He's noa fend in him,"—no action in him; too indolent for anything.

FENKILL. An angle, or winding-pathway. We have never heard the word ourselves, but it exists, and this is the definition.

FET. Satisfy; suit. "Nowt ad fet him bud he mud goa." "He'd ha' fetten muh grandly nobbud he'd 'a' bin a bit bigger."

FETTLE-ON. "Nah then, fettle on,"—make a beginning. "Fetling-on i' earnest,"—beginning in earnest.

FETTLE. To clean; in good trim. "Fettle up them fire-irons agean I come back,"—Clean up those fire-irons before I come back. "A rare fettler,"—A good cleaner. "Ah'll goa fettle mysen up a bit." "Ah wur off i't' country yesterder an' ah slept as sound as a top last neet, soa 'at am i' good fettle fur my wark to-däay."

It also has a third meaning, and one in very common use. "I'll fettle him off fur this,"—meaning, I'll serve hm out for this, or, be even with him. A convincing argument is "a fettler." A good pass upon a person, in word or act, is declared "a fettler" too. "Th'art a bonny fettler, ar'n't tuh nah?"—a form of speech not at all captivating to young ears. We may be pardoned for quoting a fragment of an old ballad which rings in our ears; illustrating one of the meanings:—

“ ‘One shoote now I will shoote,’ quoth John,
 ‘ With Christ his might and mayne ;
 I’ll make yon’d fellow that flyes soe fast,
 To stopp he shall be fayne !’
 “Then John bent up his long bende-bowe
 And fetteled him to shoote.”

Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.

A very common threat towards a juvenile is to “fettle his jacket for him.”

FEUD. A cause of quarrel. “There’s a feud atween ’em an’ hes bin fur a long time back.”

FEW. “A few broth.” This incongruous term must have originated from the practice of boiling pieces of meat in the pan (which of course makes the broth). It is usual to serve up the broth with some of these pieces of meat, so that it would be difficult to frame a grammatical sentence in an invitation to partake thereof; therefore the somewhat ingenious plan of implying the one thing and still recognizing the presence of the other—the liquid, has been adopted. It is customary too upon all occasions, to “sop” or break bread into the vessels before serving out the broth, and the phrase, amongst the poorer classes, is generally “a sup o’ broth,” (or “broath,” as pronounced) before the bread is in, and a “faew” of the same afterwards, so that the proprietorship of this grammatical bull may be vested in those whom, as a rule, we all think “ought to know better.” Boiled milk with bread broken into it is an article of common diet here, and after the bread has been broken into the larger vessel and the milk poured on, we have heard “a few” asked for, but never *before* the bread was put in, which would be accounted ridiculous;—the *sops* or broken bread are, in short, meant. The phrase “a faew peis sowp” [peas soup] we have heard too on different occasions.

FEY. To clear. “Fey that rubbish awāy.” “Begun feying Manston Pit Hill,” at such a date, is an entry in the diary of a pitman. “Mind an’ ha’ t’ house fey’d up agean I

- come back," a mother admonishes her child. "Feying an' fettling to t' head on't."—Up to the neck in house work.
- FEYING-IN-RAKE.** A rake used by farmers in gathering stubble and manure together, and in spreading the latter.
- FICK.** Is the same as the *feek* of the West of England, signifying to make use of the feet when under restraint, both being from the Old Norse *fika*, to fidget; as a child in arms, an intoxicated man on the ground, or a pig when laid on the block of a butcher.
- FIGGING.** Busy about nothing; more careful of other people's business than one's own, and of attending to trifles than to one's round of duties. "Running figging abart an' me slāaving at it t' week in an't' week art an' *niver* owt else." "Shoo can du nowt bud fig; that's *her* āaling missis."
- FILE.** A cunning or knowing person; also, one mischievous and impudent; also a humourous character. "A deep owd file." "A young file,—up to awal soarts o' tricks." "A jolly file."
- FIMBLE.** To fumble.
- FIN.** To find. Probably from another source than this its Saxon equivalent. There is the Gothic *finna*.
- FIREPOINT.** A poker.
- FITTINGEST.** Most fitting. "T' fittingest thing 'at could be done for him I'll warrant."
- FITTLED-ALE.** Ale mixed with spirits, then warmed, and sweetened.
- FIZZER.** A first rate article of any kind is said to be "a fizzer." A word of general commendation. Anything done in good style is "fizzingly done;" a piece of good news is "fizzing!" "Mak a fizzing job on't nah!"—Make a good, or first-rate, job of it.
- FLACKER.** To flutter, or tremble. "Flack" is also a word we have heard used, but its proper sphere is further north. "My leg flacks with pain,"—i.e., feels to pulsate internally.
- FLAG, TO** To grow weary. "What! flagging on't benow!"—weary by this time! "Reckons o' wawaking all t'

twenty mile,—am telling him he'll fleg afoar he's gotten t' horf ower."

FLAIN (pronounced *flāan*). Frightened. "Flāan t' poor barn ommast art 'n his wits!" "Nobbud wants sticking up tul—he's soin flāan mun!"

FLAMBERGASTED. In a state of extreme surprise. "Sither bud here Tom; ther's Bill Jenkins here comed back agean—dash my buttons! ah wur fair flambergasted when ah clapt me ee's on him—worn't ah Bill?" "Ne'er wur soa flambergasted, niver."

FLAP. Lap. "Coit-flap,"—coat-lap.

FLARE-UP. A quarrel. "Ah wur yonder yester-neet, an' we'd a bonny flare-up."

FLAWPS. An awkward, slovenly female.

FLAY. Frighten. "He ommast flāayed muh to dēath!" "Flāay that dog awāay!" "Flāayn out o' his wits!" "Th'art fleying him agean then!" "Flay'd o' bin freeten'd!"—a jocular phrase, but not with "Pudsey Joe," a well-known character formerly, not "altogether there," who once, when he had got half-way over Monkton Ferry, said to the ferryman, in his own quick way of speaking,—“Oh! tun back tun back lad, I'se flaad o' bin freeten'd!”

FLAY-BOGGLE. A figure fastened to a stick and set up in a garden to frighten or “flay” the birds away. Also, a ridiculously and oddly-dressed person, calculated to frighten children.

FLAY-CROW (pronounced *Flāay-crawah*). A scare-crow. Also, anyone dressed ridiculously, of a repulsive appearance, or very dirty in appearance,—all these carry the epithet.

FLECK-COMB. A hair comb, with large teeth—an ordinary one.

FLECKED. Spotted.

FLEE-BE-SKY. A female who dresses ridiculously. Also one who fusses upon errands with but a trivial motive. A child who is running off upon a message before the mother has finished imparting the instructions, is checked by her calling out,—“Nah flee-be-sky! whear's tuh barn tul?”

FLEET. Skimmed. “Fleet milk,”—Skimmed milk.

FLICK. A flitch of bacon. "Went art an' browt a flick back wi' him!" "Hah 'r' yuh selling yuhr flick missia?"

FLIGG'D. Fledged. "'Thuh wur a nest o' spadgers i't' low cloise hedge last week, bud when ah cam by thear this for-noin, thuh wur awal fligg'd an' flown.'" "Fligg'd and flown" is a figure much used.

FLIPE. The brim of a hat.

FLIPPERTY-FLOP. An awkward person in fine clothes.

FLIT. To remove. "Māad a moinleet flit on't,"—removed during the night-time to another residence, in order to escape creditors. "Flitting,"—removing.

FLOGS DOLL. An ejaculatory phrase much used. "Well,

FLOGS T' DOLL. this flogs t' doll, hahivver,"—says a man, in amazement, upon meeting with a friend whom he had not seen for a long time, in a postman's red coat.

FLOPING. Coming it with a dash, but with an implication of the ridiculous; also, flirting, with the same sense. A girl with bonnet trimmings of gay flying ribbons has it "trimm'd i' a floaping wāay," while, minus her bonnet, "shoo goas floaping abart, here, there, an' ivvrywhear," mixing in every sort of company.

FLOS. A giddy, impudent female. "What a flossy dolly shoo is." "Nah then flos! where's tuh swinging tul?"

FLOUGHTER. To bewilder by excitement. Alluding to a shop-keeper who weighs half-a-stone of flour instead of a stone, for a customer, the latter, remarking it to a neighbour, says,—“Poor body! shoo's hed a mint o' trouble lääately, an' shoo's ēasy flouhter'd.” “His maister an' him's hed a faew words, an' he's sadly flouhter'd.”

FLUMMAX'D. Stunned by disappointment.

FLUMMERY. Oatmeal boiled in water till it is thick and viscid.

FLY-BOATS. The swing-boats seen at feasts and fairs.

FOIST. Smelling of mould. Also, in the sense of “palm.” “Ye're nut going to foist that onto me; doan't think it māaster.”

Also, in the sense of bitter, brackish.

FOLK-LORE. In respect of warnings, and signs of future

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FOLK-LORE. In respect of warnings, and signs of future

events, and the usual belief in things "lucky" and things "unlucky"—in this branch of folk-lore we have no cause at all to hide our "diminished heads," albeit there isn't much of novelty. Though we are far from thinking that these superstitions take root at all in this or in any town, they being, along with a great many words, country imports, yet, a descent of one generation, or perhaps of several, sufficiently establishes their right to be regarded as an embodiment of their inner life; they are naturalised by a grand law, and become as much, and of right, citizen words and citizen beliefs, as if they had been of native growth. Much indeed of what we infer as characteristic of towns has had its origin at a much later date, and however "townish" the phrase (whatever it may be) may look, it has, in reality, a less established hold than have these acknowledged imports of which we speak.

First, then,—It is about the unluckiest thing which can well befall a mortal this side the stars, to break a looking-glass, for it is a sure prognostic of family death; "Ad rāther thad done owt nah as that!" we have known a woman say to her child, to whom this misfortune had happened, weeping the while, in sheer expectation of what was to come. To break a salt-cellar, or pot, is accounted, too, a certain omen of impending misfortune even by those who do not credit other common superstitions. When a loaf is laid the wrong side up, it is a saying that "the devil's in the house." A rather amusing superstition prevails in respect of a cow or a pig. It is unlucky either to set a price on or bid a price for them, for if this is done the animals are sure to die; and, believe it or not, reader, we have known several such coincidences. A woman bid eighteen pounds for a cow while her husband was absent, and obtained it. When he came home, he found it to his liking, a fine, healthy-looking animal; but when she told him what she had *bid*, and given for it, he said,—"Wah it'll dee as sūre as thah's bowt it;" when, sure enough, immediately after, it did die. "Ah teld thuh it ad dee thah sees," the husband said to her then. When

a man wants to buy a pig, his line of conversation runs somewhat in this style:—

"What'll yuh tak fur that māaster?"

"Hah mich will yuh gie?"

"Nāay, what will yuh tak?"

"Two pun' ten."

"Ah weant gi'e that."

"Then hah mich will yuh?"

"Ye ass ower mich."

"Well, what'll yuh gi'e?"

"It issant worth horf as mich!"

"Well, hah mich will yuh give?—come, sāay the it's tuppence I'll consider on't!"

"Ah can gehr a fatter fur thirty shillin', nah then"

"Nāay ye can't. Bud come, ah'll tell yuh what al yuh,—al tak two pun seven-an'-six!"

Man walks away in disgust, saying as he goes,—“I can't gehr a plumper nur that fur two pun' barring horf-a-crarn, al ha' nowt for't."

"Hey thear! come back!—what d'yuh sāay to two pun' for't?"

Man returning,—

"Here wi' 't! an' gi'e ust' price 'n a roape art on't to tak it hoam."

When the teeth are wide apart, it is the sign of being rich at a future time, or, according to another interpretation, of travel. To mend clothes or "rags" on a person's back is to have him or her ill-spoken of. If two wash in the same water, they will quarrel before going to bed. There is a superstition called "Clock-fa" is that if a woman enter a house after church, the house-clock will

But a woman would never think of doing so, under any circumstances. If the cock crows before the door, a stranger may be expected; and if it crows at midnight, a death. When a hen crows like a cock, it is said that a death in the family will follow, an occurrence followed by such a "coincidence," to our personal knowledge, more than once. There

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are characters too, here and there, who are supposed to have an "evil" eye, and whom it is unlucky to meet before breakfast, that is, before breaking the fast—a mouthful of bread serving the purpose equally well. One character to whom such an eye is imputed, we know well; and certainly she has the queerest formed eyes, and most remarkable look about the eyes that we ever saw. She happens to be an awfully wicked old creature too. The neighbour who meets her thus early always looks for bad luck throughout the day. When the eye-brows meet, it is a lucky sign, as the person will never know trouble. It is a popular belief that a person can't die on a feather bed. We know of one or two in a dying state who were removed from their beds upon this account, and being laid upon the floor, died, of course, "nat'rally." It is thought, too, that a child cannot die if the mother is longing for or wishing it to live. The notion of pain in the child, is also attached, as the phrase in such a case would be, that "it couldn't die easy." We heard a curious story lately, which we feel inclined to fit in here. It appears that the notion or superstition—call it what you will (but don't forget the phenomena connected with the science of mesmerism), of a mother's deep feelings having influence over her children, is not confined to the bodily state of existence of the child. If she frets and pines after the child after it is dead, it is said that it cannot rest, and, it is believed, that it will come back to earth again. The narrator of the following is a person in whom we should be slow to expect anything opposed to common sense, veracity, and honour. She was the mother of the child alluded to. We give it in our own words.

The child had recently died. The mother was ironing clothes one winter's evening, and in the house with her was her husband and her eldest son, when a knock was heard at the door. Said the husband, "There's somebody knocking at t' door!" to which his wife replied, "Then go see who it is;" whereupon the son went, but, after looking well out into the rainy night, shut the door, saying there was nobody. The mother said she was sure that somebody knocked, and

went herself, and looking out, saw a little child pacing the causeway in front of the door. "It's our Willy!" she exclaimed. "Let him come in then," said the husband. According to her statement he had been seen by her once before, after his death, so that neither of them were astounded at what was then taking place. (The child, who had much of a gentle nature, died at nine years of age). "Willy lad! come in!" she cried out; so the child came in, dressed, as she said, in a white, or light-coloured garment, and she set him the little chair, which he had used as his own, by the fire-side, and proceeded to take off his wet shoes, and reached down another pair which belonged to him that were hung up beneath the rafter. "Mother," he said, looking most earnestly at the clock, "I've nobbut a quarter of an hour to stop!" and he kept his eyes fixed on the clock all the time he stayed. She asked him questions, amongst others, if it was a nice place where he was, to which he replied, with an emphatic movement of the head, "It is that!" When the clock hand neared the quarter he said,— "Now mother, put me shoes on," which she did, and as the hand lay full on the quarter, he vanished, and she saw no more of him then. A short time after she was occupying her chamber at the period of her confinement, and he entered the room, with eyes deeply sunken, as if with much weeping, and face pale and worn. He approached the bed and said,—"Mother, I can't rest if you will go on fretting." She replied, "Well lad, I wean't fret onny more." He then looked upon the bed and said,— "Let's luke at it, mother!" She turned down the coverlets and let him look at her new-born babe. "It'll du," he said, and vanished. This is the account.

When the furniture of the house cracks it is regarded as a sign of death. Children are early warned never to rock the cradle when the baby is not in it, or, they are told, it will die. A strange dog following you is deemed lucky. It is unlucky to give a knife or a pair of scissors to a friend, as the friendship will be cut thereby. When a bed-sick person is very lively it is a bad omen, as their death may be speedily

looked for. If a person's hair, when thrown into the fire, blazes instantly, he or she will live long; but if it smudges away, or for any length of time, they will die soon: the sooner it blazes, the longer the life. A young woman will put the poker into the fire and give it a stir to test (as she would tell you) the humour of her lover (absent or present); if it blazes high and brilliant he is in a good humour, and *vice versâ*. Children are cautioned never to walk backwards way upon being sent on errands, as it is "unlucky." There is the usual antipathy to odd numbers. A child is easily persuaded to give away a marble to make "even." Those coins are "lucky" which are crooked or have holes in them; in the latter case, and being of silver, are generally suspended to the watch chain, and it is no uncommon sight to see a man with half-a-dozen of these coins preserved after this fashion, and dangling from his fob. When persons have much superfluous hair on the arms and hands, they will be rich. For a married woman's apron to fall off is a sign that something is coming to vex her; but when the apron of an unmarried female falls off, there is nothing surer than that she is thinking about her sweetheart. The seventh son in a family, no females intervening, is always sure to be "a doctor" (*see Note*, p. 304). When a white hare crosses your path, or is seen, it is a certain forerunner of death. When *one* crow is seen, it is a sign of bad luck; *two*, of good luck; *three*, of death; and *four*, of a wedding. Juveniles upon desecrating any, repeat, with would-be furious gestures, the words or rhymes,—

"Craw, craw, gehr art o' me seet!

'r else al kill thee fatther an' mother to neet!"

sufficiently indicating a belief in the unlucky character of this bird. When the sole of the foot tickles, you are about to go over strange ground; when the nose tickles, you are going to be vexed; if your right ear tickles, you are being praised, while if your left tickles, you are being abused; and if the palm of the hand tickles, you will receive money shortly. Upon the appearance of a rainbow, juveniles get two pieces

of stick and place them cross-wise, when, as they imagine, the rainbow will disappear. If you stumble up-stairs it is the sign of a wedding. If the woman's ring falls off on the day of marriage, the couple wedded will be parted afterwards. A friend of ours remarked, that in two instances he had known of such a coincidence: the ring fell off upon the wedding-day, and the couple were afterwards parted, and are living in this condition at the present time. In one of the cases, when the ring dropped off, while they were yet in church, the mother and daughter fell a-crying, knowing (as they believed) what would happen. It is unlucky to lay a loaf of bread upon its side, and of course unlucky to spill salt, as you have got to shed as many tears as there are grains spilt, but if it be scraped up with a knife and thrown over the shoulder the effect will be nullified. Children have a form of verse which they repeat upon seeing the full moon, which may be construed into an acknowledgement of its lucky influence, for we find them, in the implication thereof, congratulating themselves upon their birth,—

“I see the moon and the moon sees me,
God bless the parson that baptized me!”

Upon first seeing the new moon, if a young man kisses the first fair maid he meets with, and without speaking before, he will receive a gift (which would be, no doubt, a pretty smart box on the ear). In the same way, if a maiden kisses the first young man she meets on this occasion, without speaking, *she* will receive a gift (which, we have little doubt of, would be a return of the compliment, if she was any bit like). When a coin has been given, or come, somewhat unexpectedly, it is spit upon “for luck” before it goes into the pocket. If two persons are seen to yawn one after the other, it is said that the one who yawned last bears no malice towards the one who yawned first.

There are many expedients resorted to by young women in order to dream about their future husbands, in the way of “charms.” Here are two or three of them *a la récipé*.—

Take a blade-bone of mutton, stick it full of pins, and put it under your pillow, going backwards-way to bed, or,—

Kill a pigeon, take out its heart, and stick that full of pins, and put it under the pillow, going backwards-way to bed, or,—

Take as many herrings as there are persons (servants generally perform these feats in company), throw them into the fire and roast them very dry, then eat them, skin, bones, and all, go backwards-way to bed, each and all, and the man who is to be the sweetheart of anyone, will bring the one water in her dream.

These and other observances, as those on the eves of St. Mark and St. Agnes, are regarded yet, but, hereabouts, are necessarily on the wane. The din and bustle of town life is ill-calculated to foster that regard and attention which these things, to sustain a vigorous existence, demand.

There is lore of a different kind, in the narrative form, not a whit behind the legendary chronicles, manufactured to order, or judiciously kept in stock, of the dark ages—not a whit behind these in the marvellous; a fragment of which may serve as a sample, resembling in a tolerable degree the career of that worthy individual Mr. Tam O'Shanter, with the difference of its being a production of the memory, and not of the imagination simply, so they say,—the veritable rider of the would-be rival of Tam's Meg, being to be seen plodding along the macadamized roads of life yet, but, be it said to his sense of duty, a better Tam than he was before.

Our Tam was a bit "nizzled" too, or somewhat "the worse for liquor," as the phrase goes. He had been at a distance, spending a convivial night amongst certain of his friends, and was upon his return journey. The wind blew pretty stiff, as well as keen, and aided the now felt effects of the bottle, so that he could'nt make that direct and speedy progress which the condition of his shivering estate, and the lateness of the hour rendered desirable. He became irritated, and increasingly so, giving vent to numerous oaths, for which he had heretofore acquired a notoriety, ending, in his wishing "to the devil he could ride home," adding, vehem-

mently, "he didn't care what it was that he rode on, if it was the devil himself, only he did ride!" The words were hardly out of his mouth when he found a fine, stately horse quivering besides him, piercing the dark with the flash of its eyes. He reeled towards it, and, with an oath, began to mount, but he might have spared himself this trouble even, for he found himself lifted on, as if by magic,—raised up and planted on the horse's back by somebody, but who he couldn't make out, nor had he time to conjecture, for, in an instant, it wheeled about, and in a contrary direction away they flew, across fields and ditches as if blown on by the mightiest hurricane that ever coursed across the face of a planet; and he found, to his horror, as they winged along, that his steed had been metamorphosed and was without head or tail! Away they flew, by gates and trees, by haystack, steeple, and hill, Tam and his headless horse, with a devil-groom on each side maybe, to take care of the infernal beast, till even the stupid and mazed sense of his condition failed him, and he neither saw or knew anything more till he found himself with the morning sun anent him letting fall its beams across the mouth of an old coal-pit, a foot or two from where he lay, mangled and bruised, as if he had been tossed up, with more roughness than respect, out of its black depths.

There is folk-lore, too, of a consonant but less recognized character, in the shape of stories relating to individuals holding through life a dark intercourse with the Father of Darkness, selling their souls upon certain conditions; teeming, of course, with strange sights and mysterious doings during life-time, and full of the clank of chains, tumbling hearses, and empty coffins at death; but all this, we, too, shall steer clear of, but not without a parting disclaimer against the fashion of unbelief (as if it were the only remedy!) in everything which has set up a barrier against our weak-handed reason, with its scaly vision. We are not of those who don't believe in an inhabited city because we can't see through its stone walls, nor yet, we humbly opine, amongst the too credulous; we have an affection and a degree

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Take as many herrings as there are persons (servants generally perform these feats in company), throw them into the fire and roast them very dry, then eat them, skin, bones, and all, go backwards-way to bed, each and all, and the man who is to be the sweetheart of anyone, will bring the one water in her dream.

These and other observances, as those on the eves of St. Mark and St. Agnes, are regarded yet, but, hereabouts, are necessarily on the wane. The din and bustle of town life is ill-calculated to foster that regard and attention which these things, to sustain a vigorous existence, demand.

There is lore of a different kind, in the narrative form, not a whit behind the legendary chronicles, manufactured to order, or judiciously kept in stock, of the dark ages—not a whit behind these in the marvellous; a fragment of which may serve as a sample, resembling in a tolerable degree the career of that worthy individual Mr. Tam O'Shanter, with the difference of its being a production of the memory, and not of the imagination simply, so they say,—the veritable rider of the would-be rival of Tam's Meg, being to be seen plodding along the macadamized roads of life yet, but, be it said to his sense of duty, a better Tam than he was before.

Our Tam was a bit "nizzled" too, or somewhat "the worse for liquor," as the phrase goes. He had been at a distance, spending a convivial night amongst certain of his friends, and was upon his return journey. The wind blew pretty stiff, as well as keen, and aided the now felt effects of the bottle, so that he could'nt make that direct and speedy progress which the condition of his shivering estate, and the lateness of the hour rendered desirable. He became irritated, and increasingly so, giving vent to numerous oaths, for which he had heretofore acquired a notoriety, ending, in his wishing "to the devil he could ride home," adding, vehem-

mently, "he didn't care what it was that he rode on, if it was the devil himself, only he did ride!" The words were hardly out of his mouth when he found a fine, stately horse quivering besides him, piercing the dark with the flash of its eyes. He reeled towards it, and, with an oath, began to mount, but he might have spared himself this trouble even, for he found himself lifted on, as if by magic,—raised up and planted on the horse's back by somebody, but who he couldn't make out, nor had he time to conjecture, for, in an instant, it wheeled about, and in a contrary direction away they flew, across fields and ditches as if blown on by the mightiest hurricane that ever coursed across the face of a planet; and he found, to his horror, as they winged along, that his steed had been metamorphosed and was without head or tail! Away they flew, by gates and trees, by haystack, steeple, and hill, Tam and his headless horse, with a devil-groom on each side maybe, to take care of the infernal beast, till even the stupid and mazed sense of his condition failed him, and he neither saw or knew anything more till he found himself with the morning sun anent him letting fall its beams across the mouth of an old coal-pit, a foot or two from where he lay, mangled and bruised, as if he had been tossed up, with more roughness than respect, out of its black depths.

There is folk-lore, too, of a consonant but less recognized character, in the shape of stories relating to individuals holding through life a dark intercourse with the Father of Darkness, selling their souls upon certain conditions; teeming, of course, with strange sights and mysterious doings during life-time, and full of the clank of chains, tumbling hearses, and empty coffins at death; but all this, we, too, shall steer clear of, but not without a parting disclaimer against the fashion of unbelief (as if it were the only remedy!) in everything which has set up a barrier against our weak-handed reason, with its scaly vision. We are not of those who don't believe in an inhabited city because we can't see through its stone walls, nor yet, we humbly opine, amongst the too credulous; we have an affection and a degree

of reverence towards the mass of old superstitions, and remnants of tradition, which have fluttered down from days remote, instead of perishing as they perished, to lodge in the nooks and crannies of our own, yet, we go no farther,—in common parlance, we don't believe in them; but reject everything, and play the fool with our senses, we don't.

Note.—It is somewhat curious that in the French provinces there exists a belief of a similar kind (See "*Folk-Lore*"—*Extracts from "Notes and Queries,"* p. 59): that the seventh son of a family (no females intervening) is a "marcon," and has the power of curing the king's evil.

In this volume, too, we notice, under the head "Orkney Charms" (p. 62), the following:—

"Tooth-ache is by the country-people called 'The worm,' from a notion they have that this painful affection is caused by a worm in the tooth or jaw-bone;" and then particulars of the process or charm used to cure them are given.

We think that the existence of worms in the jaws, which cause such a pain as that of tooth-ache, is no mere notion. One individual of our acquaintance had a belief in these wormy tenants, and he used to eject them, and cure himself for the time being, by the following process:—

He placed upon a fire-shovel a few hot cinders in a heap, sprinkled a little hen-bane seed over, and then covered them with a basin. In five minutes he removed the basin, which, inside, had an appearance as if it had been rubbed over with sooty lard. Pouring hot water into it, he spread over the top a piece of muslin, and opening his mouth, caught the steam as it ascended, and in very little time several diminutive, white, maggoty-looking things dropped out and wriggled about on the cloth, and he declared himself at once relieved.

FOLLAN'T. Literally *followen it*—followed it. "Ah follan't awal ower." One of a large class. Thus, instead of a man saying that he had "stuck it," he would say that he had "stuckan't." "Whoas stucken this knife point in here?" "Ahve stuckan't mysel." Instead of the rain having wet it all over, "its wettan't awal ower." "Hes tuh scräapan't

- [scraped the] muck offan't [literally *offen the*] doorstans? "Goan an' muckan't [*mucken it*—dirtied it] awal ower!" "Whoas scrubban't?"—that is, "Who's scrubben" or, 'scrubbed it!' "Weshan't," or, *weshen it*, for 'washed it;' "killan't," or, *killen it*, for 'killed it;' "hottan't" or, *hurten it*, for 'hurt it;' "slappan't," or, *slappen it*, for 'slapped it;' "muggan't," or, *muggen it*, for 'mugged,' or, 'beat it;' "sweepan't," or, *sweepen it*, for 'swept it;' "boxan't," or, *boxen it*, for 'boxed it;' "lovan't," or, *loven it*, for 'loved it;' "sungan't," or, *sungen it*, for 'sung it;' "splettan't," or, *spletten it*, for 'split it;' "fannan't, or, *founden it*, for 'found it;' and thus "suppan't" (*suppen it*), "drunkan't," "swallan't," "loupan't," "swillan't," "walkan't," "runnan't," "claiman't" [*claim*, to plaster with dirt]; "flungan't," "huggan't," "samman't," "feelan't," "smooran't," "choakan't," "fellan't," "tossan't," "firean't," "loisean't," [*losen it*] "hoatan't," "nāalan't," "teeman't," "screwan't," "crushan't," "liggan't," "liftan't," "lowan't," "stretchan't," "poolan't," [*pullen it*], "sendan't," "hoppan't," "squarean't," "roundan't," "flāadan't," "cronkan't" [cron—to peak], "fillan't," "emptyan't," "hun-geran't," [*hungeren it*], "tullan't," "byan't," (both these prepositions) "smashan't," and a large number (probably all in use) of other verbs are so treated. The list of a few past tenses given under the head "SHORTEN,"—all have the termination *an't*, and are perhaps so used more frequently than in the form given there.
- FOND. Foolish. "Doan't tawak so fond, pretha!" "T' fondest fellah ah ivver clapt me ees on—ah think fursüre it's fonder an' fonder at he gets ivvry dāay!" A mother checks or rebukes her child by calling out, "Now fondy!"
- FONDLING. A fool.
- FORE-ANENT. "Anent" and "Anenst" have oftenest the meaning of besides, side by side; and *oppo-*
- FORE-ANENST. *sit*e (a meaning which those words sometimes have) is more accurately rendered "fore-anent," or "fore-anenst." Soldiers march "anent" or abreast of each other, but the officer in command "fore-anent" them, or opposite in front.

FORGE, KIRKSTALL, merits a brief notice. Its antiquity is almost coeval with that of the Abbey, and is the most ancient place of its kind in the kingdom, having been there established in the twelfth century. There was a "slitting-mill" (slitting iron for nails) added during the latter half of the seventeenth century. The Forge is in a wood by the side of the Aire.

To take one's stand in the middle of Woodhouse Moor on a still night, and listen to the clinking of the forge-hammers over the hills in the valley beyond, the ponderous strokes of which are by the distance softened down as to be but like the laboured breaths of some Titan reposing in the dusk vale, and knowing the situation of the Forge and something of its hoary associations, will bring the finger-touch of sadness as well as many another thing.

FOUL. To contaminate in any way. "Keep thee hands off o' that pāant an' doan't goa foul it."

FRAM. Fragile; easily broken.

FRAME. To set about. "Tha'll frāame to du nowt, th'art boan idle." "Come frāame theesen!" "Frāame an' get t' dinner ready!" "He's noa frāame in him at awal,"—no energy, no notion or sense of action. "Nah come, frāamation thear!"—go about your business right; be active.

FRAP. Anger. "Frappy,"—angry. "Nāay barn, doan't be frappy abart it!"

FRIG-FROG-FRA. A juvenile game.

FROG-LOUP, A juvenile game.

F'ROU'T I KNAW. Contr.—For ought I know. A phrase of such constant occurrence that we give it a place here. Ask a person a question, and instead of saying "yes," he or she will, in nine cases out of ten, say, "F'rou't I knawah." Eight of the cases, we have no doubt, would be cases of bad humour.

FROW. A female of disreputable character.

FRETISH'D. Starved to death. "What 'n a rawah cowl ēast wind ther is; am ommast fretished."

FRUMITY. Wheat creed [*See CREED*], and made into porridge, (being boiled in milk), which, when sweetened and spiced, forms the principal feature of the Christmas-eve's supper.

It is customary for the corn-millers to give to their customers, the retail flour-dealers, a portion of wheat on St. Thomas's day. More, however, is purchased by the latter, who, in their turn, either sell it, or give it away to their own customers. In country places, not far distant, it is the practice of the poor people to go round to the farmers with a clean pillow-case (bearing the name only because it is made like one), to beg corn on this day (the 21st of December).

FRUMPY. Cross-grained. "A frumpy sort o' boddy."
"Frumpyish,"—applied to one whose temper is uncertain.

To frump, also, to rebuke angrily. "Nah then fond un! goa t' reight wāay abart thee wark!" "Well, yuh needn't frump soa then," is the sullen rejoinder.

FRUTTER'S-THURSDAY. (In Shrove-week). So called from the custom of baking "frutterses," or fritters, for dinner on that day. They are about one-fourth the size of pancakes, are thicker, and have an abundance of currants in.

FRYING-PAN FIELDS. The name which some fields near Woodkirk have borne for a many generations. The story is, that one of the Soothills, of Soothill, being enraged at a lad who had offended him some way, threw him into a burning chaldron, or furnace, and that afterwards, by way of expiation, endowed the priory cell of Woodkirk [see "HULLOT"] with the lands which bear this name. In the burial ground of "Woodkirk Church," is a plain stone, too, which bears the name of "Frying-pan-stone," and has done for generations back. Either it must have come out of the lands above alluded to, or it is commemorative of the deed recorded.

There is another version of this story. It is said that this Sir Thomas Soothill murdered a boy, by throwing him into the forge dam; and, as compensation for his deed, gave to the parish church of Dewsbury (several miles distant from Leeds), its great bell. There is an ancient practice with regard to this (but whether it has any connection with that event does not seem to be known); which consists in ringing it at midnight on Christmas-eve. It is then locally known as "The devil's passing bell."

FUDDLE. To "fuddle" a man, is to ply him with liquor; a practice resorted to by unprincipled salesmen with cloth-buyers. "Fuddled," the worse for liquor.

FUFFY. Light and spongy, as pastry.

FULLOCK. That movement of the hand so called in the game of marbles, and which being considered an unfair action, has come to designate any unfair action, among juveniles principally, but who, of course, will not leave the word *entirely* behind them as they advance in years. "Thah's noan bown to fullock it through me,"—too wide awake to allow himself to be cheated.

FUN. Found. "Fun a shilling." "Ah fan one mesen t' last

FAN. week." "Fand that yonder." These forms are not

FAND. much of corruptions. We have heard "fund" (Grmn. *fund*, to have discovered), too, used for "found," but such an use is only occasional, and principally confined to children. "Fande" is old enough.

FUNK. To fear undertaking any task; to give way: both senses employed with regard to either man or beast.

FUR. The indurated sediment found in tea-kettles.

FUSTY. Musty; mouldy. "A fusty smell wi't,"—as books, or clothes, when brought out to daylight, after having been stowed away in an out-of-the-way place for a length of time.

FUZZBALL. A puff-ball. "Bräayed t' poor fellah's hēad till it wur as soft as a fuzbawal."

GAB. "Hod thee gab,"—Hold your tongue. "Plenty o' gab wi' her,"—plenty of talk. "Doant gab soa,"—doan't talk so, or make such a noise. Danish, *Gab*.

GABBLE-RATCHET. A noisy child gets this name.

GABBLE-RATCHES. Night birds, whose notes are supposed to be ominous of death. We have never seen them ourselves nor do we know of any one who ever did see them, but they are none the less real, whether the deaths which we have known to follow the night cries of these birds (after the long interval of years between their re-appearance) be mere "coincidences" or not. They often perch on the gable-ends of houses, hence the prefix; though they congregate and pass,

singing, over the house or neighbourhood, in the night-time, where a death may be looked for; "singing," we say; but the noise made by them is more like the noise made by a litter of young whelps in the absence of the dame, when they don't happen to be asleep.

GABY. A simpleton.

GAF. An employer, over-looker, or the head of a house-

GAFFER. hold.

GAGE. Wager. "Al gāage my watch agean thine on't onny dāay!"

GAILY. *Adj.* "Howsta du lad?" "Haw, gāaly, gāaly!"—pretty well. "A gāay lot on 'em,"—A very fair number of them. "T' owd man [who is on the sick list] issant so gāay as he wor yesterder,"—not so lively. "Nah lad, how is tuh?" "Haw, gāay eniff furt' times," happening just then to be out of work and receiving parish pay.

GAIN (pronounced *gāan*). Near. "It's as gāan one wāay ast' other." "Gāaner be a mile,"—Nearer by a mile. "Gāan at hand,"—Near at hand. "It's a good dēal gāaner for muh to goa t' other wāay."

GALLEY-BAUK. A beam, forming part of a weaver's loom.

GALLIMAWFREY. Any confused medley of things. "What a gallimawafrey thah's māade on't!"

GALLING. Goading; annoying. "Nowt no war gawalling to one's sen an' that." "Its fair gawalling am sūre; bin five times an' nowt tul't,"—been five times and nothing to it. "Gawall'd past biding wi' 't."

GALLIO-LIKE. Used with reference to a rash action, or heedless procedure. "Bown, Gallio-like, to destruction an' ruin." Evidently an allusion to the Gallio who "cared for none of these things," (*Acts* xviii., 17). The compound is thoroughly established, as men who never open their bibles use it.

GALLOWES (pronounced *Gallas*). Any notoriously bad character is "a gallas," whom "nowt al sarve bud henging." The word is very frequently applied to unruly offspring by parents.

GALLOWSES (pronounced *Gallahsis*). Braces.

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GALLOWSES (pronounced *Gallahsis*). Braces.

GAM-LEGGED. A "gam-legged" person is one whose **GAMMY.** legs are crooked,—styled also, sometimes,

"gammy legg'd." "Gammy" is also used in a general sense;—a queer dispositioned, an eccentric-actioned person, is a "gammy fellah," or crooked, as we suppose the meaning is. *Game*, for mockery, and sport, is also pronounced "Gam." "Gam-keeper." "A gammy walker." "A gammy neck" (when stiff). The supposed derivation of the former from the British *cam* is not very clear.

GAMMET. "Geen her t' gammet,"—given her the back-word.

GANG (pron. *Geng*.) A set, or complete number, as "A geng o' cawaf's feet," a set of calf's feet.

GAPE, TO (pronounced *Gāape*). To shout loudly.

GAPESORMAN. A staring, unmannerly person.

GARTH. A barrel, or bucket-hoop.

GARTH. In the west of England this word is used for "field."

Here, however, it means a field that was, but which is now devoted to other purposes than cultivation, as a "stack-garth,"—a piece of enclosed ground where hay, corn, &c., is stacked; and "brick-garth,"—a field, or ground, where bricks are made; though in the time of Thoresby it is evident that "garth" did mean a field, hereabouts, as, in describing the situation of a certain building, he says that it was near the "Alm's-House Garth."

GATE. Way. "Art o' me gāat!"—Out of my way! "Awlus i't' gāate."—Always in the way.

GATERDS. "Goa thee gāaterds."—Go your ways. "Bown gāterds,"—going homewards.

GAUKER. One who stares vacantly, is contemptibly spoken of as "a gauaker." "A fond gauaking fellah!" "What's he gauaking at does tuh think?"

GAUM. "He tak's noa gaum o' what onnybody says tul

GAUMLESS. him,"—hasn't the sense to take heed of what anybody says to him. "He's noa gaum,"—no understanding. "Thar't gaumless lad! mun thar't noan worth thee salt, mich more thee keep!" A person dead drunk is always spoken of as "gaumless."

GAUP. To gape, or stare, or both together, as a countryman

does at chapel on the Sunday when "their Johnny," his "tallented" son,—a local-preacher, occupies the pulpit.

GAUVEY. A simpleton. "A country gauavey."

GAUVING. A "gauving" person, is one staring, and awkward in manner. "Come here wi' thuh, thah's bown to Miss Pinch's; nah just thee mind an' du as thah sud du, an' doan't be gauaving an' staring abart thuh, as if thad niver seen owt i' thee life afoar!"

GAUVISON. One in whom the sense of understanding is thick and who is apt to frame his actions accordingly; a dunce. "Come here thou gurt gauavison an' let *me* see if ah can't hammer it intul thuh."

GAVELOCK. An iron crow or lever.

GAWK. To stare; to act without purpose. "A fond, gawking fellah,—pretha who is he?" "Went gawking abart an' duing nowt awalt' blessed morning!"

GAWKY. Left-handed. "That chap's gawky." In the or game of "Knor and spell," it is said that such

GAWKSHIRE. an one plays "gawkshire,"—plays to his left.

GAWKY. Awkward. "A gurt gawky fellah!"

GEAR. A ragged gown and other articles of a like stamp, bundled together, is "gear," or "garment," ready for the ragman. "Sich gear!—I've noa patience wi' sich like fowk!"

GEAR. A complete outfit is sometimes spoken of by this term; at other times but a portion is implied. "Horse-gear," may either mean the trappings complete of a horse, or only a portion. "Head-gear," a cap and bonnet together are often so styled. "Mill-gear,"—machine-straps, &c., in a mill. "Out o' gear,"—out of repair.

GEARMENT. (*Sing. and Plur.*) Rubbish; any worthless thing or object.

GEEN. Given. "Ah've geen him that thear!" "Thah's thoiled it hes tuh!—what's he geen thuh back then—owt?" "Nowt; ah didn't want nowt geeing." "Haw."

GEHR. Get. "Gehr awāay hoam wi' thuh, its gehring on to t' edge o' dark!"—twilight is so called. "Ah gar hod

~~+~~ GAR. on't by t' tāal an' pool'd it in." "It's time some on

GER. yer gar up—ye'll be sleeping yuhr senses awāay t'

next naews," or news. "Ger off—doan't goa agean it."
 "Gor" is the refined form of the word, and carries a good deal of affectation with it, so is not much used, comparatively.

GELSTICK. A "primstick."

GELT. Barren. Applied to the lower animals.

GESS. Grass. (Restricted to the rural places about.) "Gess-field,"—a grass-field. The "Village Blacksmith" had an ancient animal upon which he went to his different preaching stations, though not for dispatch, for he was never in the habit of trotting it. Putting up at a friend's at one time, he went into the stable, as he always did, to look after his horse, and addressing a juvenile member of the family who was with him, said,—“Now my lad, thou mun tak care o' that hoss, for it's the Lord's, an' it weant eit no hāay soa thah mun gee it some gess.”

GETS. The use of this word as a plural noun is common. "T' moast gets,"—the largest share. "Them 'at hes t' moast gets sal hev 't."—Those who get most shall have it. "Ther's short gets at this job,"—trifling gain. "He needn't clever it ower a chap soa; his gets isn't a mint aboon my awan." He needn't swagger over me so; his earnings are not a vast (iron.) above my own.

GIANT'S-STONE. A large boulder-like stone imbedded at the edge of a field by the road-side upon the outskirts of the town, which, tradition says, was flung there by some noted giant, name unknown, from the top of an eminence at Armley, about a mile distant. This hill, called "Giant's-hill" (now sundered by the Leeds and Liverpool canal) bears evidence of being the remains of a Danish fortification. Indentations are seen in the stone bearing a strong resemblance to thumb and finger marks of a huge proportion.

GIG. A machine used in the process of cloth-dressing. One wishful to know the state of trade with any cloth-dressing firm asks how many "gigs" they run.

GIG (*g* hard). "All on the gig fur going,"—anxious to be off.

GIGLO. "A bonny giglo!" A giddy, or wanton female.

GILERY. Deceit. "Ther's as mich gilery abart that woman as had fill poakes as fast as the divvil could mak 'em!"

GILL. A pot that will contain a gill ; so in like manner "pints," "quarts," "half-gallons," "gallons," mean *pots* that will contain these quantities.

GILLS. The mouth corners. "Gill" is sometimes used for the mouth entire.

GIMCRACKS. Worthless things ; trifles. The stalls at a fair display a variety "o' gimcracks furt' barns." "A gimcrack sort 'n a fellah," is one whose head is filled with silly, but not the less absorbing notions.

GIMMER. A young female sheep ; one that has not been shorn.

GINGERLY. Spruce and smart ; somewhat affected in movement.

GINNEL. A narrow path-way between buildings, or walls. An "entry" is roofed ; a "ginnel" is not.

GIRD. A twitching pain in the bowels. An attack of the bowel-complaint upon a person brings about "sich girds!"

GISTING. The "gisting-day" is the day whereon pasture-owners have agreed to take in cattle at a stipulated price per head to feed. The times of "agistment" are advertised in the local papers by some of the principal land owners in the neighbourhood.

GITHERMENTS. A miscellaneous assemblage of articles or animals. An old maid has in her wardrobe "githerments at ad stock a pop-shop" at times. Pretty generally however she "keeps dogs, cats, pigs, hens, pigeons, geese, canaries, an' awal sich githerments." "T' house an' githerments,"—the house and furniture.

GIZZENED. When a person's throat rattles from strangulation it is said to be "gizzened."

GLAZENER. In slang parlance, a blow received on the eyes is "a glazener." The figure is robust enough.

GLEE. To squint.

GLEED. Said of a horse when it turned its head so that the blinders did not impede its sight of the driver as he walked alongside the cart shaft ; also, a kite.

GLEID. A selfish unscrupulous person gets this name.

GLINT. A glance. "Ah gat a glint [or "glent"] on him or bud he wur ower far off to speik tul."

GLENT.

GLOAR. To stare fixedly or vacantly. A thing of hair and pomatum, fixing his eyes more rudely than circumspectly upon a damsel who happened to be in a railway-carriage with him, would give occasion to the latter to ask herself what he was "gloaring at." "He gloared wi' all t'ees he hed."

GLOZAN. To glitter. "It glozans like a pond i't' sunshine."

GLUMPS. A person has got the "glumps" who is short and crabbed in speech when spoken to. "A gurt glumping hound,"—one with "sulk" and "stubbornness" stamped upon his countenance.

GOAK. The core of fruit. "A apple gōak." "T' gōak on a pear." Also, the yoke of an egg.

GOB. The mouth. Its use is confined to juveniles, though mothers frequently tell their children to open their "gobs" for something concealed in their hands. The word, like others, has come to be thought most vulgar, and we don't see why it should. It isn't quite such a dandy as "mouth," not so smooth-visaged and euphonistic; it is blunt, broad, and burly, little indebted to the tailor at all for garments and cut, but more vigorous in expression, of as ancient a descent, and more pure. The sound is exquisitely adapted to the thing denoted; the short, quick action of opening and shutting the mouth (the mouth's chief employment, as in eating), could not be better represented. In passing down to us, the word has been well dealt with by the people using it, as the substitution of *b* for *p* (old Norse *gopti*) evinces. A monstrous thing truly is this "fashion." We have heard a mother tell her child that if she "hēard her sāay that word agēan" she'd "āather fell her as flat as a pancāake, ur mak her goa fotch a stick an' brek it ower her back;" she'd "teich her to sāay 'marth' like other fowk."

GOD'S-PENNY. A sum of money given to a servant, when hired at the statutes, as earnest-money,—generally half-a-crown.

GOINGS-ON. Proceedings. "Nivver seed sich goings-on sin' ah wur born, afoar; thuh mud 'a' letten Bedlam lowse."
"What sort o' goings-on will ther be ah wonder?"

GOLDY. Of a gold colour. "A goldy" is generally understood of a golden-coloured butterfly.

GOLSH. To eructate, or belch, to save some reader a look into the dictionary.

GOOD-LIKE. Well-favoured. "A good-like body, an' soa is her barns."

GORE. Is a certain piece of material figuring in the front breadth of a gown skirt, or rather, upon each side of it.

GORMOND. A glutton, or one who eats greedily. Used as a verb, too—"Doan't gormand that stuff up soa, pretha!"

GOSSOON. A silly, awkward fellow.

GOUL. The glutinous matter about the eyes. A child with weak and affected eyes is unable oft-times to open them in the morning for a few moments, to its affright; its mother trying to assure it by saying that "the'r nobbut goul'd up a bit."

GRAIN. The prong of a fork. "A three-grained fork."

GRANDGE. To masticate tough substances, as celery, is called "grandging" it.

GRASS-CHAT. The name of a field bird, with an incessant

GRASS-DRAKE. cry, not unlike that of a jack-daw. It is

GERS-DRAKE. seldom to be seen.

GREASE T' GIMLET. "Nut mich fat gotten art o' thease al assüre yuh—nut as mich as ad grease t' gimlet." A common mode of implying scant compensation. A gimlet is often greased at the end by joiners, causing it to work easier.

GREASEHORN. One who seeks to advance in position or in the esteem of others by servility of manner in words or actions, or both, and flattery. To "grease" and "grease in"—to wedge in one's way by smooth words and plausible deeds.

GREEK. The last of a progeny, as of a litter of pigs.
or Sometimes applied to a weak, puny child.

GRECKLING.

GREENBOARDED. To be "greenboarded" is when a servant is had into the drawing-room, or elsewhere, before the master or mistress, to account for any misdoings.

GREEN-COAL (*coil* as pron.) Coal fresh on the fire.

GREENSAUCE. Sorrel, or goose-grass; a favourite plant with children, who, previous to commencing the construction of

"dilly-houses," go into the fields to gather this as provision wherewith to stock the interior: the leaves and stalk imparting an agreeable acidity when masticated.

GREY BADGERS. Brown peas.

GREY HORSE. "Good luck for a grey horse!"—A common expression of children, accompanied by the act of spitting over their little finger, at the sight of a grey horse,—an action supposed to bring good luck, and, it being not at all an objectionable article, they congregate at places where a long line of road is before the eye, and at the first glimpse of such an animal perform this ceremony.

"GREY-MARE is the better horse;" said where there is "bud an odd määster an' shoo's t' missis,"—where the good-wife "wears the breeches."

GRIDDEL. Gridiron.

GRIME. Soot; soot-dirt. "Awäay wi' thuh luke i't' glass an' see what a bonny fellah thah art!—what's tuh grimed theesen wi' pretha?"

GRIMESTEE. A kind of stile. "Grimestee-fields" or "cloises."

GRIPE. A dung-fork.

GROB. To feel for anything is to "grob," and to be

GROBBING. "grobbing," and also "grobbling;" but you

GROBBLING. may "grob" and be "grobbling" in an all but empty drawer, but never "grobbling," unless it be pretty full and you are rummaging amongst and turning over the articles in your search. One "grobs" his way and goes "grobbling" about with his hands in a dark *empty* room. A mother tells her child that he or she is "grobbling" in her "pocket an' can fin nowt;" and at another time that he or she is "grobbling" in her "pocket fur what ther'll nivver fynd,"—by reason of the abundance of things which it contains. The meanings of the two participles may be almost gathered from the spelling and sound of them. While the hand is reaching out unimpeded in the first word, it is evidently making its way with a little difficulty in the second, under the *b*'s, and over the *l*, and coming down on the top of the other letters.

GROBBLE. To make holes, as a child is apt to amuse itself by doing in the street or in a corner of the house.

- GRUB. Provision. "Grub eniff to goa at fur a month."
 "He's hed noa grub to-dāay,"—nothing to eat. "Wish ah could live wi'art grubbing." "Whear's tuh barn to grub at?" says an individual wishful to know where his smock companion purposes dining.
- GRUM'LIN'. Grumbling. A tooth has been "grum'lin'" for a week past, giving tokens of a coming attack. Previous to an attack of the English cholera, the bowels are remarked to be "ont' grummel." "A nasty grum'lin' pāan."
- GRUND. Grind. "He'd grund a body to deāth." "Grunston',"—Grindstone. Also, the *ground*. "Fell'd him to t' grund." "Six an' twenty feet, barring an inch, off o't' grund." "Pick'd muh darn lengthwāays ont' grund."
- GUFFIN. One who, from timidity, commits gross blunders, and is awkward in movement, with a spice of dulness to boot.
- GUIDERS. The tendons.
- GUIDE-STOOP. A guide-post.
- GUILE-FOOT. Ale or beer, *in a state of fermentation*, is
- GUILE-FORTH. so called. Dr. Hamilton traces the first form
- GALFORTH. given to *gyllan*, *A.S.* signifying "any loud sound or murmuring;" *foot* being a corruption of *vat* merely. Freely rendering the whole, the words become beautifully expressive, being, *the vessel which murmurs*.
- GUMPTION. Common understanding. A man may apprehend and comprehend with difficulty, but may have "plenty o' gumption abart him" nevertheless.
- GURN. To grin. "What's tuh gurning at?" "Shoo's ower mich gurning an' laughing about her to knawah what shuh's duing on!" "Does nowt but gurn, like a monkey among thistles!"
- GURSLE. Gristle. "What's this thah's bowt wife—does tuh cawal it meit?—wah it's nowt bud gursle!" "Hod thee noise wi' thuh! it is a bit gursly, bud hav seen a good bit gurslier."
- GURT. Great. "A gurt big hallacking fellah—as big as a week he wor." "He may tak gurt strides an' long louns bud he'll reitch heaven no soiner."
- GUTS. Used generally for belly. "Minds his guts if he minda

nowt else!" "Fill thee guts lad!" "When will he lean sense ah wonder, an' ware lees i' his guts, an' gehr a faew dëacent regs tul his back!"

GUTTLE. To eat greedily. "Doan't guttle soa ur else thah's saafe to be badly."

GUZZLE. To drink eagerly. "Doan't guzzle it soa; thah's plenty o' time ah'll ne'er bud believe." "A great guzzler," —A great drunkard. "Guzzles more an' shoo eits a good dëal," is a delicate way of intimating that the said individual is a great drunkard.

GYP. To gape for want of breath. A bather who pushes his comrade into the water makes him "gyp." A fish "gyps" when out of water; and a child severely punished by a fall, "gyps fearfully" in the interval between its first scream and the succession which follows. It is not a corruption of *gape*, which is pronounced "gāap."

GYTRASH. A padfoot [which see].

HA-BA (pron. hāa-bāa). A roar of laughter. "Sehr up a gurt hāa-bāa."

HAIGS. The fruit of the hawthorn. For there to be an abundance of "haigs" is regarded as a sign of a hard winter to follow.

HAL. A fool. "Gurt idle hal!" "Ar'n't yuh tired a wheeling that barrah missis?" "Noa, the'r nowt bud hals 'at's tired!"

HALLACKING. Generally coupled with "stoit." "A gurt hallacking stoit." To go "hallacking abart,"—wandering up and down giddily, without a direct aim.

HALLACKS. An idle fellow. "Goa wesh thee fäace thou gurt hallacks!"

HALSH. To fasten with a noose. "Halsh that band up."⁴

HAMMER'D UP. At a loss for words or suitable action. A bashful and very nervous young man gets into a bonnet-shop somehow (say during a shower), and is "hammer'd up clëan," finding himself in that most interesting predicament of having nothing to say!

HAMMER-HEAD (*head* as pron.) A dull, stupid fellow is

called a "hammer-hēad," or, more properly, "hamar-hēad," i.e., *rock-head*.—Danish, *hamar*, a rock.

HAMMER-SCAPPLE. One mean and parsimonious.

HAMPER. To beat. "Bin hampering thuh agean?—wah thah sud 'a' hamper'd him then—mun, thah's big herniff to heit him!"

HAND-CLOUT. A towel.

HAND-OWER-HEAD. Pell-mell. "A lot o' fellahs cam running hand-ower-hēad through t' passage [entry] an' ommast pick'd muh darn." "Here they come, hand-ower hēad."

HAND-RUNNING. Successively. In allusion to a hunt, it is said that certain of the horses leaped ten fences "hand-running;" or that a child stood at the head of his class in the Sunday-school for twelve Sundays "hand-running." "Stopp'd three weeks awāay hand-running, an' nivver went tul his wark at awal."

HAND-STIR. "Come, come, my lass, we've nivver done a hand-stir yet—get t' shool an' be cinderling t' hearth up!" "Hands-turn" implies less of action than "hands-stir." We think upon the former, and by this we arrive at the latter—we have *turned* our hands to the task and are *stirring* in it. It would be a difficult matter to discover synonymous terms in a provincial dialect.

HANDS-TURN. "Ar lass fur that! shoo's t' bēater! fur shood sit still an' watch muh work mysen to dēath an' nivver think o' duing a hands-turn!"—never think of putting her hands to anything in the shape of work. "Come, gi'e us a hand-turn wi' 't lad!"—lend us your assistance here.

HANDY-PANDY. A child's game, in which something is changed from one hand to the other, and guesses are made as to which hand contains it.

HANG-GALLOWS. A good-for-nothing fellow.

HANG-NAILS (pronounced *Heng-nāals*). Skin over-lapt finger-nails.

HANK. A loop. "Hank," or "skein-thread," so called because looped together in certain lengths, or "hanked" together. "Hank us that."—Loop me that.

"In 1336, Edward III. granted his protection to two

Brabant weavers to settle at York and carry on their trade there. They were styled in the letters of protection 'Willielmus de Brabant, and Hanckeinus de Brabant, textores,' and probably laid the foundation of the woollen manufactures.

* * * * *

"It has been considered as not improbable, that the manufacturer Hanckeinus gave the name of Hank to the skein of worsted, and other thread so-called to the present time."

Parson and White's "*Annals of Yorkshire*."

It is less fancifully supposed, however, that we get it from the *Islandic*; a word signifying a *chain* in that language.

HAP. To wrap. "Am weel hap'd up, ah sal tak no harm a't' outside, whativver ah chance in." "It's a raw cowl morn'ing—hap that barn weel up."

HAP-HAZARD. "At hap-hazard."—By mere chance. "Nos use hap-hazarding it."—No use chancing it.

HAPPEN. Perhaps. "Wi' tuh goa then?" "Happen." "Happen ah sal an' happen ah sahn't."

HAPPING. Clothing. "Bed-happing,"—Bed-clothes. "Ah've nivver hed hāf happing eniff this winter." "Wah bless me!" says a husband to an over-anxious wife, "av a top-coit, a cāape, an' a horse-sheet—av happing sūrely, bud if ah fawal short ah'll come back for thee feather-bed!"

HARD. Takes the place of *well* very frequently. "I can du it hard eniff." A man repairs a clock, and says, when he has concluded his task, "Thear, it al go hard eniff now."

HARD (*adv.*). Near. "Hard by t' owd church,"—near the parish church.

HARD CHEESE. Hard treatment of any kind; things not very digestible. To be turned off the premises where several generations of a family have lived and died, would be "hard cheese." To ask a man's forgiveness when he himself is the transgressor, is the same. A criminal may deserve his twenty-one year's sentence of transportation, nevertheless it is "hard cheese to the poor fellah!" as it is to a man out of work to see his wife and children wearing "down to skin an' bone" and *still* no prospect.

- HARD AN' SHARP.** To a nicety. A shop-keeper who gives standing weight and not a draw, manages matters "hard an' sharp." A policeman who lays his hand upon the shoulder of a man stepping into a railway carriage, as the train is beginning to move, is "hard an' sharp upon his customer," or, the capture is a "hard an' sharp" one,—done to a nicety.
- HARDING.** A finer kind of canvass, of which towels, aprons for house-work, and "brats," too, sometimes, are made, &c. A housewife is never without her "harding apron" for the mornings, and for all kinds of rough and dirty work.
- HARDEN.** To advance in price. "Wheat's hard'ning agean ah reckon,"—getting up again I suppose.
- HARD-LAID ON.** Onerously employed; being imposed upon. A lad sent to work at the factory when very young is "hard-laid on." A man emaciated in appearance by illness has "bin hard lāad on, poor fellah!" A countryman, upon inquiring the way to a place, is sent a mile round, by way of joke, when it was distant from him but a few yards, but this is "hard-laying on him,"—too much of a joke. A committee of ladies elect a secretary to their pet society—the linen-draper who has the honour of their custom—when, in addition to his being requested to perform the duties of minute, finance, and corresponding secretary, carefully and conscientiously, he has, after some discussion, been unanimously appointed their collector. In such an one we meet with a combination of the two meanings.
- HARDLINGS.** Hardly; scarcely. "Av hardlings gotten 't done yet." "Is 't five o'clock yet missis?" "Hardlings." "Its hardlings the thing; hamsumivver lehr it goa!" "Thah wodn't like to meet a tiger in a cockloft ivvry neet wod tuh Bil?" "Hardlings ah sud think!" "Then nivver get wed, fur av hardlings gotten t' door cloised on us afoar shoo begins!"—alluding to his curtain-lecturing wife.
- HARMSUMIVVER.** All signifying *however*. It is hardly needful to add that *the* word, which-
- ERMSUMIVVER.** ever of them may be it, is in very
- OMSOMIVVER.** common use.
- ERSUMIVVER.**

OSSUMIVVER.

HOWSOMIVVER.

ARSUMIVVER.

HUMSUMIVVER.

HAMSUMIVVER.

HORSOMIVVER.

SUMIVVER.

S'MIVVER.

A'S'MIVVER.

O'S'MIVVER.

HOWSOMDIVVER.

OMSOMDIVVER.

HASPENALD. An overgrown boy; in allusion to the properties of the aspen tree, which is a species of

HASPILL. poplar: the *ald* in the former word being the diminutive.

HAUM-GOBBARD. A foolish person.

HAUPORTH. Half-pennyworth. An article lowly valued. A clownish, ridiculous person, is "nobbut a hauaporth!" One who commits a great mistake is stigmatized as being "a gurt hauaporth!" A newly-bought joint of meat turning out to be magotty, is "a rum hauaporth!" An eccentric-spoken man who has occupied a pulpit, is "a queer hauaporth!" to the listener.

HAUVEY-GAUVEY. An awkward simpleton—implying most of awkwardness.

HAVER-MEIL. Oat-meal, of which is made "haver-cakes," an important item in the stock of an old-fashioned shop-keeper.

HAWBUCK. A person raw in manners; clownish. "A country hawbuck."

HAWPS. A clownish fellow.

HAZEL. To beat with a stick, not necessarily a "hazel" one. "Tha'd du wi' a good hezeling, ah see thah wod; thah's bin hinging on for't awalt' mornin'!"

HEAP. A large number. "Ther's bin sad to du Bil i' Chiner; hes tuh heard on't?—a heap killed o' boath sides,—ah hoape we sal du 'em ther job afoar owt's long,"—make a finish of them before long.

HEARTSICK. A word which trashy novelists think proper to make great use of, and so is regarded as in general use. It is a word much used by the people here. The words are transposed, too, often. "Poor thing! shoo's sick at her heart ower't." "Ah wur fair sick at heart."

HECK. A hay-rack. "A stand heck;"—a rack standing out in the fields, or in the "foud," or fold-yard, out of which the cattle feed.

HECK. A pick-axe; called also a "pick."

HECKLE. "*He's* nowt to be sticking up his heckle abart, soa let *him* hod his noise!"—no occasion for finding fault; no room for your cavilling at all, or, pretended indignation, if there is for anybody else's!

HEDGE-CREEP. A party of youths will make it up amongst themselves to "hedge-creep" a certain couple, *i.e.* follow two lovers along the walks which they frequent, but on the other side of the hedge, or wall, for the purpose of listening to their conversation, which is supposed to be productive of a high degree of fun. But gathering material for fun is about as serious employment as any, to such, and in this case the half-dozen of them who may be engaged, don't scruple to put off their shoes and stockings, holding them in one hand as they creep cautiously along, one behind the other.

HEFFALD. The wood-pecker.

HEIGHMOST. The highest. "Tha'll fin it i't' farrest corner o't heighmost shelf." "He's t' heighmost o't two."

HELL-DYKE, is a place in the vicinity of "Hare-low-hill," a short distance from Leeds, where, after the battle of Winmoor, fought between Oswy and the old Pagan chief Penda, the slain were buried, A.D. 655. It is recorded that the river Aire suddenly overflowed its banks on this occasion; and partially destroyed the army of the wicked chieftain, who had vowed not only extirpation to the North Saxons, but also of Christianity, in the country. The "Valley of the Dead," this word has been poetically rendered. The fitness of it doesn't strike us. It was a huge *grave-ditch*, nothing more.

HELM. A shade for cattle.

HENKLED or HANKLED. Twisted together, or entangled.

"Luke what that barn's done!—goan an' lowsed t' skein off o't' chairs an' henkled it awal on a hēap!" Though *hank* is sometimes pronounced "henk," yet it is often pronounced as spelt, while *hankled* is very rarely heard; it is always *henkled*. *Hank* being oftenest heard in the mouths of the more-refined shop-keepers, where the purchase is made, the word has been and is pronounced as these people have heard it there; but the shopkeeper, however largely he may do business with *hank*, exercises too great a precaution, and moreover has too much professional tact even, to have any use for the other word *hankled*, so with its pronunciation he has nothing to do, and however *hank* may be "hank," *hankled* will always be "henkled," according to the people's good law.

HEN'T. "Hen't owt to du!"—Had no occasion or right to do; but is generally used as "hasn't." "Sarved him reight! hen't it?"

HEORD. Herd. Pure Saxon.

HEPS. A small oval berry growing on "dog" or wild rose hedges. "Briar-berries." The rind is eatable, but they are gathered chiefly for amusement, as the hairy covering of the seeds, when dropped down the backs of persons, cause a disagreeable tickling sensation, and compel a speedy undress. Saturday afternoon is generally the time when juveniles go "a gethering heps," for the purpose of taking a supply with them to school on the Sunday, of all good days.

HES. *Has*, and also *have*. "Hes tuh gotten that to-dāy?"—Have you got that to-day? But of course the use of it in this sense is necessitated by the employment of the singular number instead of the plural of the pronoun. "He's gotten 't reight this time hesn't he?" "He hes tu!" "Hes tuh kursen'd t' barn yet?"—Have you christened the child yet?

HE'T. Have it. "Whoas gotten t' bawal?" "I he't!" "Witta he't to morn, ur tha'll he't nah?"—Will you have it to-morrow or you'll have it now? "Ah'll he't nah!"

HETTER. Ill-tempered. "An' hetter sort'n a body."

HIDDY. Probably a corruption of "Hide I;"—the game of "Hide and seek." "Let mammy wesh his fāace an' he sal lāak at hiddy wi' Polly." "Where's t'barn?" "Nāa he sawah thuh coming an' soa he's gottan hiddy,"—has hid himself. "Bil! when I wur i' yar house ah sawah thee mother hiddy some apples; ah'll tell thuh whear thuh are if tuh'll let's goa jega an' wean't snitch." The search-signal employed in the game of "hide and seek," is "Hiddy!" and not Hide! as common. After all, it may be but the latter word created a dissyllable,—*"hid-e."*

HIG. To "take the hig," is to take offence. "Soin tak's t' hig at owt,"—is offended with little.

HIGGLE. To trade. "Higgler,"—a trader.

HIGGLE. Used in a game of chance. "Ah'll higgles thuh fur a meg," says a youth, shaking two or three coppers within the hollow of his clasped hands.

HIGH-ON-END. Dear. When an article is dear in price it is said to be "high-on-end." "At an heigh-on-end rāate." "What will it be i't' depth o' winter ah wonder if things is so heigh-on-end now!" The *on* is sounded as *an*.

HIPPINGS. Child's napkins.

HISSEL. Himself. If a man were saying "myself and him-

HIZSEL. self," he would never have the terminations in each

HISSEN. word alike,—he would say "mysen an' hizsel," and,

HIZSEN. in the same way, the phrase "ourselves and themselves" would be "wureels an' thersens," and so on, so that instead of so many forms confusing him, they but serve him better. Those may be met with who pretend to no such discriminative niceness; these, however, are but "bad scholars," and bear a small proportion.

HITCH. To bestir one's self. "Come, be hitching!" "Hitch along!"

HOAST. Hoarse. "Ah mun ha' gotten cowl ah think, fur am gehring as hōast as hōast!"

HOAT. Hot. "Whots" and "whoats," too,—*oats*.

WHOT.

WHOAT.

HOB. A post. Assigned positions in a game; *e.g.*, see **PIZZ**.

HOBBLE. To be "in a hobble," is to be in a *fix*.

HOCKER. To hesitate and grow confused when speaking; wanting to lie, and being unable to raise the wind.

HOD. Hold. "Keep hod on't an' hod thee din wi' thuh!"
 "Näather behodden to ye nur yars, God be thenked!"
 "Hod that thing straight." "He's hodding t' barn."
 "Hah long's he hodded it?" "Here tak it!—av hodden it long eniff."

HOIT. A foolish and awkward person. "A gurt fond hoit."
 One least fit to be seen yet who is fondest of showing herself; for the word is more often applied to females.

HOLLIN. Holly.

HOOD-END. The hob of a fire-grate.

HOOINED. To be overworked; in a state bordering on perspiration. "Hooined to death." "It's fair hooining."
 One returning from a crowded place of assembly declares that she "ne'er wur so hooined i' her life afoar." A man "hooined" his horse by over-working it, or, rather, in the act of over-working it. Also, to be neglected and put upon, as applied to a baby, who, having been left in the care of children, has not had its wants attended to. "Come thee wääys to me doy!—it's bin fair hooined am süre."

HOP-OWER-CAP. A juvenile game.

HOPPIT. A small osier basket, with a bow handle.

HOT. Hurt. "Nobbud luke how ther've hotten that poor barn!"

HOUND. A term of reproach. "Ther's Tommy here, t' hēad an' shoulthers less, an' sharper behorf 'an what thou art; isn't tuh 'shāamed o' theesen?—gurt idle hound!"

HOUSE, THE. In a cottage, is always the room on the ground floor, in which the family take their meals, and use throughout the day. "Awāay wi' thuh up i't' house" [from the kitchen] "an' fotch muh t' long brush darn."

HOW! A much-used interjection. "How Bil!" "How?"
i.e., I say Bil! Well? "How my lad!" "How?" "Come here an' lēad us this hoss by t' hēad through that gāate."
 "Can one du it?" "Haw aye!" "Then gehr off an' du it yersen!" We are not 'drawing upon our imagination' here.

HOWPY.

Infantile terms for a horse, little or big.

HOWPY-GEE.

HOWPY-HORSE.

HOWSTA. A queer sort of contraction, one of a class. "Howsta du lad?"—equivalent to, How do you do? "Howsta gehring on like?"—How are you getting on like? "Howsta done that, pretha?"—How have you done that, pray? "Howsta fur wark like?"—How are you off for work like? "Howsta duing't?"—How are you doing it? "Howsta think o' going?"—How do you think of going?—*i.e.*, by what mode of conveyance. The *how* is generally pronounced *hah*, not always. If the reader has Quaker friends, the word will be no stranger to him in the senses of *How hast thou?* and *How does thou?* the form of the word being a contraction which, from its frequent repetition, must, in the nature of things, ensue. "Comesta,"* is another of this class.

HUBBLE-SHOO. A tumultuous assemblage; exhibiting great disorder. "Ther's a bonny hubbleshoo!" in front of the hustings during election time. A mother "no soiner gets her back turned 'an shoo's at it, an' ther's a grand hubbleshoo of a house to come back tul!"—meaning that her "lass," who is the sole plague of her life, gets the house full of playmates during her absence, when they romp about, making the most of their time; disarranging the furniture, and setting all things to the tune of confusion, in which state the house is found upon the mother's return.

HUDDLE. To "huddle" is to clasp together in an embrace.

HUG. To carry. "Am tired mammy; hug muh a bit!"

HUGGER. A carrier. "Rod-hugger,"—l'eazle-rod carrier at a dressing-mill.

HUGGON. The hip.

HULK. A lazy, lounging, good-for-nothing fellow. "A gurt hulk of a beggar, as āable to work as onnybody!" "What's that hulk duing on there, lukiug up at ar chaimmer winders?—he's after noa good I'm süre." "A idle hulk!"

* "How comestow with pride?"

Thos. of Erceldoune.

HULLOT. An owl.

HULLOT. A term of reproach. "A nasty stinking hullot."

A mother says to her children,—“Whisht! yuh noisy hullots, an’ doan’t let’s hev a house like Lee-gap fair.” This allusion is common to a large part of Yorkshire—the West Riding at least—but very few who make use of it know what it means. Upon Lee-fair Green, at Woodchurch, near Batley, a few miles distant, a fair was held formerly (and is yet continued). Being the resort of the then semi-barbarous inhabitants of the clothing villages, we dare vouch for its having been one of the sights in a man’s life that is never forgotten. *Lee-fair* is a hamlet in “Woodkirk” parish. The manor of “Woodkirk” anciently belonged to Nostal Priory, which had a cell of Black Canons there; and the hamlet is said to have had its name from a fair held there under a charter granted to these. In those times this “great fair” continued three weeks, and terminated on St. Bartholomew’s day, when, it is said, the scholars of the Leeds and the surrounding towns’ grammar-schools came hither, and this yearly, until the early part of the last century, “for disputation, or to ascertain their proficiency in classical learning”—St. Bartholomew being the patron saint of scholars.

HURKLE. To contract the body and become motionless,—“Acting t’ owd sowger” as a Leedser would define it.

HURPLE. To shrug up the neck and creep along the streets with a shivering sensation of cold, as an ill-clad person may do on a winter’s morning. “Goas hurpling abart fit to give a body t’ dithers to luke at him!”

HUSSEY. A term of reproach used towards a female. It is generally preceded by a strong adjective, and, frequently, by a string of them.

HYPE. To gore with horns. “Gotten hyped wi’ that nasty bull.”

IARON. Iron. A tri-syllable. A word bearing the impress of the Gothic and Saxon; *iarn*, and *iren*. Children use the first occasionally, adults too, but generally only those who are regarded as mere simpletons.

ICE-SHACKLE. An icicle.

I GAEW! A sort of oath—most in use of any. It may be a corruption of “By Gow!” though one man will use both forms.

ILLIFY. To slander. “Shoo minds nowt else bud illifying muh ahint me back.”

ILL-TENTED. Neglected, and little cared for. “Poor barns, sin’ the’r mother deed thuh been ill-tented eniff.”

INGATE. Speaking of a child who had fallen down an old chambered well, but could not be discovered, it was said that she “couldn’t be fun, nāather ingate nur out,”—in no place within or without the chambers, top nor bottom. Perhaps the expression is a little loose, and, strictly speaking, means at the “entry” or “beginning,” as in old use.

INKLING. Hint; bent, or desire. In the first meaning it implies being arrived at by a person’s self; a hint is generally got from others, but not so in this case; he may gather an inkling of any matter by the nature of people’s conversation, which it may or may not be intended that he should. “Hes tuh *noa* inkling on’t?” “Noa!” “Then ah’ll tell thuh!” “He’s an inkling on’t al be bun for’t; it’s easy guessing eggs when thuh see shells.” The second meaning is illustrated in the phrase, “He’s inkling upo’ nowt ’at’s good I’m sūre!”—promoting desires, or bending himself to nothing that’s good; as would be suggested by observing a thief in deep meditation. “He’s a nat’ral inkling for sich things,”—a natural longing or desire. An invalid “inkles after all sorts o’ things,” in the way of dainties.

INSENSE. To make understand. “Ah couldn’t insense him intul’t du what E wod,”—Do what I would I couldn’t make him understand it. “He’s a good un to insense abart owt,”—has a quick understanding.

IS’T. I shall. “Is’t goa when am ready thah knawahs, an’ leave thuh, soa thah mun be as sharp as thah likes.” “Is’t awan him chuse what comes on’t,”—I shall own him choose what comes of it. “Is’t kick if tuh doesn’t let muh alōan!” is the juvenile’s admonitory threat to one older and stronger

than himself who is teasing him. "Is't du it!"—I shall do it.

IT OIT. An equable state of mind; a mood pleasing to one's-self. A husband who takes baby on his knee and keeps it quiet during the evening, is complimented by his better half in the phrase, "Thah's kept him i't' oit rarely awalt' neet lad!" A certain description of book would have kept such an one "i't' oit monny an hour." "He's like to ha' summat to keep him i't' oit," says a mother of a squalling child, and commissions another of her offspring to "goa wair a penny i' humbugs" for this purpose. A child who is made to remain at home while its brothers and sisters go on a visit, has something given it as an equivalent wherewith to keep it "i't' oit."

IVIN. Ivy.

JACK. A quarter of a pint. "A jack o' gin, an' it's to be good, 'cos' it's for a poorly body!" A measure perhaps confined to dram-shops.

JACK-A-NAPES (pron. *Jack-a-nāpes*). A clownish fellow, and one easily gulled.

JACK-SHARPS. Small fresh-water fishes, called by these

TOM BARSEY'S. several names.

PRICKLY-BACKS.

JACKY-HULLOT. A young male owl.

JAGGLE. To cut unevenly.

JAMMER. Boys address one another as "Jammer." "Hey up! jammer!" one will give voice to another at a distance; and he, in his turn, will put the question, upon being overtaken,—“Whear's thah for jammer?” We don't know the meaning of the word.

JANNOCKS. Unfair. "That isn't jannocks;" said on one person tendering another an unequal share of anything, when such an one had the right of an equal share. "Not jannock,"—untrue.

JARUM. "Out o' jūarum,"—Out of order, as a clock might be. A bulky parcel falls from a shelf and is "knocked out o' jarum," or out of shape.

JEALOUS. Afraid. "Ah durssant goa by that dog, am jealous it al bite muh!" "D'yuh think it al raan to dāay māaster?" "Am jealous it will missis."

JEF. Master. "Where's t' jef?—ah want to see him." "'Chap wants jef—where is he Bil?" "He'll be coming jef ower thuh if thah doesn't mind." "Ah'll tak care on him; av awalus bin me awan jef an' awalus mēan to be."

JEGS. Shares. Principally in juvenile use. When two are in company, and either happens to find something of any value, if the one who had not the good fortune of seeing and picking it up can say "Jegs!" before the finder has time to say "No Jegs!" he is entitled to equal shares, and an equal right of disposing of what is found, it becoming common property. "Bil hed a curn-[currant]cāake yesterder, an' I went jogs wi' him!" "Shabby jogs,"—A poor share. A railway carrier gets "a good jeg" when trade is brisk.

JENNY. The name which the female ass always goes by.

JENNY-HULLOT. A young female owl.

JERRY-BURRING (*Burying*—funeral). "Been to Jerry-burring"—on a bootless errand. "Jerry-burring abart thro' morn to neet, an' ther's nowt at t' end on't after awal." "Thank yuh, bud av been to Jerry-burring once,"—a delicate intimation that it is hard to catch a weasel asleep.

JERRY-SHOP. A public-house, where ale cannot be drunk

JERRY-HOIL. on the premises. Underneath the distin-

TOM AN' JERRY. guishing sign of these (there are very few now) is the name of the proprietor, duly "licensed," but with the intimation that the ale and beer is "not to be drunk on the premises."

JEWITT. A term of reproach. If a landlady presumes too much upon her position, in dealing with her tenants, after one of her consequential visits, when her back is turned, she is called "a silly owd jewitt."

JEW-TRUMP. A jews-harp.

JICE. A joist.

JIGGER. A sort of petty oath. "Jigger that!" "Jigger my buttons!" "By jiggers! luke here!" "Thah didn't du it!" "Jigger me if ah didn't! nah then."

JIGGER. A small spinning-top—the smallest size made, known amongst juveniles as “fardin’ jiggers.”

JIGGER’D UP. Done up; tired out. “Av tramp’d a matter o’ fotty mile to-däay, an’ am fair jigger’d up.” This phrase is not more used by the lowest grade than it is by others. With college students the phrase is a favourite; thus, one will ask another how he’s come off in a six hours’ examination, when he confesses to have done pretty decent upon the whole, but feels “jigger’d up.”

JILL or GILL. A half-pint measure.

JINNY-SPINNER. The cockroach.

JOCKEY. A wild or mischievous character, or the combination; any eccentric character. “A queer jockey.” “Thou young jockey—nobbud let me gehr hod o’ thuh!”

JOGGLE. To jog. “Doan’t joggle muh soa—ah can’t write for thuh!”

“JOHN O’GAUNT.” A public-house on the Pontefract-road, about three miles from Leeds, on the site of which, tradition says, the last wolf in this district was slain in hunting by John, Duke of Lancaster.

JOHNNY WHAP-STRAW. A simpleton.

JONATHAN. Proper names are, in several instances, employed as epithets indicative of character, and applied indiscriminately to male or female. This word is bestowed upon one stupid and awkward.—“Nah then, Jonathan!” is said to a person about to make a blunder. “Thou gurt Sammy!”—a very foolish person. “Nivver sawah sich a Sammy i’ my life!”—one so easily duped. “Johnny,” a soft. “Neddy” is a general term for donkies—*bonâ fide* donkies.

JORUM. An assemblage. “A bonny joarum”—“bonny” in the sense of large, though the word itself has this implication. “A rare joarum o’fowk.” “A whoale joarum o’ pigs darn yonder.”

JOSS. *Master*, in a contemptuous and ironical sense. “Playing t’ joss”—acting the superior; behaving as a master would do, instead of habituating one’s self to the usages of fellow-workmen. “He thinks o’ coming joss” or “jossing it ower muh, but he’ll fin’ hissel’ mista’en.”

JOSS. To spring up when seated, as when upon horseback, or in a cart upon a rough road. When a see-saw is in motion, and the occupier of one end leaps off suddenly, the one at the other end "comes down wi' a gurt joss!"

JOUL. To bring in violent contact. "Ah'll joul thy hēad an' or t' wawal together if tuh ivver does sich'n a thing

JOULD. agēan!" A child comes home complaining that such an one has been "joulding" its head,—knocking it against something. "Gotten a sore jould."

JUBBERTIES. "Nowt bud jubberties an' bother"—little vexatious occurrences, and, as a consequence, "bother."

JUGGLE. To mix together violently. A box with different coloured marbles in it, is moved from side to side rapidly to "juggle" them. A lot of children get together and play at "jiggle-juggle"—cluster together with their arms round each other's waists, and then dance about wildly till they all come to the ground, one upon the other.

JUTHRUM. A lot. "A bonny juthrum ther' is!" "A juthrum o' fowks." The word implies something of tumult.

KAAD. Card.

KAL. To while away the time in other people's houses, or anywhere but at home. "Does nowt bud kal." "A rare kaller." "A kalling boddy."

KALE. Turn. "It's my kāal first; then thine."

KAVEY. "He's goan to beg kāavey"—gone to ask pardon for an offence committed. "He'll beg kāavey o' noabody—he's nut one o' that soart."

KEAK. (pronounced as two syllables.) A sprain. A horse going up-hill with a heavy load is in danger of "gehring a kēak i' his back."

KECK. Rubbish. "Nasty keck! nut fit fur a pig to heit!"

KECKEN. An infant turns black in the face, and "keckens," (the guttural noise), when it has swallowed too large a piece of anything.

KEEL. To cool. This word is sometimes pronounced "kēal," as is generally in that part of Yorkshire which the first of our introductory examples has reference to. "That yard niver keel'd t' week in an't' week out"—the yard was con-

tinually beset with people; "never cooled," using a figure. We may know that "keel" has never altered in pronunciation since the time of Chaucer, who employs *kele* in the same sense, being from the A.S. *celan*, to cool.

KEEN. Selfish. "He'll noan pāat wi't—he's ower keen fur that." A dog that snarls off other dogs when cleaning a bone is "keen on't."

KEIVE. To heave, or overthrow; as, to "keive" a cart. "Keive it ower!"—Upset it!

KELT. Money. "Onny kelt, Bil?" (Bil winks and goes on whistling.)

KELTER. Money. "Hah mich kelter hes tuh a-week yonder?" "Ah wodn't be i' his shoes fur awlt' kelter 'at ah ivver sawah!" "Nāather care fur him nur his kelter!"

KEMPS. Hair among wool. When finished, or dressed, an end of cloth, if "kempy," displays them to perfection, or rather to imperfection; for such an end is generally returned to the maker as "imperfect," or only accepted at a large discount, to be jobbed off by the merchant.

KEN (pronounced *kenhus*). Cant terms for any particular place of assembly; in use amongst low

KENHOUSE. fellows. "Wur tuh at t' owd ken last neet, Jack?" "Noa, at t' other kenhus,"—public-houses in both cases.

KENSBACK. One of a crooked or perverse disposition.

KENSPACK-AKE. We have never heard this compound, but it was in use here little more than fifty years ago, meaning some particular oak, beneath which people were convened and assembled. A significant word—pity it is that we have no use at all for it.

KEP. To catch. "Doan't be flāad doy!—jump darn an' I'll kep thuh." "Watch muh kep that bawal when he flings it!"

KERSEN. Christen. "Kersen'd" and "kursen'd"—Christened. "Barn tul a kersening" or "krersening." Not a corruption.

KEST. Cast. A man who has been abroad in bad weather, ill-clad, says,—“Ah sal nivver kest what I've gotten to neet I knawah,”—will never get rid of the cold he has caught.

"Kessen his dandy pants,"—has cast, or given up wearing his fine trowsers. "Kessen his pumps," or shoes. "It'll tak some kessening will that,"—will take some casting, or throwing off. "Kested his kester,"—given up wearing his hat.

KESTER. A hat. "Dord, thear's, gotten a new kester."—George, there, has got a new hat.

KET. Food unfit for eating, or food badly prepared. A filthy depraved woman is also denounced as "ket."

KEX. "As dry as kex," is a common expression, often to denote stale bread. About Huddersfield the word is "keice,"—"As dry as keice," or, a "keicer"—"As dry as a keicer."

KINDLY. Applied to woollen and other fabrics when they feel soft and "mellow" in the hand.

KING-COUGH. The chin, or hooping-cough.

KING'S MILLS, THE. Up to a very late period these mills were held in hereditary propriorship, and the occupiers claimed and exercised the right of compelling the inhabitants of the manor of Leeds to grind their corn here. The toll on malt was a thirty-second part; that on wheat a sixteenth part. "The origin of this custom is very remote. In ancient times each family ground its corn in hand-mills. When water-mills were invented, their introduction was eagerly desired, and no one being found able to build them, in some poor districts the king was petitioned to erect mills in various places, to which he consented, on condition that the inhabitants would bind themselves and their heirs for ever, to grind at such mills on the terms then agreed on." (*Baines' Gazetteer*, 1823.) Thoresby merely makes mention of the mills being held under Edward III. (the old mills, which are supposed to have been on, or near, the site of the present) by virtue of letters patent under the seal of the Duchy of Lancaster, by a "John Lindley, of Leathley, Esq.," but then to a William Neville, of Holbeck, of whose families he proceeds, as in duty bound, to give a full and particular pedigree. The Soke originated in 1609 by letters patent granted by the King to two individuals living at London. In 1631 it was made over by Charles I. to two

brothers of the name of Ferrers, one of whom was partner in the former grant. The anonymous author of a *Leeds Guide*, published in 1808, complains of the nuisance, by which the greater part of the inhabitants were bound to grind their corn there, and remarks, that ten thousand pounds had "been offered, and been refused, to redeem the town from this badge of slavery." This was not the first time that large compensation had been offered and declined, to free the inhabitants of this thralldom, but they were doomed to endure it till an Act of Parliament passed in 1839 effected it, and a compensation of £13,000 was paid to the proprietors. In 1815 the Leeds Soka, with the King's Mills, had been purchased for £32,000.

These mills have been rebuilt, and still more modernized at various times, though they still retain phases of antiquity.

KINK. To laugh till the windpipe is unduly affected, and a clicking noise there is the result, as infants are apt to do.

KIN'LING. Fire-wood, in chips or logs.

or

KINDLING.

KINNLE. To bring forth young. "Our cat's kinnled this morning, an't dog kinnled yesterder, soa ah think we sal hev a bonny stock on 'em enow!"

KIST. A large box. "Cloas-kist."

KIT. An old-fashioned wooden vessel with one upright handle, for carrying water on the head. Fifty years ago the cottagers had frequently a great distance to go for water, supplied by now no longer existing draw or pump-wells, attached, for the most part, to the premises of the gentry; and glad enough to get it they were, our old informant remarked, adding, that her bald crown was the effect of kit-carying.

Kit, also, a milking-pail, of the same description.

KIT. "A bonny kit o' barns!" There is "a rare kit o' members" belonging to a certain society; both these phrases express number, but there are others which bear an implication of quality, as in the case of a quarrelling husband and wife, and a peevish ill-tempered child, there would be "a

bonny kit on em," though the number of the family was unusually small. A company of rude persons would be contemptibly alluded to as "T' kit." "T' kit 'r' barn to meet at Tom's to morn at neet." The company of them are going to meet at Tom's to-morrow night, or evening, for night begins "as soin as therve gotten t' drinking weel ower."

KIT. A large can for general purposes.

KITH. "Nauther kith nur kin."—No relatives of any degree.

KITLINGS. Kittens.

KITTLE. Perilous. A man will say, that if he ever gets to heaven it will be in a very "kittle" way; meaning that he will be sorely beset on the road, and likelier to fall than to stand in temptations.

KITTLE. To tickle. "He's kittling muh mother." "That kittled his liking,"—tickled his fancy. To kitten. Being crafty or wary. Uncertain, as, a vessel half-way over the edge of a table is in a "kittle" position,— "nobbud setten kittle."

KITTLE AN' DAUBY. Easily excited, touchy and wayward; applied to horses, as, to a young horse when yoked again after having had a week or two's run on the common.

KNEADING (pronounced *kneiding*). Dripping, or lard, it being *knead into* the paste, when it is either used for pie-crusts, or made up into "short-cakes." A good housewife always takes care never to be without "a bit o' kneiding."

KNODDEN. Pt. part. of *knead*.

KNOLLS. A boy's game, where a wooden ball, a "knor," and sticks are used. If one side (say three in number) sends the ball a greater distance than the other three, they have gained "a knol," and count *one*.

KNOPPER. A door rapper.

KNOR AND SPELL. An amusement in which all ages engage, from the child of a few years to the man of sixty. One of the first and most successful attempts generally of the youthful generation of mechanics, is in the way of a "spell," perseveringly worked upon, and elaborately finished. This is an oblong slab of wood, carved and polished sometimes, furnished with a steel spring and brass fittings. Under-

neath at the four corners, are "prods" wherewith the "spell" is fixed into the earth. When the "knor," or wooden ball, after being coated with whitening to render it conspicuous to the "lookers out" in the distance, is placed in the concave at the end of the spring (held down by a catch), the "primstick" is taken in hand,—a long, smooth stick, tapering downwards, at the end of which is a club-shaped piece of wood, similar to what the perpendicularly divided half of a cylinder would be, were it rounded at one end; into this rounded end of the wood the "primstick" is fitted, and the flat side of it strikes the ball. The standing distance being measured, and the proper elevation of the spring secured by observing the height, the ball leaps when the spring is touched, the final touch comes, and the swinging rap given, which sends the ball flying in the distance. The count is by "scores," pegs being fixed at every twenty yards, and the distance thus reckoned.

The afternoon of Good-Friday, in particular, is generally devoted to this game, when players from different towns and villages round about contend with each other.

KNUCKLE-UNDER. Bend to circumstances. "He shows a stiff front now bud he'll ha' to knuckle under,"—to give in to what will be brought to bear upon him. "I sal knuckle-under to noaboddy,"—will not be controlled by anybody. "He's hed to knuckle under sin' hes t' poor fellah!"

KOL. To curl.

KORSER. The causeway. "Isn't t' korser big eniff to hod thuh now?" is one of those questions not requiring any answer, put to a person who, seeing nothing but himself and the clouds, comes in violent contact with everybody he meets.

KREKET. A cricket. Dutch, *Kreken*.

KURSEN. Christen. "When are you bown to kursen?" "Haw, t' kurs'ning's o' Sunday, awal being weel."

LABBER. To trail in the dirt.—"Cam hoam wi' her frock skirts rovven an' labbering behint her."

LACE. To beat. "Lāace him his jacket weel." "He desarves his back weel lāacing, an' he'd gelir it tu if he wur mine."

*Laker - - - - -
aint.*

LAIK (pronounced *lāak*). To play. "Awāay wi' yuh out an' lāak a bit—goa a laaking i' Tommy's cloise till I fetch yuh." "When we've lāaked wal te-a-time we'll come home mother!" When a mill has stopped running temporarily, the "hands" are said to be "laking."

LAKINS. Playthings.

LAI'THE. A barn.

LAMMAS. To run. "Lammasing awāay throo t' skoil." *am*
or "Whear's tuh lamming tul?" "Did tuh ivver

LAM. see me lam? "Lam'd off an' left him,"—Run off and left him. "Ther wur a peeler after him—by Gow didn't be lam!"

LAND. To arrive. "Landed hoam abart two o'clock i't morning." "We sal land i' deacent time awal being weel,"—shall arrive at the place of destination, &c. Used often ironically, as when a lad having been absent upon an errand a very long time, his master says upon his re-appearance,— "Soa thah's landed hes tuh?"

LANT. Urine.

LARACK. "Goas laracking abart ower mich fur my fancy,"—said of a giddy person—one always in at a frolic. "Shoo larack'd abart an' did nowt else wal shoo wur fair grown up,"—romped about, &c.

LARK or **LAWK**. To weed.

LARL. Little. "What a larl wee thing it is, it can hardly toddle."

LASH. To comb, "Lash that hair out lass!—it's a shāame to be seen; thad flāay t' crawahs wi't!"

LASH-COMB. A hair-comb.

LAST LUCK. The last of anything, supposed to ensure luck to the giver. A child begs hard for the "last luck," or core, of an apple, and it is generally bestowed by children, from the supposition that more will come to them by so doing. Each pippin as it is arrived at, is thrown at random over the head, and a simple "nomony" repeated, when so many apples as there have been pippins thrown, will be forthcoming, it is expected.

LAT. Late. Upon second thoughts we have deemed it well to include this word, as there is a possibility of its not being a

mere corruption, being, it may be, the Suevo-Gothic *lat*, slow. There are some few words in these dialects, however, in the North Yorkshire dialect especially, which, though having the exact sound of old Gothic words, we believe have no such near connection, and amounting to no more than a mere similarity of inflection. We may err here, but, with due thought, this conclusion forces itself upon us.

LAT. Lath. "As thin as a lat." Not a contraction.

LAWKS! Exclamations of surprise, or impatience.

LAWKS-A-ME!

LAWKINS!

LAY. "Ah doan't like to goa mother!" "Ah läay thah will!" "Ah'll lay it will be soa!" "He's a bonny un [ironically] al lay owt!" Lay, in all these cases, and more, is simply a word giving emphasis to the sentence, equivalent to 'bet' or 'wager,' but it is only a weak word.

LEARN. *Teach*, in some cases. "Whos lærnt thuh to du that?" "T' teicher." "Well, nobbud he larns thuh manners anawal tha'll du fur a bit."

LECK. To sprinkle water. "Lecking t' floor." "Lecks,"—droppings.

LEEDS. The town of Leeds is divided by the river Aire (Brit. *Araf*,—slow and easy), which river has its rise in a full bed at Malham Cove. It formed part of the territory inhabited by those stout contenders the Brigantes, in the days of the Britains; it being fifteen miles south-west of the Brigantian capital Iseur, now Aldborough, near Boroughbridge. There is one, and but one, village in the neighbourhood which evidences British occupation,—"*Cat*," or "*Catte-Beeston*,"* about two miles distant,—"*Woody*" *Beeston*, that is, in the language of those our ancestors, affinity proved. There is also a hill about four miles distant, with the British appellation "*Billinge*," upon which, near eighty years ago, was found a Torques, or British chain of pure

* Now "Cad"-Beeston—in the parish. This "Cad-Beeston" is a very high eminence, affording a complete view of the town.

gold, "perfectly plain, and consisting of two rods not quite cylindrical, but growing thicker towards the extremities, and twisted together." Its intrinsic value is stated to have been about £18. sterling.

Under the Romans, it is supposed to have been the British named "*Cair Loid Coit*," or "*Caer Llwyd yn y loed*," (*Kaer Loid Coit*, or, again, *Cair Luyt coyt*, as Archbishop Usher writes it) amongst the twenty-eight cities mentioned by Nennius ("*Cair Luitcoith*,"), or, the "*City of Loid in the wood*."*

Whitaker considers the word as merely the genitive case of the name borne by *Loidi*, the first Saxon possessor of the place, and this has certainly something of plausibility, as Bede, who mentions the place, designates it "*Leodys*;" and King Alfred, in his Saxon version of the same, *Loidis*. Another way of accounting for the name is, in the supposition that in ancient times the town was the property of some great man whose name was *Lede* or *Leod* (the "*Nazan Leod*," it has been suggested,—a British chief, mentioned by Huene, who was slain in a great battle against the Saxons), and that the villages of *Ledsham*, *Ledston*, and *Lede Hall* are all capable of the same reference. Allen, in the *County of York*, quotes an authority who supposes that the word is derived "from the Saxon *leo*, *gens*, or *natio*, implying it to have been very large and populous in the times of the heptarchy." Another, and a more worthy supposition, is that it was named by a tribe of our German ancestors, as there is a town of the same name (*Leeds*), on the river Dender, in Austrian Flanders, and not far from

* The laborious compiler of the *History, Gazetteer, and Directory of the West-Riding*, pub. 1837-8, has this passage.

"Thoresby supposes Leeds to have been derived from the British *Caer Loid Coit*, signifying a town in a wood, but this term might have answered the description of almost every British town before the invasion of the Romans."

If it had been *Caer Coit* merely, such an inference would have been a sound one.

thence, a village called *Holbeck*, as there is a mile distant from the Yorkshire Leeds. Another authority surmises, that, after the destruction of *Cambodunum* (Slack), by Cadwallo, a British Prince, and Penda, King of Mercia, Leeds was made a royal vill, and obtained the Saxon appellation of *Loidis*.

Thoresby inclines to the opinion that there must have been a town here in the time of the Romans, though not denoted in their maps. Dr. Whitaker held that the Roman road from *Calcaria* (Tadcaster) to *Mancunium* (Manchester) traversed the town in the line of Briggate, and that a trajectus occupied the site of the old bridge, which has since been verified by the discovery of part of a Roman ford during excavations there. The outline of a castrum, was discovered too on *Wallflat*, near Quarry-Hill; though, at this time, all traces of it has disappeared; a lot of as mean houses standing upon its site as can well be found in the Riding. Several other, though less important relics go a way towards evidencing Roman occupation. Upon the moors, there are yet remains of a Roman road passing by Hawcaster-Rigg to Addle, and, at the latter place, three miles distant, there was an extensive Roman encampment; and the vestiges of other Roman works, funeral monuments, and other antiquities of that period, have been from time to time discovered.* Bramham Moor, at a short distance, had likewise the remains

* The church at Addle is deserving of a passing notice. It was erected near the close of the twelfth century, and is considered one of the most beautiful specimens of Norman architecture in the kingdom. There is every reason to believe, however, that the small square stones with which it is built, belonged to an edifice of the Roman period. These kind of stones are similar to what is seen in other remains here in Yorkshire, known to be Roman, and, it is said that the inhabitants had a tradition that the church once stood upon Black-hill, a place near where Roman monuments have been discovered.

If this could be believed, and there appears no reason why it should not, the coincidence of the three main periods of

of a military way. The anonymous author of the *History* of [Leeds] 1791, quotes Leland, who remarks, that he never in any part of England saw "so manifest a token as here, of the large crest of the waie of Watling Street made by hands." At Hawcaster-Rigg, the vestiges of a Roman pottery have been discovered; and Potternewton, about a mile distant from Leeds, derives its name, it is supposed, from the ashes which were carried there. "There is no memorial, nor so much as a tradition of any pottery in late ages, and there are writings, above four hundred years old, wherein the name of this place is so called." At Scarcroft, several miles distant, there are traces of Roman fortifications, one of which has been described as "a mound of twenty yards high, and of great extent, called by the inhabitants '*Pompocali*,' near which the Romans are supposed to have had an iron mine and furnace, several of their smelting-pots having been dug up in the vicinity."

our history finding a voice in the old church, is somewhat striking,—Norman-built, Saxon-named, of Roman remains.

The foundations of houses, pavings of streets, and the vestiges of a Roman tower, have been brought to light. The Roman camp alluded to, was "upwards of four chains broad and five long, surrounded with a single vallum." Amongst objects discovered, there have been fragments of Roman vessels with figures in basse-relief; fragments of statues, pillars, aqueducts, inscriptions, and fluted glass, and also three altars. In the days of our grandsires, it is related how that there was dug up in that neighbourhood the statue of a Roman officer, full-proportioned, with a large inscription thereto, but which the clod-hoppers broke to pieces upon being disappointed in not finding the smoke of the bundles of straw which they bound round it and ignited, to result in the revelation of a hidden something. Addle was the *Burgodunum* of the Romans.

At Cookridge, another village, a mile further in the same direction, other remains have been discovered, including a considerable number of Roman coins.

Under the Saxons, the place became of great eminence, and in this neighbourhood, upon the destruction of Cambo-nodunum, about the beginning of the seventh century, the Northumbrian kings fixed their residence, according to Thoresby (chiefly upon the authority of Bede, and likewise, by inference, from the names of several places hereabouts, and from the character of relics of that particular period), and had here the Regia Villa. At Ossinthorpe, just upon the outskirts of the town, the Saxon remains were numerous.* The most interesting is a piece of painted glass preserved in one of the windows of the hall, representing "a king with a very antique crown and sword, with an escutcheon of three crowns, the arms of the kingdom of the East Angles, where Edwin was relieved in his exile, and by the help of whose king, Redwald, restored to his own kingdom of Northumberland." The third king in descent from Edwin, was Oswin, from whom, it is supposed, the place derived its name, he being "either the founder or the finisher of the regal seat erected there." This Edwin, after driving out the Regulus Ceriticus (620,) distinguished a district of considerable extent around Leeds by the name of *Elmete* (still retained, as "*Berwick-in-Elmete*," "*Sherburn-in-Elmete*," "*Leeds-in-Elmete*," or "*Elmet*" in all cases), which is supposed to have been the same tract called by Bede the *Sylva Elmetæ*, "probably from the woods of elm trees which are said to have abounded here." The remains of Saxon earth-works in the neighbourhood have been styled "magnificent," but now they are being fast obliterated; those which existed at Gipton and Osmondthorp are entirely so. In the Saxon times, the place was held by seven lesser thanes, immediately of the crown.

The dialect is proof enough in itself of a long residence of the Danes in this neighbourhood. In order to this, there must have been a sense of security, and there is ample evi-

* In the church at Methley has been preserved a statue of King Oswald, the Patron Saint, a relic of the Saxon edifice which occupied the site.

dence of there having been this, in the remains of substantial earthworks about, known to be of their construction. Upon the pulling down of the old parish church in 1888, a discovery was made of a number of sculptured stone crosses, upon one of which, in Runic characters, was an imperfect inscription. The letters legible were "CUNI" "ONLAF," the name of the Danish "King Onlaf," who was driven back upon these shores by the Saxons, but who returned, and subsequently reigned over Northumbria, and became a Christian.

"LEDES," in *Domesday Book*, figures as a mere farming village, with an estimated population of "somewhat less than three hundred, including twenty-seven *villeins*, and four *soke-men*, and having "a Priest, a Church, and a Mill of four shillings;" had "been valued at six pound, but then at seven." It was given, at the Conquest, with other portions of the district around, to Ilbert de Lacy, a Norman, of course, who erected a baronial castle in the town, encompassed by a park (the names of several streets preserve this evidence), and consolidated all under his great barony of Pontefract. This castle was besieged by Stephen in his march towards Scotland, 1189; and Richard II. was lodged here previous to his removal to Pontefract castle.

The manor of Leeds was granted by Ilbert de Lacy, immediately after the Domesday survey to a Maurice Paganel. How it passed out of his hands is not known with certainty, but in 1284 the manor is mentioned as being part of the estate of Ranulph, Earl of Chester, and the grant of it is recorded to Hugh de Albenei, Earl of Arundel, a nephew of the former. Earl Hugh, dying without issue, the conjecture is, that it reverted to the fourth daughter of Ranulph, who had had the earldom of Lincoln conferred upon herself and her heirs, for the next mention of Leeds (1221) shows it to be in the possession of John de Lacy, first Earl of Lincoln of that family; having obtained this honour by his marriage with the daughter of Earl Ranulph's sister. In 1251, Edmund, their son, obtained a charter of free warren in all his demesne lands, this part included. In

1311, Alice, his widow, had assigned to her, as part of her dowry, the manor of Leeds. By the marriage of Alice de Lacy, only daughter of the last De Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, with Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, the manor, with the other vast possessions of the Lacy family, became united to those of the Duchy of Lancaster, passing to the crown in the person of Duke Henry, afterwards King Henry IV.; and of the crown continued till after the decease of Anne of Denmark, queen of James I., a part of whose jointure it was, when it was sold into private hands. The manor is now divided into nine shares, holden by three families.

Leeds was first enfranchised by a charter from the lord of the manor, in the reign of John; it was incorporated by Charles I., in 1626; a second charter was granted by Charles II., in 1661; and a third by James II. in 1684. Probably, the often-repeated incidents connected with the Red-Hall was the main cause of this friendly token of the second Stuart. His wily, and bigoted successor, framed his parchment to suit his own designs, immediately upon coming to the throne. This charter was superseded in the next reign, by the restoration to the burgesses of their second charter, under which the borough was governed till the passing of the Municipal Corporation Act in 1835. It had been created a parliamentary borough in 1832, though during the civil wars it had one representative in Parliament.

The old cloth-market, up to 1684, used to be held upon the old bridge (since re-built), the cloth being laid upon the battlements.

Besides its chief manufacture, and its numerous dye-works, Leeds has very extensive linen and flax-mills, as also a silk mill, altogether employing from twelve to thirteen thousand individuals; tanneries, several of which are amongst the largest in England; carpet and tobacco manufacturies; foundries, and engineering establishments, employing from eight to ten thousand; extensive and celebrated potteries, supplying foreign markets; glass-works, the principal of which employs about four hundred, and consumes fifty tons of coal per day; chemical manufactures—about thirty firms;

and large collieries in the district, in one direction,—the miners,—men, and boys, being about four thousand. There are various other manufactures, but which form a less prominent feature. In point of population, Leeds ranks the fifth centre in England; in position, we may venture to put it a scale higher. Twenty years have seen many changes.*

LEEDST. Happen it. "How leedst tuh didn't du it then?"

LEET ON. "He's let on varry weel,"—come off very well.

or "Ah hoape ah sal leet on better nur E did t' last

LET ON. time!"—hope to come on better, &c. "Let on him orf wāay up t' loin,"—came upon there. "Whear sal E leet on thuh then?" Where will you meet me then?

LEG. "Gie us a leg,"—the common way of asking another's assistance in an endeavour to climb, or mount any object, as a horse; raising one leg at the request, which the courteous complier has to take hold of and raise as high as his own shoulder, when he can do no more, and if the level is yet too low it isn't his fault.

* "The soil of the parish is a coarse, strong clay, of which bricks and tiles are made. The Romans seem to have appreciated its value, as considerable remains of works, in which they have made use of these articles, have been discovered in the neighbourhood. This covers a finer stratum, which is used in the manufacture of earthenware. Under this is a thin bed of coal, and, lower still, a thin bed of clay, of which fire-bricks are made. A kind of clay abounds about Wortley [a mile and a half distant], much used in the making of tobacco-pipes. There are three distinct beds of coal, which are all wrought, and in use. The heights in the vicinity of the town furnish free-stone and flags, and on the north-east border of the parish there is a bed of imperfect granite, or moor-stone. [There are about a dozen quarries in the neighbourhood, at the present time, the stone of some of which is transported to various parts of the country, for dock-works, &c.: some was used in the building of the new Houses of Parliament.] The strata of silicious grit abound in organic remains."—*Baines' Gazetteer of Yorkshire*, 1823.

- LEHR. Let. Having these several variations. "Lehr on him
 LER. atween an' thear,"—Came across him between the two
 LAY. places indicated.
 LUH.

LEGEND OF SELETH. In connection with the abbey of Kirkstall (vulg. pron. "Kir'stal") is the legend of Seleth, which is as follows:—

It was early in the beginning of the eleventh century, in the reign of Henry I., when Philip swayed the sceptre of France, Edgar that of Scotland, and Paschal II. was Pope.

Far removed from the factions of ambition, and the dangers of war, Seleth, a poor shepherd, wandered from his native country of the South, not doubting but his steps were directed by a supernatural power. For, in the visions of his nightly slumbers, the holy Virgin appeared unto him saying,—“Arise, Seleth! and go into the Province of York, and seek diligently, in the Valley of Airedale, for a place called Kirkstall; for there shalt thou prepare a future habitation for Brethren serving my Son.” And Seleth trembled in his sleep, and was fearfully troubled: but the vision continued,—“Fear not, Seleth! I am Mary, the Mother of Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world.” Upon which he arose, and betook himself to travel, in search of Kirkstall, living upon charity, and the spontaneous productions of the earth: when, after having escaped great dangers and fatigues, he arrived at the entrance of a shady valley, which some herdsmen informed him was the place he was in search of. Here he fixed his solitary abode, paying his devotions to the Holy Jesus, and to the blessed Virgin.

Long was his humble cell revered by the neighbouring villagers, and visited by the curious, or the pious. In times of distress, the intercessions of Seleth were resorted to; and the Hermitage of Kirkstall was famed throughout the country.

The report of his piety and self-denial reaching the ears of some young devotees, Seleth was persuaded by them to accept the office of superior: and their united body was formed into a small community, building themselves cells beside the River Aire, and regulating themselves by the rules of the

Brethren of Lerath, enjoying all things in common ; and procuring a livelihood by the labour of their hands.

It appears that the monastery of Mount St. Mary's, Beroldswick, founded by Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, according to a vow which he made during an illness, was suffering grievously at this time, partly from the ill-will of their neighbours, whose possessions this recently-established fraternity had displaced, and by reason of the depredations of the rebel armies of those northern counties who were at war with Stephen. The local situation of the monastery was, also, not altogether satisfactory. The soil's produce was scant, and what of it there was was liable to be washed or rotted away by the "great rains" there, so that it was with no uncalled-for amount of inward rejoicing, that Alexander the Abbot, whilst upon the business of his house, and passing through the rich and peaceful valley of Air, that he came across the humble settlement of Seleth.

The Abbot, learning the particulars of their origin and situation, and pleased with the beauty of the Vale, the river flowing through it, and the conveniency of the wood for building, deemed it a proper place for the seating of his Abbey. He therefore began gently to admonish the brethren of the insufficiency of their present state for the safety of their souls ; urging the smallness of their number ; that they, being all laymen, and without a priest, were like sheep without a shepherd ; and advising them to adopt some more perfect form of religious government. Whereupon several of them agreed to become monks in his convent ; and others, receiving a small sum of money for their habitations, departed.

The Abbot, in the meantime, repaired to Henry de Lacy, their Patron, and laid before him the present state of their house, their poverty and distress ; he acquainted him with the desirable spot they had discovered at Kirkstall, and—in short, the thing was done.

It is certain, however, that "Christall Abbaye" was founded by Henry de Lacy in 1152, who himself laid the foundation ; was entirely finished, and, in a great measure

afterwards, supported by him. The monks were of the "Cistercian," or "White" Order, having had their origin in the town of Cisteaux, in Burgundy, being seceders from the Benedictines. The rules of the "White Monks" (so called because of a white cassock, with a narrow scapulary, worn by them, but which was exchanged for, or hid underneath, a black gown, when out of church), were confirmed in the year 1107 by Pope Urban II., and the order was established in England in 1128. All their monasteries were dedicated to the Holy Virgin. The last of the Abbots, amongst whom appears to have been some curious characters, was deposed at the dissolution in 1528, at which period its endowment is stated to have been valued at £512. 13s. 4d. per annum.

The Abbey of Kirkstall was (as was all those of the Cistercian order) "exempted from the payment of tithes, because the erections of this order were in such places as had not before been tilled, as woods and waste grounds, and which by the industry of this religious order were brought into a high state of cultivation." The anonymous author of an old *Leeds Guide*, whose extract the above is, surmises from this circumstance, that Kirkstall, previous to the erection of the Abbey, was a forest simply, and inhabited by a few Anchorites. It is mentioned of Alexander, the first abbot, that he brought the timber required for the buildings, from a distance, leaving uninjured the fine woods surrounding the Abbey. In the year 1301, it is said, there belonged to the brethren 216 draught oxen, 160 cows, 155 yearlings and bullocks, 90 calves, and 4000 sheep and lambs.*

* The inn near the Abbey of Kirkstall, an old posting-house, is known to be the place where lived "Mary the Maid of the Inn," the subject of a well-known ballad by Southey—well-known hereabouts, that is; for, few people there are, however illiterate, but who are familiar with some portion, if not all, of it. Southey says that, "Either Furnes or Kirkstall Abbey was named to him as the scene, when a schoolboy," but "forgets which." We don't know whether

LEN. A loan.

LEN.' Lend. One of many words which drop a letter at the end. There are those too which drop one at the beginning,—“alive,” for example, does in many cases. “Av copp'd a 'live buzzard.” “Boath 'live uns an' dēad uns.”

LENNY. Leisure. “Du yuh want 'em up thereckly māaster?” “Nāa wah, ye may tak a bit o' lenny,”—not particular, you can come at your leisure.

LET ON. To alight upon, or come in contact with. “Yes-ter-neet ah let on wi' a chap 'at ad nivver seen o'

LEET ON. monny a year.” A lad who has lost a shilling is addressed thus:—“Mak thee wāay t' sāame rōad 'at tuh kom, an' ten-to-one bud thah'll leet on wi' 't somewhear,”—will alight upon it somewhere.

LETTEN. Let. “A chap's letten a gun off yonder.” “Thah, sud 'a' letten 't aloan.”

LICH-GATE. In one or two of the churches about here

CORPSE-GATE. there are still these old structures, where the

CORPSE-YAT. bearers of the corpse in ancient times were wont to rest with their burden, and where the officiating minister met it.

In the building of the church at Meanwood, just out of the town, the corpse-gate has been revived. It is built of stone.

LICK. To partially do a thing is to give it a “lick.” “Nobbud a lick.” “A fairish lick.” “A clēan lick,”—nothing short of thorough. When “boots” has overslept himself, he gives his pairs “a lick an' a prom’,”—a lick and a promise.

the ballad is popular in the neighbourhood of Fourness Abbey or not, but we do know that it is very popular at Kirkstall. The similar story in Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire* may have suggested this, or this may have suggested that, or there may be but a simple similarity between the two, and nothing more. It is a story too much, and, as a matter of course, believed in, with all its circumstantial details, in this neighbourhood, not to exclude the notion of its not having had a well-established basis.

LIG. To lie. "Ah gottant t' hēad-wark bad." "Awāay wi' thuh, lig thuh darn a bit then, an' it'll happen goa awāay." "Ligging ont' grund thear." "Ligging i' bed an' duing nowt." "It's liggen ont' floor long eniff nah, tak it up." "What's tuh liggen on't?"—what have you laid, or bet, on it? "Av liggen ten shillin' darn."

LIGGIN-IN. The time of "ligging-in," is that of confinement.

LIG-I'BED. A late riser.

LIKE. A persuasive term, much employed. "Thou's like to du it! ther's nowt else for't!" "Du it,—thou's like my lad!" "Come, goa yonder, thou's like!" "Thou's like, man! if tuh doesn't, he's done for onny minute!" "Is he to goa?" "He's like." "Then ther awal like to goa f'rout I knawah!"

LIKENED. "Ad liken'd tul 'a' bin ower-taen wi' 't storm!"—was in danger of being over-taken by the storm. "Liken'd tuv a mēade a mess on't!" "Liken'd tul a setten off an' goan there an' then,"—I was very near (implying consequent danger), setting off to go there and then; though the word cannot always be taken in this sense, as a man would "ha' liken'd tul a won" in a race, and a good shot "hev liken'd tul 'a' hitten" the bull's eye.

LILLY-LOW. A blaze. An infant is amused by pieces of paper being thrown into the fire, when a "lilly-low," or blaze, is the consequence.

LIPEN. To depend. "Wuh can't lipen on him." "He's noan to be lipen'd on,"—not to be depended on.

LITHE. To thicken broth or milk with oatmeal, while boiling, is to "lithe it." A preparation of oatmeal and broth, or milk, for the same purpose, is called "lithing."

LITHESOME. Cheerful. "Lithesome,"—more lively.

LIVVER. Deliver. An errand-boy goes "a livvering" parcels; a naughty child is commanded to "livver up" it's brother's or sister's playthings; a person, on quitting his residence, proceeds to the landlord, for the purpose of "livvering up" the keys; the milkman "livvers" his milk; a man in trouble gets a "liverance" by some means; and another congratulates himself on having "liver'd" more coils (his trade being

that of a coal-dealer), that day than he has done for a long time past. The prefix is never used, and would sound as strange in the ears of most as, minus it, the word will do to others.

LOAFING. "A gurt idle loafing fellah," is one who hangs about ready for any sort of a job, except a hard one, providing it pays. "Bin loafing abart awalt' morning, an' t' wark's to start on yet,"—been whiling away the time in stupid laziness.

LOFT. A gallery. "Am bown to t' chapel this morning, an' ah think ah sal sit i' t' loft."

LOITCH. A small fresh-water fish.

LOLLOPS. An ungainly, slatternly female.

LONG-SETTLE, or SETTL, as it might be written. A high-backed seat, accommodating several persons, to be seen sometimes in houses where the furniture is that of a generation back.

LONG-TONGUE. A blabber.

LOON. Equivalent to "fellow" in its base sense. "A idle loon; ligs i' bed horf o' t' dāay, and does nowt bud try to keep wakken t' other horf." "He'll fash furt' odds-an'-ends man [the furniture broker], hing abart, ur du owt rāather an' work—a lāazy loon 'at he is."

LOP. A bed-flea.

LOPPER'D. Extremely dirty. "He's lopper'd an' lost ist' barn." Milk, too, is "lopper'd" when sour and curdled.

LORS! An exclamation of surprise, or fear. "Lors! what a fret thou art!" "Lors lass! what's tuh duing on?"

LOUP. Leap. "Loup ower 't man! and doan't stan' stāaring thear like a stuck sheep." "Lukes afoar he louns,—one o' that soart."

LOW. "Lowing" is the noise made by the blaze of a fire. "A good lowing fire,"—a roaster.

LOWMOST. The lowest.

LOWSE. A person goes to the doctor, complaining that he is "lowse" in his "inside;" or asking for "some lowsening," i.e. purgative, medicine.

LUBBERWORT. That which makes a person idle or stupid.

LUCKY-STONES. Round polished white pebbles, found amongst gravel.

Slasher.—How canst thou break my head?
 Since it is made of iron,
 And my body's made of steel,
 My hands and feet of knuckle bone,
 I challenge thee to field.

They fight, and SLASHER is wounded. Exit. ST. GEORGE.

Enter FOOL.

Fool.—Alas! alas! my chiefest son is slain,
 What must I do to raise him up again!
 Here he lies in the presence of you all;
 I'll lovingly for a doctor call.
 (*Loud*) A doctor! a doctor! ten pounds for a doctor.
 I'll go and fetch a doctor (*going*).

Enter DOCTOR.

Doctor.—Here am I.

Fool.—Are you the doctor?

Doctor.—Yes, that you may plainly see, by my art and activity.

Fool.—Well, what's your fee to cure this man?

Doctor.—Ten pounds is my fee: but Jack, if thou be an honest man, I'll only take five of thee.

Fool.—You'll be wondrous cunning if you get any (*aside*).
 Well, how far have you travelled in doctrianship?

Doctor.—From Italy, Titaly, High Germany, France, and Spain, and now am returned to cure the diseases in Old England again.

Fool. So far, and no further?

Doctor.—O yes! a great deal further.

Fool.—How far?

Doctor.—From the fireside, cupboard, up stairs, and into bed.

Fool.—What diseases can you cure?

Doctor.—All sorts.

Fool.—What's all sorts?

Doctor.—The itch, the pitch, the palsy, and the gout. If a man gets nineteen devils in his skull, I'll cast twenty of them out. I have in my pockets crutches for lame ducks, spectacles for blind humble bees, packsaddles and panniers for grasshoppers, and plaisters for broken-backed mice. I cured Sir Harry of a

nang-nail, almost fifty-five yards long, surely I can cure this poor man. Here Jack; take a little out of my bottle, and let it run down thy throttle; if thou be not quite slain, rise, Jack, and fight again! (*SLASHER rises*).

Slasher.—O my back!

Fool.—What's amiss with thy back?

Slasher.—My back it is wounded,
And my heart is confounded,
To be struck out of seven senses into four score,
The like was never seen in old England before.

Enter ST. GEORGE.

O hark! St. George, I hear the silver trumpet sound,
That summons us from off this bloody ground:
Down yonder is the way (*pointing*).
Farewell, St. George, we can no longer stay.

Exit SLASHER, DOCTOR, and FOOL.

ACT II.

St. George.—I am St. George, that noble champion bold,
And with my trusty sword I won ten thousand pounds in gold;
'Twas I that fought the fiery dragon, and brought him to the
slaughter,
And by those means I won the King of Egypt's daughter.

Enter PRINCE OF PARADINE.

Prince.—I am Black Prince of Paradine, born of high renown
Soon I will fetch St. George's lofty courage down;
Before St. George shall be received by me,
St. George shall die to all eternity.

St. George.—Stand off! thou black Morocco dog,
Or by my sword thou'lt die;
I'll pierce thy body full of holes, and make thy buttons fly.

Prince.—Draw out thy sword and slay,
Pull out thy purse and pay,
For I will have a recompense
Before I go away.

St. George.—Now Prince of Paradine where have you been,
And what fine sights pray have you seen?

LUGS. The ears. "Gehr hod on his lug an' gi'e it a twitch."
"As tough as a bull's lug."

LUKESTA. ("Look thou!" *imper.*) A combination much in use. "Lukesta! bud, nobbut what I've gotten!" A mother says to her baby, setting it facewards towards an older child, "Lukesta then at t' babbies in his ee!"—those little images of itself reflected in the pupils opposite its own.

LUMP-HEAD. The name of an iron upright, with a ball-shaped head, answering the purpose of a smoothing-iron for women's caps. The ball part is moderately heated, and fixed into its base, and has the inside of the cap moved over it, to and fro, quickly.

"Lump-hēad" and "lump-hēaded," too, general epithets. A swaggering, bullying, blundering, and silly person (all these qualities will generally be found in company), has the first mostly bestowed on him, while a "lump-hēaded" person answers to a block-head.

LUMPS. Loaves baked without a tin or dish, so called because they are not shaped by the use of tins. "Mun E bring a lōaf ur a lump, mother?" "Will yuh bāake muh a little lump to-dāay, mother, wi' curn's in?"

LUMPY-DICKS. Porridge, with the oatmeal in lumps. When the oatmeal is strewn into the vessel of milk, while on the fire, these lumps are formed. This is esteemed the best kind of porridge.

LUNJOUS. Spiteful. "A lunjous young tike." A dog is "lunjous," when it takes the first opportunity of making a grab at the persons leg who has done some offence.

LURDEN. "Gottant t' fēaver lurden," i.e. too lazy to work.

MAD. Angry. "Mad as a piper." "Doan't madden him no moar, pretha doan't; he's mad eniff i' awal conscience." "It maks muh mad to think on't."

MADDLE. To confuse. "Mother! ah can't du this sum if t' barn goas on i' that wāay, cos he maddles muh." "Ah've sich 'n a lot o' things to think on am fair maddled."

MADLING. "A madling" acts in opposition to common-sense views. He is "an owd madling" whose reason has become

childish by the lapse of years. *To be* "maddling," is to have our ideas of things confused. Untoward events may rapidly overtake a man, so that from their force he becomes absent-minded, or "maddled" at times; or, more to the letter of our word, comes to be "madling," or thinking about what he ought not to think about then.

MAFTED. To be deprived of air, whether by reason of too much clothing, or, of an over-crowded room, where it is difficult to breathe.

MAG. Chat. "Turn in Tom, an' let's mag a bit!"

MAGRAMS. Mischievous tricks. A kitten is "on wi' it's määgrams" when amusing itself by scampering about with a newspaper in its mouth, and tossing it to and fro. A girl has everything to recommend her, saving that she is "full o' määgrams."

MAKE. To fasten. "Mak t' door,"—fasten the door. "Ist' door määde?" "Aye, an' t' winders tu,"—*i.e.* both are fast.

MAK' SHARP. Make haste. "Mak sharp hoam agean, thear's a good lad!" "Makkin' sharp,"—making haste. "What a long while hes tuh been fursüre!" "Av määde as sharp as ah could!"

MALACK (pron. *māalack*). A disturbance, serious or jocular, individual or general. "T' sowgers an' t' peelers is at it agean up yonder, ther's a bonny määlack atween 'em!" "Ther wur a bonny määlack it hoil,—shouting an' laughing, an' doncing awlt' neet throo!" "Let's ha' noan o' *thy* määlacks nah! bud just clap thuh darn an' be quiet, du that!"

MAN AND SHIRT. "He's awal man an' shirt," is said of one proud—too proud in his position; very consequential,—as an in-door pauper is apt to be when he gets promoted into the bake-house of the establishment where he has to deal out the loaves to his brethren.

MANNISH. Overbearing, blustering. Generally applied to youths by youths.

MANNY. Clever (ironically).

MARCHANT. Merchant. Old, and better spelling.

MARRIAGE-LINES. The certificate of marriage.

MARROW. Match; like. "Tak this an' ass 'em to marrow

't thuh, an' bring a yard on 't." "Ne'er seen his marrow, he's tuptack,"—never seen his like, he beats all. "Marrow to Bonny,"—a very common expression. One who has committed any bad action, or bears a very bad character, is "marrow to Bonny," or, a match for Bonaparte, about whose actions there is supposed to be but one opinion. At a period rather distant, to threaten a child with the vengeance of "Bonny" was the climax of all threats. It is still in use after this fashion.

MASH. To infuse. Not only malt, but tea, also, is "mashed," or, a small proportion of water poured on to the leaves and allowed to stand awhile, before the pot is filled up.

MASTLEGIN. A mixture of rye and wheat, used for the making of brown bread. The two kinds of seed are generally sown together, requiring light land, however, for the purpose.

MAUNCE. Trouble. A person disappointed in an object is told not to make "sich'n a maunce abart it,"—not to grieve so much. "What a maunce thou art!" is said to a teasing child.

MAUL. To handle with the fingers or "mauls." "Doan't be mauling it i' that wäay!"

Maul, also, to beat. "Thuh left him sorely mauled,"—left him much beaten.

MAULS. The herb called marsh-mallows.

MAUND. An open basket.

MAUNGY. Ill-natured; ill-tempered and peevish. A spoiled child is apt to be "maungy" at times, and refuses to take pleasure in what generally affords it a great deal. "As mauangy as an owd cat!" "A little mauangy dolly!"

MAWKS. Maggots. "Mawky cheese."

MAY-DAY. It is hardly to be expected that a town-population will retain any of those customs which distinguished the advent of this day, when manners and social habits were so different. To thousands, every day's existence is but the cast of a die whether they shall have the where-withal for family sustenance or not. Man's stern convenience reared the black walls of a town, and it is only to secure conveniences that the town is populated, or that there are

such places. Old customs do cling, however, in some instances, in one shape or another. It is not many years ago since a May-pole stood on Woodhouse Moor; but it is gone, and there are few of our added population who know that one ever stood there. The omnibuses in daily communication with the surrounding villages make a conspicuous appearance yet on this day. Four-in-hand, whites or greys, with trappings of silk, white ribbons for the most part, the driver handles his "ribbons"—white too—much to his private satisfaction it cannot be doubted. Both himself and the conductor appear in new scarlet coats and white drills; have white gloves, too, and, when proprietor is determined on doing the thing neat, a silver-laced hat. Enormous rosettes deck the breasts of these individuals, and the driver has ribbons flouting the length of his whip. Most of the vehicles have gaily-caparisoned horses, and whips on this day are more for display than use, being placed upright on the horse's back, streaming with coloured ribbons, white obtaining, and having a new lash—white too.

A similar practice prevails on this as on All-fool's day, and the victims are called "May-geslings."

MEDDLESOME. Mischievous. "A meddlesome young pouse."

MEETERLY. "How are yuh dāame to-dāay?" "Thenk yuh, am like meeterly; how's yersel'?"—"Pretty well; how's yourself?"

MEG. A cant term for a half-penny.

MEIL. Meal. We admit this corruption for the sake of introducing it in a combination not common. "Meils-meit" is of very frequent occurrence, meaning, meat enough for a meal. "Ther's a meil's-meit for thuh onny wāay, lad—tak it an' eit it," says a compassionate woman to a beggar-lad. Of course it doesn't follow that what is furnished him consists at all of flesh, as "meit" or meat, is used for anything which makes up a meal.

MELL. To meddle. "Nivver mell'd on't,"—Never meddled with it. To interfere. "Noan o' yower melling,—what ha' ye to du wi' 't?" "He's been melling o' me agean, mother!"—been striking again. "Mell o' thee match!"—

Engage with your equal. A compact is made by juveniles who have been used to attack each other every time they met, by the one saying to the other—"Mell o' me no more an' I'll mell o' thee no more!"

MELL. A wooden hammer, with a square head and an upright handle, used for hooping barrels, and for tapping them too, and for other purposes. Also a mason's mallet.

MELSH. Said of weather mild and warm, with an inclination to moisture.

MEMAWS. Trifles. A factory girl is "memawed throo hēad to foit" upon the Sunday, sporting her ear-rings, bracelets, brooch, locket, coloured kid boots and gloves, &c. "Noan o' thee memawing!" is said to a child busy with trifles. "Shoo's more memaws about her an' eniff!" So addicted to trifles that simple disgust is the consequence.

MENSE. Cleanly and decent.

or

MENSEFUL.

MENSELESS. Lacking common ideas of propriety.

MERL. To crumble, or reduce to powder. A decayed brick "merls" by contact with the fingers.

MERLYGRUBS. To be "int' merlygrubs" is to have an internal ailment which evidences itself by contortions of the features; hence, timid, nervous persons are oftenest in the "merlygrubs." The word has a figurative use too.

MEZLINGS. The measles. "What āals yar barn, Missis?" "Shoo's gotten t' mezlings!"

MEZZUR. Measure. "Mezzur my lad fur a coit, will yuh, if yuh plēaze?" This word is hardly a corruption. *Welsh, mesur.*

MICH. Much.

MICKEY. A farthing candle. "A p'und o' can'les an' a hāa'p'ny back!" "Dus tuh want 'em mickey's, doy?"

MIDDEN. The dust-heap. "Ass"—or ash, "midden."

MIDDLEIST. Middlemost.

MIDGE. A gnat. Also figuratively—one of a diminutive stature. "A little midge."

MIDGROM-FAT. The leafy fat belonging to the intestines

of a sheep, or pig. When the pig is killed, a small plate of liver, a kidney, and portions of "midgrom-fat" very often goes to the neighbours.

MILL. To beat. "Gi'e him a good milling." "Mill intul him!" To "mill" cloth, is to beat it up with ponderous wooden hammers, engine-worked, to make it thicker. Cloths are divided into "Superfines" and "Double-mill's," for ordinary purposes, the latter much narrower than the former, on account of the "milling-up" process gone through.

MILLER'S-THUMBS. Small fresh-water fishes.

MILNER. A miller.

MINCH. To mince. "Minch-pies."

MISNANCY. An effeminate character; one conspicuous for outward adornment and airs of gentility, but deficient in common sense.

MISTLE. A cow-house.

MITE. A very little. "Nut a mite,"—not a bit.

MOANT. Must not. "Moant thuh goa?"—Musn't they go? "Al speng-whaew thee neck rahnd some o' thease dääys!" "Thah moant,"—the sarcastic, half-defiant 'You'd better not.'

MOGUE. To deceive by false representations.

MOITING. A process in the manufacture of cloth, by which the wool, subsequent to being scoured (the first process), and preparatory to its passing through the "willey," is cleansed from "moits" or shivs—minute particles of wood, and other foreign substances. The machine used is called a "moiting machine."

MOLL. Has its equivalent in "wench." "Wench," though in common use, yet to once it is used in general society, is used many times by the class with whom we are dealing.

MONKEY. A man's "monkey's up" when he is angry. When property is mortgaged it is said to have "'t monkey at top o' 't"—the monkey sitting at the top of it.

MOOED OUT. When a tradesman has more than an ordinary amount of work on hand, more than he knows how to get through, he says that he is "mooed" or, crowded "out."

MOORED UP. Overlaid or overwrapt. Says the husband

Engage with your equal. A compact is made by juveniles who have been used to attack each other every time they met, by the one saying to the other—"Mell o' me no more an' I'll mell o' thee no more!"

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MOORED UP. Overlayed or overwrapt. Says the husband

to the wife, "Tha'll moor that barn up wal shoo can't bræathe!" as its head is being wrapt up to protect it from the cold. "Moor'd up reight here, hahivver!"—(Middle one of five in a bed *loquitur*);—in a fair way of being smothered. A "moor'd up" fire,—one upheaped with coal or slack when nearly out.

MORE COST NOR WORSHIP. A child who teazes its mother for bread, is replied to, as she snatches up the loaf to cut a piece, "Th'art more cost nur worship." A man marries a person whose health continues to be precarious after marriage, when she is said to be "more cost nor worship tul him."

MORLEY. About a mile south of Morley, and four S. S. W. of Leeds, are the ruins of **HOWLEY HALL**, built by Sir John, afterwards Baron Savile, of Pontefract, and for several generations the seat of the illegitimate branch of this family. It was a fine old place, with a magnificent interior. It was finished by him in 1590, but important additions were made by his successor, Thomas Savile, the first and last Earl of Sussex of that name. The total cost is said to have exceeded £100,000, which may be multiplied by seven to represent its equivalent now-a-days. The Hall remained intact, "the pride and admiration of the neighbourhood" down to 1730, when by the false misrepresentation of a designing agent—Christopher Hudson, by name, to Lord Cardigan, the owner, the latter was induced to give orders for its demolition, and it was blown up with gunpowder. The Hall is said to have been of an immense size, columned, battlemented, and had several cupolas, and a noble gateway. Fragmentary portions of the building, and especially of the wainscoting, were dispersed over the county; many rooms in Wakefield, and an old Presbyterian Meeting-house at Bradford being fitted up with the latter. Howley Hall, during the civil wars, had been besieged by the Royalists.

Sir John Savile was the ancient benefactor of Leeds, and was its first Mayor under the Charter of Charles I.: the three "Hullarts," or Owls, (crest and supporters), were added to the Borough Arms in honour of him, being so borne until

after the granting of the second Charter, when the chief with its bearings were introduced in commemoration of its first mayor under this Charter. Baron Savile has a plain monument—in fact, a simple brass plate, but with a pompous epitaph, in the chapel belonging to his family on the north side of the chancel of Batley Church, recording how that he was several times a representative of his county in Parliament, six years Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and a faithful Councillor of two Kings. He died in 1630. Morley is distinguished for its ancient church of Saint Mary, being originally the tithe-barn of the Lord of the Manor, the first change in its use being about the time of James or Charles the First, in whose reign it ceased to be an Episcopal place of worship, and was leased out by the Earl of Sussex, before-mentioned, for 500 years, to the Presbyterians, in whose use it has been ever since, save when, ten years after the grant of the trust-deed, it reverted to the Episcopalians, who possessed it till after the revolution, when it was regained by the former. "It still retains much the appearance of a church, and has a choir and two side aisles, supported upon wooden posterns instead of columns. It is the only instance in England or Wales of an ancient Episcopal place of worship which was not restored to the Established Church at the restoration of the Stuarts."

MOSKER. To decay. Applied to inanimate matter. "Moskering like an owd tree trunk." "A mosker'd owd wall" or "wawall,"—decayed white.

MOSTLINGS. Mostly. "Sich as comes o' poor fowk hes tuh tug it out as weel as thuh can, bud moastlings ther better for't i' t' long run." "He'll rue ivvry hair on his hëad; sich fowks moastlings does."

MOT. In the game of "Pinch," or "Pinch an' hustle;" or in the game of quoits, very often, what is called a "mot" is set up, or fixed in the ground, which serves as the thrower's goal. It consists, in the game of "Pinch," of some small object, generally a copper placed upon the head of a nail, or piece of wood, fixed in the ground. Where there is no nail or wood come-at-able, in the game of quoits, a piece of

white pot is sought for, and sunk flat into the ground till it is even with the surface, and this is their "mot."

MOUD. Mould. "Moudering to nowt."—Mouldering to nothing.

In a preceding note was mentioned the coincidence of various spellings, in use amongst us, with old spellings of the same word. We take this opportunity of supplying the following additions to the list there given. There are many variations in the old spelling, so that the reader must not conclude that the old spelling was always exactly as we give it. Our object is merely to adduce an example:—

"Brak"	for	<i>brake</i>	("brack")
"Brek"	"	<i>break</i>	("brek")
"Çauf"	"	<i>calf</i>	("cawf")
"Clim"	"	<i>climb</i>	("clim," "clym")
"Dar"	"	<i>dare</i>	("dar")
"Haliday"	"	<i>holiday</i>	("halyday")
"Hing"	"	<i>hang</i>	("hing")
"Hummle"	"	<i>humble</i>	("humyled")
"Ludge"	"	<i>lodge</i>	("lugeing")
"Onny"	"	<i>any</i>	("ony")
"Päas" (two syllables)		<i>pace</i>	("paas")
"Prenk"	"	<i>prank</i>	("preynkte")
"Säaf"	"	<i>safe</i>	("saaf")
"Sarmon"	"	<i>sermon</i>	("sarmon")
"Scar"	"	<i>scare</i>	("skar")
"Scrat"	"	<i>scratch</i>	("skratting")
"Seld"	"	<i>sold</i>	("seld")
"Seterday"	"	<i>Saturday</i>	("Setterday")
"Sowt"	"	<i>sought</i>	("souht")
"Wesh"	"	<i>wash</i>	("wesche," "wesh")
"Towt"	"	<i>taught</i>	("tout")
"Tummle"	"	<i>tumble</i>	("tumlis")
"Wake"	"	<i>weak</i>	("waik," "wake")
"Wurset"	"	<i>worsted</i>	("worset")

Stream, too, we have met with a dis-syllable, as with us, —(strēam).

MOUDY-WARP. A mole.

MOULTER. A miller's pay in wheat for grinding a quantity.

MOUNGE. To chew. A person "mounging" by general implication, ought to be differently engaged. "What's tuh mounging thear at when ther's awalt' wark to du?"

MUCK-DRAGGER (pron. *dregger*). A remover of night-soil.

MUCK-GAGER. A man employed in clearing away night-soil.

MUCK-HEAP. A dirty or filthy person.

MUCKMENT. Trash of any kind; a bad character. "What's tuh geen for that muckment pretha, now?" "Thah sud nivver pāay no gaum to what sich a muckment as her hes to sāay."

MUCK-SLUT. A slatternly female.

MUCK-STRUCK. Struck with astonishment. Used in serious conversation. "To think 'at he *could* goa sāay that afore my faace after heving done what I hev for him!—Barn, ah wur fair muck-struck!—yuh mud 'a' fell'd muh wi' a bēan."

MUCK-WET. Sopping wet; wet to the skin. "Here, Bil! or come an' lowse my boits a bit, an' let me goa

MUCK-WEET. up stāars to chāange me things, fur am muck-weet."

MUD. Might. "It mud a bin done ēasy eniff." "He mud as weel sāay nowt, fur he taks no gaum on him."

MUDDANT. Might not. "Becos' he wur a bit lāate he mud-dant goa at awal!" "Ah wur fur going at first, an' then an thowt ah muddant." "Muddant E goa now?"—Had I not better be going now?

MUG. Move. "Mug on!" "Wean't mug a bit."

MUG. An ill-favoured person,— "What'n a ugly mug!"

Also, to beat. "Gi'e ower mugging him I sāay!" "Th'art bunching an' mugging him wal he's down!—wah thou art a coward!" "It'll tak some mugging to mak him give in—he'll be mugged a week afoar he'll du it!"

MULLOCKING. Dawdling, idling away the time. "He's gotten a mullocking wife." "What's tuh mullocking thear at?"

MUMMERS. These are parties of juveniles who go about several weeks before Christmas, and during the week, acting the play of *St. George*, in the public-houses. They (in number, eight, or nine) are decked out in coloured calico, tinselled, tinned, and ribboned, according to the taste of their respective materfamilias, who take great interest in the matter; which, with a helmet, either of pasteboard, tin, or stiffened calico, and a weapon, called a sword, complete their equipment. "Devil Doubt" of course is well sooted (as are also the Moors), and carries a besom with him, and where practicable, a tail. There are numbers of these characters at this time, consisting principally of those employed in the cloth-mills.

It may be stated that this play has numerous variations, but its title has ever been the same. It is peculiar to the northern and western counties, and is also known in Ireland, and, whether dating from the time of the Crusades, as is supposed, or at a time when the Thespian art was more fully developed, does point to a time when the choristers assisted the monks in the performing of miracle and moral plays. If it were not so, these "mummers" would never consist wholly of juveniles. Upon another supposition, the cause may lie in the re-action brought about by the events of the Cromwellian era. Yet that the play was not known before, cannot be said, although it probably may of its performance by juveniles. This play, with us, is called *The Peace Egg*, which term at once points out the fact of its having originated in the church, since its connection with the religious ceremonies of Easter is obvious;—the "pace-eggs," or "Pasche-eggs," (Anglo-Saxon, *pasche*,—Easter) being eggs boiled hard and dyed various colours, for distribution to the *children* upon that occasion; a custom yet prevailing in the northern parts of England. We ourselves have some hearsay recollection of the custom, but it appertained to one of the most rural parts of the county.

Subjoined, is the version of the play of *St. George*, as with us.

ACT I.

Enter ACTORS.

Fool.—Room, room, Brave gallants, give us room to sport
 For in this room we wish for to resort,
 Resort, and to repeat to you our merry rhyme,
 For remember, good sirs, this is Christmas time.
 The time to cut up goose-pies now doth appear,
 So we are come to act our merry Christmas here,
 At the sound of the trumpet, and beat of the drum,
 Make room, brave gentlemen, and let our actors come.
 We are the merry actors that traverse the street,
 We are the merry actors that fight for our meat ;
 We are the merry actors that show pleasant play,
 Step in, St. George, thou champion, and clear the way.

Enter ST. GEORGE.

I am St. George, who from old England sprung ;
 My famous name throughout the world hath rung,
 Many bloody deeds and wonders have I made known,
 And made the tyrants tremble on their throne.
 I followed a fair lady to a giant's gate,
 Confined in dungeon deep to meet her fate ;
 Then I resolved with true knight-errantry,
 To burst the door, and set the prisoner free.
 When a giant almost struck me dead,
 But by my valour I cut off his head.
 I've searched the world all round and round,
 But a man to equal me I never found.

Enter SLASHER to ST. GEORGE.

Slasher.—I am a valiant soldier, and Slasher is my name,
 With sword and buckler by my side I hope to win the game;
 And for to fight with me I see thou art not able,
 So with my trusty broad-sword I soon will thee disable.

St. George.—Disable! disable! it lies not in thy power,
 For with my glittering sword and spear I soon will thee devour,
 Stand off! Slasher! let no more be said,
 For if I draw my sword I'm sure to break thy head.

MUMMERS. These are parties of juveniles who go about several weeks before Christmas, and during the week, acting the play of *St. George*, in the public-houses. They (in number, eight, or nine) are decked out in coloured calico, tinselled, tinned, and ribboned, according to the taste of their respective materfamilias, who take great interest in the matter; which, with a helmet, either of pasteboard, tin, or stiffened calico, and a weapon, called a sword, complete their equipment. "Devil Doubt" of course is well sooted (as are also the Moors), and carries a besom with him, and where practicable, a tail. There are numbers of these characters at this time, consisting principally of those employed in the cloth-mills.

It may be stated that this play has numerous variations, but its title has ever been the same. It is peculiar to the northern and western counties, and is also known in Ireland, and, whether dating from the time of the Crusades, as is supposed, or at a time when the Thespian art was more fully developed, does point to a time when the choristers assisted the monks in the performing of miracle and moral plays. If it were not so, these "mummers" would never consist wholly of juveniles. Upon another supposition, the cause may lie in the re-action brought about by the events of the Cromwellian era. Yet that the play was not known before, cannot be said, although it probably may of its performance by juveniles. This play, with us, is called *The Peace Egg*, which term at once points out the fact of its having originated in the church, since its connection with the religious ceremonies of Easter is obvious;—the "pace-eggs," or "Pasche-eggs," (Anglo-Saxon, *pasche*,—Easter) being eggs boiled hard and dyed various colours, for distribution to the *children* upon that occasion; a custom yet prevailing in the northern parts of England. We ourselves have some hearsay recollection of the custom, but it appertained to one of the most rural parts of the county.

Subjoined, is the version of the play of *St. George*, as with us.

ACT I.

Enter ACTORS.

Fool.—Room, room, Brave gallants, give us room to sport
 For in this room we wish for to resort,
 Resort, and to repeat to you our merry rhyme,
 For remember, good sirs, this is Christmas time.
 The time to cut up goose-pies now doth appear,
 So we are come to act our merry Christmas here,
 At the sound of the trumpet, and beat of the drum,
 Make room, brave gentlemen, and let our actors come.
 We are the merry actors that traverse the street,
 We are the merry actors that fight for our meat;
 We are the merry actors that show pleasant play,
 Step in, St. George, thou champion, and clear the way.

Enter ST. GEORGE.

I am St. George, who from old England sprung;
 My famous name throughout the world hath rung,
 Many bloody deeds and wonders have I made known,
 And made the tyrants tremble on their throne.
 I followed a fair lady to a giant's gate,
 Confined in dungeon deep to meet her fate;
 Then I resolved with true knight-errantry,
 To burst the door, and set the prisoner free.
 When a giant almost struck me dead,
 But by my valour I cut off his head.
 I've searched the world all round and round,
 But a man to equal me I never found.

Enter SLASHER to ST. GEORGE.

Slasher.—I am a valiant soldier, and Slasher is my name,
 With sword and buckler by my side I hope to win the game;
 And for to fight with me I see thou art not able,
 So with my trusty broad-sword I soon will thee disable.

St. George.—Disable! disable! it lies not in thy power,
 For with my glittering sword and spear I soon will thee devour,
 Stand off! Slasher! let no more be said,
 For if I draw my sword I'm sure to break thy head.

Slasher.—How canst thou break my head?
 Since it is made of iron,
 And my body's made of steel,
 My hands and feet of knuckle bone,
 I challenge thee to field.

They fight, and SLASHER is wounded. Exit. ST. GEORGE.

Enter FOOL.

Fool.—Alas! alas! my chieftest son is slain,
 What must I do to raise him up again!
 Here he lies in the presence of you all;
 I'll lovingly for a doctor call.
 (*Aloud*) A doctor! a doctor! ten pounds for a doctor.
 I'll go and fetch a doctor (*going*).

Enter DOCTOR.

Doctor.—Here am I.

Fool.—Are you the doctor?

Doctor.—Yes, that you may plainly see, by my art and activity.

Fool.—Well, what's your fee to cure this man?

Doctor.—Ten pounds is my fee: but Jack, if thou be an honest man, I'll only take five of thee.

Fool.—You'll be wondrous cunning if you get any (*aside*).
 Well, how far have you travelled in doctreship?

Doctor.—From Italy, Titaly, High Germany, France, and Spain, and now am returned to cure the diseases in Old England again.

Fool. So far, and no further?

Doctor.—O yes! a great deal further.

Fool.—How far?

Doctor.—From the fireside, cupboard, up stairs, and into bed.

Fool.—What diseases can you cure?

Doctor.—All sorts.

Fool.—What's all sorts?

Doctor.—The itch, the pitch, the palsy, and the gout. If a man gets nineteen devils in his skull, I'll cast twenty of them out. I have in my pockets crutches for lame ducks, spectacles for blind humble bees, packsaddles and panniers for grasshoppers, and plaisters for broken-backed mice. I cured Sir Harry of a

nang-nail, almost fifty-five yards long, surely I can cure this poor man. Here Jack; take a little out of my bottle, and let it run down thy throttle; if thou be not quite slain, rise, Jack, and fight again! (*SLASHER rises*).

Slasher.—O my back!

Fool.—What's amiss with thy back?

Slasher.—My back it is wounded,
And my heart is confounded,
To be struck out of seven senses into four score,
The like was never seen in old England before.

Enter ST. GEORGE.

O hark! St. George, I hear the silver trumpet sound,
That summons us from off this bloody ground:
Down yonder is the way (*pointing*).
Farewell, St. George, we can no longer stay.

Exit SLASHER, DOCTOR, and FOOL.

ACT II.

St. George.—I am St. George, that noble champion bold,
And with my trusty sword I won ten thousand pounds in gold;
'Twas I that fought the fiery dragon, and brought him to the
slaughter,
And by those means I won the King of Egypt's daughter.

Enter PRINCE OF PARADINE.

Prince.—I am Black Prince of Paradine, born of high renown
Soon I will fetch St. George's lofty courage down;
Before St. George shall be received by me,
St. George shall die to all eternity.

St. George.—Stand off! thou black Morocco dog,
Or by my sword thou'lt die;
I'll pierce thy body full of holes, and make thy buttons fly.

Prince.—Draw out thy sword and slay,
Pull out thy purse and pay,
For I will have a recompense
Before I go away.

St. George.—Now Prince of Paradine where have you been,
And what fine sights pray have you seen?

Dost think that no man of thy age,
Dares such a black as thee engage?
Lay down thy sword, take up to me a spear,
And then I'll fight thee without dread or fear.

They fight, and PRINCE OF PARADINE is slain.

St. George.—Now Prince of Paradine is dead,
And all his joys entirely fled,
Take him and give him to the flies,
And never more come near my eyes.

Enter KING OF EGYPT.

King.—I am the King of Egypt, as plainly doth appear,
I'm come to seek my son, my son and only heir.

St. George.—He is slain!

King.—Who did him slay, who did him kill,
And on the ground his precious blood did spill?

St. George.—I did him slay, I did him kill,
And on the ground his precious blood did spill,
Please you, my liege, my honour to maintain,
Had you been there you might have fared the same.

King.—Cursed Christian! what is this thou'st done?
Thou hast ruined me, and slain my only son.

St. George.—He gave me a challenge, why should I it deny?
How high he was, but see how low he lies.

King.—O Hector! Hector! help me with speed,
For in my life I never stood more need.

Enter HECTOR.

And stand not there with sword in hand,
But rise and fight at my command.

Hector.—Yes, yes, my liege, I will obey,
And by my sword I hope to win the day;
If that be he who doth stand there,
That slew my master's son and heir,
If he be sprung from royal blood,
I'll make it run like Noah's flood.

St. George.—Hold, Hector! do not be so hot,
For here thou knowest not who thou'st got,
For I can tame thee of thy pride,

And lay thine anger too, aside;
 Inch thee, and cut thee as small as flies,
 And send thee over the sea to make mince pies,
 Mince pies hot, and mince pies cold,
 I'll send thee to BLACK SAM before thou'rt three days old.

Hector.—How canst thou tame me of my pride,
 And lay mine anger too aside,
 Inch me, and cut me as small as flies,
 Send me over the sea to make mince pies,
 Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,
 How canst thou send me to Black Sam before I'm three day's
 old?

Since my head is made of iron,
 My body's made of steel.
 My hands and feet of knuckle bone.
 I challenge thee to field.

They fight, and HECTOR is wounded.

I am a valiant knight, and Hector is my name,
 Many bloody battles have I fought, and always won the same,
 But from St. George I received this bloody wound. (*A trumpet
 sounds*).

Hark! hark! I hear the silver trumpet sound,
 Down yonder is the way; (*pointing*)
 Farewell, St. George, I can no longer stay. (*Exit.*)

Enter FOOL to ST. GEORGE.

St. George.—Here comes from post, Old Bold Ben.

Fool.—Why, master, did ever I take you to be my friend?

St. George.—Why, Jack, did ever I do thee any harm?

Fool.—Thou proud saucy coxcomb, begone!

St. George.—A coxcomb! I defy that name!

With a sword thou ought to be stabbed for the same.

Fool.—To be stabbed is the least I fear,
 Appoint your time and place, I'll meet you there.

St. George.—I'll cross the water at the hour of five,
 And meet you there, Sir, if I be alive. (*Exit.*)

Here come I Beelzebub, and over my shoulders I carry my
 club, and in my hand a dripping-pan, and I think myself a

jolly old man, and if you don't believe what I say, enter in Devil Doubt, and clear the way.

Enter DEVIL DOUBT.

Here come I little Devil Doubt, if you do not give me money I'll sweep you all out. Money I want, and money I crave; if you do not give me money, I'll sweep you all to the grave.

A pack of nonsense, no doubt, and deserving of that it will never know,—oblivion.

MUMP. To be sulky. One this way disposed, "al be i't' mumps fur a week together." "Goas mumping abart t' dāay through,—ther's nivver a mouthful o' comfort whear shoo is!" Also, to be moodily inclined and inactive. "What's tuh sitting there mumping at?—gehr awāay art wi' thuh!" A person fast declining in health is apt to be "sitting mumping by t' fire t' dāay through."

MUN. "Mun ah mēan to goa some dāay!" "Sither [look you] mun!" "Thah's ower an' aboon soft Bil fur swapping thee dog fur that bit'n a thing!" "Bud he's geen muh his tother to boit mun,—mun hesn't he ur summat?" "Hit him mun!" "Mun am bown!" equivalent to the half-threatening phrase, "I'm going you know!" "Come, doan't be darn abart it mun; cheer up mun!" Where the word is prefixed to a sentence it, as it is seen, will hardly bear the construction of 'man.' "Gehr up mun!" may seem to have the meaning of man, yet it would be applied as freely to one of the opposite sex.

MUN. Must. "Ah mun be off—mun E tak t' dog wi' muh?" "Thah munnot goa!"

MUS. The mouth. Used only in conversation with, or when speaking of, infants. "Wipe its mus!" "Oppen its mussy then!" "Mussy-teeth."

MUTTY-CALF (pron. *korf*). A calf; also a childish person, a simpleton.

MY GRIEF! More frequently the last;—exclamations
MY GOOD GRIEF! of surprise, or of amazement, more generally this.

NA'. Nor. Sometimes used for 'than.' "Farrer na' that,"
—Farther than that. "Bigger na' that." "T' farrest o'
mine's nearer na' t' nearest o' thine!"

NABEL (pron. *nāabel*). The navel. German, *nabel*.

NACKLING. Silly, simple. "What's tuh duing on thah
nackling foil?"

NAIG (pron. *nāag*, *g* soft.) Incessant annoyance. "A nāaging
barn,"—always crying and at unrest. "A nasty nāaging
pāan" is the toothache. "Nāage my life out." "Nāaged
to dēath be her," says one woman of another who is always
finding occasion of quarrel with her. "Keeps nāaging at muh
fur a horp'ny, an' shoo knawahs varry weel ah āant one," said
of a child.

NAIL (pron. *nāal*). To beat.

NAILED. Paid off; caught. "Gotten nāaled fur what he
did at me." "Nāaled at last,"—Caught at last.

NAKE-I'-BED. In a state of nudity.

NANFAT. A bachelor in lodgings.

NANG-NAIL (pron. *neng-nāal*). An ingrown nail of the foot.

NAN-PIE. A magpie.

NANTLING. A foppish person. To "nantle,"—to play the fop.

NAP. To "nap it;" to fall in for punishment because of some
misdeed. "Thah'll nap it lad!" "He's nap'd it reight
this time."

NAP. Expert. "He's a nap hand at his trāade!"

NAP. To "nap" cloth is to frieze it, *i.e.*, raise the wool and
twist it into knots; the smaller the knots and the finer the
nap. Heavy over-coatings, where there are plenty of substance,
as Witneys and Pilots, are only treated with this process.

NAPPER. The head. "Mind thee napper!" says a man
carrying a ladder, to a child before him.

NAPPY. Apt to be ill-natured; testy. An old woman is
nappy more upon account of age than from a natural dispo-
sition to be so.

NATHER (pron. *nāather*). Neither. Pure Saxon. "Ah doan't
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"Nāather du I; it's a pity sich fowks can't let thier awan
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knawah what business shoo hed to mell o' ye missis!"
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brēad stop ther marth."

NATTER. To be chiding and complaining incessantly. "Shoo'd ha' summat else to du nur to sit thear nattering awl't dāay long if shoo hed to scrat for her bit o' living sāame as I hev."

NATURABLE. Natural. "It comes naturable tul her."

NAUP. To give a person a cracking rap on the head with the clenched knuckle, by way of reminder; a slight rap with a stick. A "naup-stick,"—a stick with a knob at the end, though it has come to mean a short thick stick of any kind with many. "Naup," also, any kind of knob.

NAVY. Canal. "Cross t' navy." "Wur dramded i't' navy." "Let's hev a waw-ak up t' navy-side."

NAWPINGS. "Shoo'd two owd mād's ludging wi' her, worth a seet o' brass they wor, an' shoo gat two pahnd a week art on 'em beside t' nawpings,"—besides the broken meat and other perquisites.

NAZZALD. An insignificant lad.

NAZZLE. A child who has been guilty of deceptive practices, is termed a "little nazzle." Never applied to the male sex.

NEAR. Niggardly. "He's as near as near wi' ivvrything; ah nivver saw t' likes on him." "Thuh'r' boath near, bud he's t' nearest o't' two." "Aye, he's a good dēal nearer 'an t' other."

NEAR-HAND. Almost. "Near-hand twenty on 'em." "Near-hand bin finished,"—Almost finished.

NEER. The kidney.

NEIVE. The fist. "A hoil so big 'at ah could 'a' gotten me neive in." "As big as my neive it wor." "Neive intul him,"—Give it him. "Gi'e him thee neive,"—Fist him.

NENG. To complain. "Awalus gurning an' nenging"—whining and complaining. "What in the world keeps that barn nenging soa?"

NEP. The act of taking a small portion; short bites generally. "Teld him to nep a little bit on't nobbud, an' thear when he gar it in his mouth he went an' bāate horf on't!"—so the child tells his tale.

NESH. Tender; susceptible; as one is to cold, who declares himself "varry nesh."

NESTLE. "Nestling,"—Restless. "That barn's badly am sūre; it's done nowt bud nestle awalt' neet."

ET. To wash, or rinse out in clean water. After linen has been washed it generally has to undergo the "netting-out" process.

EUK. A corner, a crevice, or a remote, out-of-the-way place. or In instructing a child in the use of a sweeping, or "t'

LOOK. long brush," the mother bids her "be sūre an' goa weel into t' neuks an' corners!" "Ther's more neuks i't' world 'an a body thinks on; ah wur yonder a week sin',—ah wonder what neuk ah sal ha' gotten tul by t' next week at this time!"

EUK. "I't' neuk." "Shoo'l awlus be i't' neuk;" said of a person in delicate health; meaning she will never be fit for anything but sitting in the "neukin," by the fire, where the aged were generally to be found when those old-fashioned fire-places were in existence. The latter word still survives for the corners or places nearest the fire.

EUKIN. A nook. "That barn fin's art awalt' neukins i't' house." "Tak t' brush an' sweep t' house awal darn, an' doan't be flāad to goa intul awalt' neukins,"—all the corners and out-of-the-way places.

EVILL. To beat with the fists.

EVVY. Nephew.

EWSY. Full of news; never at a loss for something to tell of. "A newsy body."

ICE. We certainly should have passed over this word unnoticed, but for Steeven's rendering of it in the connexion "nice and lucky" in his edition of Shakspeare (*Antony and Cleop.*, act iii., sc. 11), which forced it upon our notice. His construction is "trifling," which shows that he was unaware of its being at all in use as a qualifying term, which it is with us, and of course was then. Here are a few examples:—"Nice an' short," "nice an' crumpy," "nice an' full," "nice an' fast," "nice an' slaw," "nice an' soft," "nice an' hard," "nice an' leet" (light), "nice an' gain"—conveniently near, that is; and, lastly, "nice an' lucky" itself, carrying this simple implication with it, that it is *nice* to be *lucky*. If the term is in common use, which we more than half suspect, of course we have err'd in giving it a place here.

NIFLE. To "nifle,"—petty pilfering.

NIGGER. A "screw," or niggardly person. A fawning and servile domestic, from unworthy motives, acts the "nigger" for his master in regard to those who are under his control.

NIGGLE. To cut, or pare down wood, after a rude fashion.

NIGHT-CAP. Warmed and spiced ale, or a glass of spirits, just before going to bed, is familiarly so spoken of—a night-cap is generally used when there are visitors, and seldom at any other time.

NIM. Nimble. "Nim eniff fur his years am sūre."

NIP. To hasten off. "Nip,"—Go. "Nipt off awal on a sudden." "Nipping along like a lamp-leeter."

NITTY-NATTER. "A nitty-nattering body" is a person always complaining, reason or no reason; "Whining t' day in an't' day out."

NIZZEL'D. "Fresh;" partially drunk.

NOBBLE. To throw stones at. "Ther wur a poor askard aside o't' pond an' thuh nobbled it to dēath!—shāame o' yersen's!" "Wah we wur nobbling it 'cos' we wur flāayed it ad spit ar us."

NOBBUD. But; only. "Ther's nobbud a reight rōad an' a or wrong un, an' he's a foil 'at can hit nāather."

NOBBUT.

NOGGIN. The fourth of a pint measure. "A noggin o' gin, an' lehr it be dry; av gotten a soar throat."

NOGS. The knees. "Went down o' his nogs afoar him."

NOLL. To "noll" a person is to thrash him. "Nolled,"—Thrashed. "Nolling," in the act.

NOMONY. A customary recital, and most generally applied to ancient usage in the matter of oral speeches. When "riding the stang," the stang-rider says his "nomony," or repeats the customary doggrel rhymes. In "going a Christmasing," the juvenile must always patter over his "nomony," either into the key-hole, or outside the house, before the bread and cheese and gifts are handed him.

NONTY. Aunt. Used in talking to children. "If tuh issant a good lad thee nonty al get to knawah, 'cos' shoo's coming to morn!"

NOR. Frequently as *than*. "Better nur thee." "Bigger nur t' other." "Better nur a mile,"—Little more than a mile.

NOTOMIZE. A skeleton.—"Fond o' brass wort' owd man, an' he ūse to goa through a trap-door intul t' cellar ivvry dāay to luke ar it, an' one dāay t' trap-door fell ower him an' clickt him in, an' monny a year at after he wur fun a notomize!"—was found a skeleton.

NOWT. Nothing. Old pronunciation: the spelling various, but in every case is a close approximation to this form. "What hes tuh gotten i 'thee hand, doy?" "Nowt mam!" "Th'art nowt 'at's owt,"—good for nothing; disreputable in character. "Can't come it at nowt."—Can't accomplish it by any means. "Brāads on a Quāaker, tha'll tak nowt an' gi'e nowt."

NUMSKULL. One dull of apprehension. "Gurt numskull! —knawah's nowt, an' can't gehr him to lean owt *that's* it yuh see."

NUNNERIES. There were two other religious houses comprised in the possessions of the Kirkstall monks:—the Priory of Cluniac nuns at Arthington, near Leeds, founded by Peers de Ardyngton in the twelfth century, and which flourished till the dissolution, when it was granted to Archbishop Cranmer; and another at "Essheholt"—Esholt, at a short distance, founded by Simon de Ward in the middle of the twelfth century, and dedicated to God, Saint Mary, and Saint Leonard, though not thoroughly established till the beginning of the succeeding century, when the Abbot of Kirkstall was constituted Visitor. It was suppressed in 1530. Of the first, nothing remains—the "Nunnery Farm"—an old building, being upon its site; of the last, a few small pointed arches still remain, incorporated with some of the offices of the existing mansion. The monastery, by benefactions, owned land and tenements extending around for several miles; taking in the Allertons, Cookridge, Beeston, Burley, Gipton, Headingley, Horsforth, Middleton, &c., &c., and Bardsey, at a distance of seven miles. The town of Bardsey, together with Collingham, was given to the monks of Kirkestall by King John; though another account has the Mow-

brays for the donors, whose ancient possession the manor of Bardsey undoubtedly was. The church at this place is of Norman structure, and a beautiful specimen of that era. It was erected about the close of the eleventh century. There are earth-works here, too, and a "Castle Hill"—the clear site of a once formidable fortress. At Bardsey Grange, in 1669, was born William Congreve.

The chantries in and about Leeds were pretty numerous and ancient, but traces of none now remain, and there is nothing recorded of interest concerning any of them.

Chapel-Allerton—Chapeltown, as it is commonly called—has the honour of an annual feast-day, founded, tradition has it, in honour of one of the Kitchingman family,—having returned to the Hall after a long absence at sea. Allerton Hall, a most ancient place, (rebuilt in 1755,) was long the residence of this family. Some of its members lived to a great age. One, who died in 1510, was one hundred and fifteen years old, and another, who died in 1716, one hundred. The members of this remote family were generally interred by torchlight at the old parish church of Leeds. At the funeral of Robert, the one who died in 1716, one hundred torches were carried.

ODDS. Matter. "What odds does it mak?" "It's noa odds." "What odds is that to thee?" "Odds eniff al hersüre yuh,"—matter enough I'll assure you.

ODDSBOBS! An oath.

ODDS-BODIKINS! An oath.

'OD-RABIT! An imprecation. "'Od-rabit' ihuh! thou's awlus i' mischief!" says a mother to her child. "'Od-rabit that lad! ah wonder he hes n't tummel'd i't' fire an' burnt hizsel to deäth long afore this!"

'OD-RAT! An imprecation. "*Theas* friends fursüre!—bonny friends *they* are!—'Od-rat-em! ah wish ad nivver knawn 'em!" " 'Od-rat-it! have forgotten to bring my cleän appron darn stäars wi' muh! ah sal ha' two trääls now."

'ODZOUNDS! A profane oath. "'Odzounds! wah is it awal that?"—meaning, so high in price.

OFFALMENT. Worthless persons, or things.

OFFER. Proffer. "He offered muh art an' I tuke him,"—challenged me to fight and I accepted his challenge. "Offered to help muh, bud nōan soa,"—Proffered his assistance, but I was too wide awake.

OFF-O'T'-SIDE. Insane.

OFF-SET. Beginning. "Shoo sud a started wi' him at t' offset an' then he wodn't ha' bin a trouble tul her i' her owd āage," alluding to a dissipated youth and a sorrowing mother. "Out o' fettle throught' offset,"—Out of condition from the beginning.

OFFER. More frequently. "Hes tuh bin *ten* times?" "Aye, offer nur that."

OLD PIG. A juvenile game. This appears to be the exact counterpart of one which Mr. Ferguson in his *Northmen in Cumberland and Westmoreland* describes, and from which he infers the affinity of the inhabitants of those counties with the Norwegians. As it is as accurate a description of the game as could be given, and noting its interesting bearings, we feel inclined to transcribe the passage. "Tigging" and "widdy" are applied respectively to the act of touching, and to the chain, but instead of a "den," the starter-off issues from a "ring" so-called, being a certain defined limit, as from one "passage-end" to another, and the breadth of the causeway.

"Among the sports of children is one which deserves mention, as being of ancient, and perhaps, from the terms made use of in it, of Scandinavian origin. It commences by a single boy, who, starting from an appointed place, called his "den," pursues his playfellows with clasped hands until he has succeeded in touching or "tigging" one of them. The two again retreat to their den, whence, having given one warning, they again start with joined hands till they succeed in catching another, who joins them in like manner. Thus the chain becomes gradually longer, while the number of those at liberty is continually diminishing. But as the chain becomes more extended, it becomes also more unwieldy, and the tactics of the pursued are not only

brays for the donors, whose ancient possession the manor of Bardsey undoubtedly was. The church at this place is of Norman structure, and a beautiful specimen of that era. It was erected about the close of the eleventh century. There are earth-works here, too, and a "Castle Hill"—the clear site of a once formidable fortress. At Bardsey Grange, in 1669, was born William Congreve.

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to escape from it by flight, but, as opportunity offers, to rush in upon and break through it, in which case all those composing it are compelled to make a precipitate retreat to their den, pursued by the others, who lay upon them with knotted handkerchiefs. This game appears, in its origin, to be one of mimic war, closely resembling a body of regular troops pursuing through their retreats a band of flying robbers, or patriots, as the case may be. Some of the terms made use of in it appear to be of Scandinavian origin, thus the chain is called the 'widdy,' which appears to be the Old Norse *vidia*, a chain, and the act of touching a boy to make him prisoner is called 'tigging,' Old Norse *tegia*, to touch lightly."

ON. Frequently has the meaning of *of*. "Len us hod on't!"—Give me hold of it! "Going on abart nowt!—there were nobbud three yards on it, an' it were my awan!"—making a fuss about nothing!—there were but three yards of it, and it was my own! "Three on 'em, an' I sal makt' fourt'." "Doan't treid o'that!—keep off on't!"—keep off of, or away, from it! "Puhra lot on it' in at once an' fräame!"—and act sensibly. "What's becomed on't?" "Ah reckon nowt on't!"

ONELY. Lonely, solitary.

ORD BURN! A very common imprecation. A combination of oath and imprecation not much varied in form, is tenaciously adhered to by some; but these phrases, be it said, are generally regarded with a degree of abhorrence. Thus, one reproaches a dog, day after day, in the same never-varied phrase, "'Ord burn thee fowl coit!"—meaning by "coit" its skin, though at the same time the words entire, mean nothing in particular to that person. "Dust, wind, and Jericho!" would be about an equivalent phrase in modern parlance.

ORTHER. Either. "Tak orther on'em, which yuh like!" or "Orther goa ur let me goa; which tuh likes, AITHER äather wāay, am noan particular." "Orther o'them two did it."

OSS. To attempt. "He nivver osses to du owt 'at I sehr him tul—nivver."

- OTTS** Leavings, of any description. That which cattle leave
OITS in the rack after feeding is so called, as is the broken
 or meat off the dinner table. "Nowt but t' oits left!—
OARTS. tak it awāay."
- OUST.** To eject. "Oust him."—"Turn him out. "Ousted us
 out o't' house at we've been nine an' twenty year in awal
 bud a month!"
- OUTLANDISH.** A very common term, but implying more of
 the knave than the foreigner.
- OUTSELL.** Used in the sense of undersell. "Ther's noa
 telling hah them furriners grows ther stuff: yuh see they
 can gehr it ready, pay t' cost on't coming ower tul
 here, an' bring it reight awāay darn tul a bit on a market-
 hoil like this an outsell us when awal's done—its a määster."
- OUZELL.** A blackbird.
- OWD.** Old. Not a corruption of this word. "How owd
 määy tuh be lass?" is the impertinent question put by a
 male to a female, to look a bit out of the common line in
 the eyes of his comrades. "As owd as me tongue an' owder
 then me teeth!" is the reply.
- OWD DAD.** The Devil.
- OWD HARRY.**
- OWD SCRAT.**
- OWER.** For "over." We have no need to give examples;
 "ower'd" for "over" is very common, as in the phrase,
 "Its awal ower'd wi' him."
- OWER-ANENT** Opposite, but necessarily on the opposite
 or side of the way. "When tuh gets horf
OWER-ANENST. wāay up t' loin by t' pit hill, ower-anenst t'
 owd esh thear," &c.—the ash tree being on one side of the
 road and the person on the other, opposite.
- OWERWHEMMLE.** Overturn. "Keep off o'that can lad,
 thah'll owerwhemmle it!"
- OWLER.** The alder tree.
- OWTAN'T** Ought not. "He owtan't tul a done sich 'na
 or thing." "Owtant he!—then whoa sud 'a' done
OWDANT. it if he owdant?" The words are not regularly dis-
 criminated in use. "Owdant" is perhaps most in use—

those who pretend to a better knowledge employ the "owtant" as a rule.

PAAK. A park.

PADDYNODDY. A tedious narration, which may or may not be true. "A long paddynoddy abart nowt."

PADFOOTS. Out-door supernaturalities, the hearing or seeing of which were said to betoken a death in the family of that person, but now never heard of but in the winter-night stories of the aged,—and which, if we may put faith in these, were something more than a name. We speak, using the plural number, but if oral tradition be correct, there was but one of the kind—at least to one place or locality. It is said to have been customary with it to pace in front of a house where a death was soon to happen; and a frequent employment was to meet those who were going to a sick person's house by night, and go before them to the door where the noise of its step would cease. It was said to be sometimes invisible, but at other times both to be seen as well as heard, padding lightly in the rear of persons, and within a stretch of thought would be in front of them, at their side, or in the distance. It is said too to have "roared,"—the noise made being totally unlike that made by any other animal. It was in size said to be somewhat larger than a sheep, and to be long and smooth-haired. Sometimes the trail of a chain would be heard accompanying the light, quick pad of the feet; but at all times when "t' padfoit" was abroad, few dared venture out to any distance at nights. All this may sound nonsense, but we shall use up our notes on this head by transcribing a very short account of one. Whether or not we believe in the *story*, we *do* believe in the perfect honesty of those we got it from.

The person spoken of was going home late one night, and "padfoot" met him against a stile which he had to pass over. He passed to another a little way off, but "padfoit" was there before him, and faced him; so he ventured upon trying the effect of a kick or something of the sort, when the object seized him, and dragged him along through hedge

and ditch towards his home, and left him beneath his own window. A blow, or a word, gave it power over you, so the tale goes.

These appearances are known further north, and in one part, at least, of the East Riding, by the name of "*Bar-guests*," and the belief in them, in those parts, used to flourish in a still higher degree.

PALAUVER. Much talk ; flattery. "Noan o' thee palaver ! fur I'se nivver believe bud it wur thee at did it." "Palaver him up a bit, an' ye'll gehr on wi' him." "Ye'll manage him wi' a bit o' palaver,"—will come over him by talking.

One of those few words which have a modern pronunciation.

PAN. Frame ; set. "What a panner thah is ! thah's noa fräame in thuh ; ah nivver saw a lad pan so badly." "Come, pan tul,"—set to. "He pans weel !"—frames well.

PANCAKE-DAY. On "Pancake," or "Shrove Tuesday," "*Pancäakes*" are an article of universal consumption at dinner. They are generally eaten hot with treacle ; being served as they are taken out of the pan. The "tossing" of a pancake is a favourite feat with the good housewife, and her maidens are proud to become adepts in the art. An hour before noon on this day, it is the practice of juveniles to assemble in numbers, bringing with them old tin cans, or anything in the tin line, and each a cudgel, and to go round to all the dame and public schools in or out of the district, and beat them before the school-house door, repeating a short "nomony" the while, when the master or mistress allows the scholars to leave, whereupon, re-enforcing the troop, they company together on to other places, where the beating-out ceremony is renewed, followed by a like result, the troop cheering lustily as each school turns out, until the hour of noon, when they make the best of their way home to enjoy their pancakes. The rest of the day is a holiday, and the game of shuttlecock forms the amusement, in which others than children take part.

PANCAKES-ALL-HOT. A game amongst boys.

PANSHON. A boiler ; a pan.

PARFIT. Perfect.

or

PURFIT.

PARKIN. Cakes, made up of treacle and oatmeal; an article of common consumption by children. The great Parkin day, however, is the 5th of November, when the eating of it is general amongst the working-classes. Enormous quantities are sold by the bakers and confectioners on this day.

PARLEY. To bandy words, to quarrel. "Doan't stand parleying wi' that fellah, thah'll nobbut mak him war nur he is."

PASH. A violent collision. A man stumbles against a child in turning a corner, and the latter goes with a "pash" to the ground; as in leaving the house, the same individual had "pash'd" to the door, shaking every window from top to bottom.

PAT. Compact; exactly suitable. Used too in the sense of well-ordered. A neat house with everything tidily arranged, is "as pat as can be."

PATCH. A mischievous child.

PATE. Prate. "Hod thee paaate!" is the rebuke given to a prating child.

PATLING. A woman "üsed to tak t' barn wi' her to t' chapel on a Sunday neet, bud now shoo carries it tul yonder, [a neighbour's] an' it goas patling abart on't hearth-rug wi' ther awan barn wal shoo comes to fotch it agean."

PATTLE. To creep and play about upon the hands and knees.

PAUGHTY. Proud; conceited.

PAUK. To act proudly, or conceitedly. "Goas pauking up an' down i' her Sunday cloas."

PAUSE, (or *Pauahs*, as broadly pronounced.) To kick lightly. "He pauahs'd muh wal ah wur down." A man, however angry, would not use his foot with all the force he was capable of, towards one in this position. This used to be a much more common expression a few years ago than now, though the distinction of terms (*kick* and *pause*) is as marked as ever, more so than ever, indeed.

PAUT. A puny kick. An infant in using its feet towards some one, signalling its displeasure, "pauts."—"Ah! thah sudn't paut doy!—its naughty to paut!"

PAWM. The palm of the hand.

PEAK. Any kind of perch. "Hen-pēak." The topmost tier of boxes at a London Theatre would be called "T' top pēak." To "peak" cloth is to pull it over rollers, examining it for damages and imperfections. The old clothiers' come to see it "pēaked," but the merchant "perches" it for them.

PECK. To eat. "He's a rare pecker,"—a great eater. Used of man or beast.

PEDDLE. To converse, with the open and express object of trying to cheapen an article in price. "We weant loise wer time be peddling together; al tell yuh what al gi'e yuh."

PEEL. A wooden article of spade-shape, with a very long handle; used by bakers to put bread into the oven.

TO PEFF. To cough short and faintly.

PEG. To anger. "Doan't peg him." "He's sorely pegg'd,"—very angry. "Thah's peggen him reight this time." "Aye, ah wur detarmi'd to ha' my sāay art chuse what."

PELTER. A person is "peltered" when he is subjected to a shower of stones, a shower of hail-stones, or a shower of anything. "Nāay, gi'e ower peltering—one at a time! that's enew."

PEWDLE, (pronounced *Paewdle* and *Paewtle*, respectively.) or To whine, pursing the mouth in the action. To

PEWTLE. a child who has been thus pettishly whining all the morning for "a hāapenny, to ware i' summut," the mother at last says,—“If thah doesn't gee ower paewdling al gi'e thuh summut to paewdle for.”

PEY-WEY. A very small marble.

PIECE. A short time. "I'll be wi' yuh in a piece."

PIGGIN. A vessel (of wood or tin), wider at the top than bottom, with an upright stave for a handle. The tin one is used as a milking-vessel; the other for general purposes.

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PIGGY. A game played by boys with sticks, and a piece of rounded wood, pointed at each end, called the "piggy," which, when struck at either end, rebounds, similar to the game of "cat" elsewhere.

PIGGYKNACK. A pig. An infantile term.

PIG-SWEAT. "A pig-sweat,"—a cant term for great haste, or a ruffled temper. "In a pig-sweat."

PIK. Pitch. Employed only in a compound, as "pik-dark;" "pik-fork," with perhaps one exceptional form.

PIK, (probably as *Pitch*. See *Pik* above.) "Pick him ower!"—knock, or throw him down! *Pik*, also, an emetic; and *Pik*, verb-wise,—to vomit.—"He wur pikking awalt' neet."

PIKE. Pick. "Gi'e that dog a boan to pike." "Lehr him get done piking that first." "Gi'e that dog a boan!" is used ironically, as when a man is stormy and full of abuse, another going by makes use of the phrase. Its infinitive "piken"—picked, is also used.

PILE. The head of an arrow. A "tin pile" is generally the workmanship of the juvenile himself; anyway he can get the whitesmith's lad to manufacture them for a consideration, as an old song-book or two.

Also, a description of cloth, commonly called "velvet pile." The wool is drawn up from the surface by a process called "raising," making the cloth feel soft and full in the hand, while the face of it is witneyed, but without the curl.

PILL. To peel; [not a corruption of this word; "piller" has its equivalent in the Fr. *Pilleur*,—a plunderer, hence to "pill," or strip off the outer skin] to pare or strip off the covering of anything. "Pilling a orange." "Pill'd onions." "Taaty pillings,"—potato parings.

PINASIGHT. Similar to a "pinashow" or "pinnyshow" [which see], only that (there being no box) the pictures or ornaments are pasted on glass, and this being let into a back-frame of wood, the whole is covered with paper, which is cut at the top, bottom, and on one side, at equal distances from the centre, in front, over the glass part,

where the pictures, &c., are; thus opening like a door, and showing what is to be seen.

PINCER-TOED. One who walks with his toes turned inward.

PINFOWD. An inclosure where stray cattle are impounded.

or The sum of four-pence has to be paid by the

PINFOLD. owner before he may have them liberated.

PINNOWSLIP. A pinafore.

PINNYSHOW. A child's peep-show; a wooden box, the inside of which is pasted over with coloured pictures, the lid fastened down, and a hole for the eye made at one end; the charge for peeping being a pin, in extraordinary cases, two.

"A pin to look in

A very fine thing!"

(The talk of children has the barest possible trifle of the dialect, but when they begin to make advance in it the advance is most rapid) is the cry of the child amongst its companions, at intervals.

PIT. A spot or mark. A silk dress gets "raan pitted;" a person's features are "pitted" by his having had the small-pox. When milk splashes broad-cloth, it may be rubbed dry, but the "pits" still remain.

PIT. To oppose. "Pit him agean t' other chap."

PITCHERINGS. When any young men meet with an acquaintance in company with his sweetheart, they put in their claim for "pitcherings," or for a sum of money, to be given by the male, which is spent in ale, and the courtship is ever afterwards duly recognized. Should he be discovered again with a fresh companion, the claim is renewed. "Pitcherings, owd lad! pitcherings!" is the polite mode of putting it.

PIZE. To throw a ball gently for another to bat with the open hand, as at the game of "Pize-ball," in which the "pizer" "pizes" the ball to a number in succession, who run to different places called "hobs," where they remain till they have a chance of escape. If one of them is hit with the ball while running, he or she becomes the "pizer." If all happen to be "pized out," the "homey" is "burnt," i.e. the ball is thrown straight to the ground, and the last in

the "ring" has to go back, pick it up, and become the "pizer."

PLAEW. A plough.

or

PLEAF.

PLAT. The ground. "Ah gat lāamed sorely that time; ah couldn't point plat fur a month at after,"—couldn't toe the ground for a month afterwards.

PLONKER. "A plonker" is an article having extraordinary substance. A piece of woven material unusually thick is "a plonker."

PLUMB. Exact; in complete going order. "Ah wur thear plum' to t' time." A man "not altogether there" "issant plum'." In fitting up a clock, the workman will be reminded to make it "plum',"—*i.e.* to ensure its perpendicularity of position.

PLUNK. "To plunk" is to give a fair and full hit, as boys take aim at and plunk marbles, or any object set to aim at.

PLUNKER. A large marble,—one that will hit well.

POBS. Pottage. Generally applied to boiled milk with bread broken into it. It is only "pobs" and "pobby" to infants however.

PODDIL. Puddle.

POGGY. Sloppy, as a field in wet weather.

POKE. A bag. "Flour poake,"—flour bag. "Coil-poake,"—coal sack. A man gets "poked" when he is turned off,—an intimation that he "may take a poke and go a-begging."

POLL. The head; to cut the hair, or dress the head. "Luke at his poll!" "Ahm bown to get polled." "Whoas barn to poll tuh?"

POMMEL. A door or drawer knob.

POMPOCALI. At Scarcroft, near Leeds, there are remains of Roman and Saxon fortifications; in one instance consisting of a mound, twenty yards high, and of great extent, and thus called by the inhabitants.

POP-SHOP. A pawnbrokers. "He's tuh hed that coit i' pop Bill, ur did it belong to thee granfath-er?"

POSS. To punch with the knee; to thump. Also to beat clothes with the poss-stick in a tub or "kit"—"poss-kit,"—an old-fashioned way of cleansing them.

POSSING-STICK. A passing-stick is a handle of wood with and another shorter one cross-wise, near the

POSSING-TUB. top, having a wooden base like a little cheese—more rounded perhaps. It is used to beat, or "poss" clothes, dirty linen, that is, in the "passing-tub," a sort of peggy-tub, but more substantial—an old-fashioned way of saving the knuckles.

POSSNIT. An iron pot or boiler, with a long handle, and sometimes with feet.

POTECARY. Apothecary.

POT-LAN'LORD. A person appointed to receive the rents of buildings, and to look after the property of an individual, generally, repairing and painting when needed, &c. tr.

POTSCAR. A potsherd.

POTTERED. Having the mind unnerved; more troubled than vexed. "Sadly pottered an' vexed." "Pottered eniff abart it." It implies a degree of vexation, but only as naturally arising from such a state of mind.

In speaking of a woman just left a widow, with a large family to provide for, it is remarked that "ivvry bit o' thing potters her now,"—unnerves her; so that she is easily irritated.

POTTY-CLOCK. A foolish person. A *real* "Potty-clock" is a teeth-girt machine of small dimensions and simple construction, which regulates the quantity of thread wound on the spindles of slubbing machines and mules, in cloth manufacture.

POUSE. Loathsome food. "Pretha what sort o' pouse is this thah's geen muh?" says a husband in playful anger to his wife when some unaccustomed dish has been set before him. "Pousement" has much the same meaning.

Also a term of reproach. "A nasty pouse!" "Did yuh ivver see sich a pouse i' your life?" "Pousement," however, here, is the plural of "pouse." When there are two or more persons to be stigmatized, the singular "pouse," is put

away and "pousement" takes its place. "Pouses" is used at times, but only for the same reason that a child says "sheepses" in its effort to express a number of sheep, knowing no better.

POW-CAT. Pole-cat. "Stinks like a Pow-cat."

POWSE. "My conscience! what a powse!"—"A gurt powsing woman." "Goas powsing abart like a man."—Affects a masculine demeanour. Applied only to women.

PRATTY. Pretty. Employed too in an unusual sense. "How's t' määster to dääy missis?" "He's prattly, thenk yuh."

PREYA. *Lit.* "I pray you." "Preya gi'e ower." "Come along, barn, else we sal ne'er gehr hoam."

PRIAL. When several people of a similar disposition are together, there is a "prial on 'em."

PRICKLE. A thorn; a prick: as the "prickles" on a hedge-rose; the little girl, "prickles" her fingers with her sewing-needle.

PRIMSTICK. The striking-stick used in the game of "Knor and Spell."

PRETHANOW! Equivalent to "I beg of you!" indeed, but a corruption of the old form "I prithees now!" "Prethanow du noa sich thing!" "Goa prethanow an' let's gehr it done wi'!" "Prethanow hes tuh seen that pictur 'at awal t' tawak's abart?"

PROD. To goad; to prick. "Didn't we prod that donkey, Bil, yesterneet!—it kick'd like Billy, an' flung us twice, didn't it?" "Schoilmääster, will yer mak' Sandy Bob be quiet? he keeps prodding me wi' his grandfath-er's needle 'at he's browt wi' him."

PROUD. Said of the flesh when white swollen. "We moan't prick it now, its proud-flesh does'nt tuh see!"

PUDDINGS. The entrails of an animal; the offal part generally.

PUDDING-TIME. Dinner-time; as it is the prevailing custom to begin with pudding; spice and every kind of pudding being operated upon first.

PUMMEL. To beat.

PUND. A pound. Pure Saxon. "Pund a stääch!"—A pound of starch.

PURSED. Said of the arm, or any part of the body, when what is known as "goose-flesh" is formed by chill.

PUZZUM. Poison. "Fit to puzzum onnybody."

PYE. A word used by juveniles in playing at marbles, meaning to take aim and shoot the marble. There is a game called "pyings off." First, a hole is made in the usual manner by one spinning round upon his heel, and then "dashing" the loose earth away with his cap, which done, each knuckles his "taw" from a chalked line called the "ledge," and the one who is farthest off the hole "ligs" or *lays* his "taw" just beyond the hole. Each then in his turn "pyes his taw" from the "ledge," hits (if he can) and "gets his hoil," which, however, if he fails in doing, the "ligger" takes aim at him from the hole, and if with effect "cowdens" or *coldens* him, and getting *his* "hoil" joins the party of "pyers off," till the "game" is up, (supposing it is "a lāak fur nowt"), if he is fortunate enough to "keep in" the while.

QUAD. Prison. "Been i' quad." "Bown to quad."

QUALITY-FOLK. (Pronounced *quality-fowk*). The gentry.

A mother comparing her daughter with a neighbour's, evidently to the disparagement of the latter's, who couldn't "mak a bed," said that her's at a less age, had not only learnt to make her own bed, but "wur makkin quality beds tu;" implying that she was out in service.

QUARREL. A small diamond-cut pane of glass.

QUISHIN A cushion.

or

WISHIN.

RAFF AN' RENG. To "furnish a house be raff an' reng," as a maiden will do in prospect of marriage, hoarding her earnings and expending them from time to time, and stowing away the articles in the house, it may be, which she will afterwards inhabit; accomplishing her purpose by little and little, and by all means, or by "raff and reng."

RAFFLE. To dissipate; to play the rake. "A drukken raffling fellah."

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RAFFLE. To dissipate; to play the rake. "A drukken raffling fellah."

RAFFLE. To ravel. "Unraffle,"—to unravel.

RAFFLE-COPPIN. A wild, harum-scarum sort of fellow; a run-a-country,—wild and turbulent.

RAG To "rag" a man is to tease him, often with the view of or provoking him to anger; this generally constituting

RIG. "the fun o' the thing." Also to twit. "Rag him abart his wench an' tha'll soin gehr his shirt out!" When a man's "shirt" is "out," he is exhibiting signs of anger. "Thuh were riggin o' muh awalt' dāay abart it."

RAGABRASH. Any amount of tag-rag and bob-tail.

RAGEOUS "Rageousness" does not exhibit itself in or words so much as in feeling. "T' missis

RAGEOUSNESS. i't' yard—[who lives in the yard] shoo wur fair rāageous when shoo sawah me slāaving an' tugging at it, an' her thear dauahdling abart an' duing nowt." "Sluff'd an' rāageous!"—Deep mental anguish with visibly more anger than is shown by words.

RAGGLE. A term of reproach.

RAKE. "To rake" a fire, is to keep it up with wet slack, and "rake" the cinders down into the grate from the fire-back, in order to keep it in all night.

RAM. Fœtid; going bad.

RANNEL. To "rannel" a person, is to lay hold of him by the collar, or the nape of the neck, with one hand, the hind part of the trousers with the other, and run him along. To seize hold of a youth, take off his cap, and ruffle his hair, with little regard to decency, is also called "ranneling" or "raddling;" the victim being generally a fresh play-mate, or one of a shy disposition.

RANNEL-BAWK, or BALK. An iron bar across the chimney to which the "cruke" or "reckon" is hung for the support of kettle or pan.

RANT. A carol. "Poor Reuben, a Christmas rant,"—title of a MS.

RANTRY. The mountain ash. In use as a preservative against, and an antidote for, witchery.

ROYNETREE.

RAPS. News. "What raps! what raps! to-dāay, māaster;

owt through Ameriker?" "He'll (speaking of a relative), be here next week, an' then we sal knowah what raps."

ŁAPSCALLION. A wild, mischievous fellow.

ŁARE AN'. Takes the place of "very," with a somewhat stronger meaning than common. "Rare an' sick," "rare an' threng," "rare an' weet," "rare an' hungry," "rare an' weel."

ŁARELY. Has the meaning of *bravely*, or quite equal to expectation—"as well as could be expected." "How now, owd lad?" says a man, wishing to know the state of his friend's health. "Haw, rarely!" is the reply. "Ah cam off rarely at t' market yesterder."

There is another shade of meaning, as, when one asks another how he liked "being in jail" (these things will happen at times); he replies by the oblique, "Rarely!" One partaking of something nasty is asked how he liked it. "Haw, rarely!" is the response. "Rarely in for't!"—In for it in no ordinary degree. "Th'art rarely mucky!"—very dirty. "Rarely base," is a term occurring in one of Shakspeare's plays.

ŁATCH. To stretch. "As big a roague as ivver ratch'd a roape!"

ŁATCH. To lie.

ŁATE. To chide.

ŁATHERLINS. A diminutive of "rather." A person is not strongly opposed to going when he had "rāatherlins nut goa." Those who use the word don't know their own mind.

ŁATHERLY. (Pronounced *Rāatherly*.) A diminutive. "Rāatherly ta'en in,"—a low degree of disappointment.

ŁATHEST. This old form maintains a vigorous existence amongst us in the sense of "rather above all." "Ad rātheast nut goa; ad rātheast stop awāay!" The usual broad sound is given to the *a*, so that it would be better represented by two *aa*'s, as elsewhere. "Which wod tuh rāather du doy," asks a mother of her sick child, "goa lig thuh down a bit [*i.e.*, go to bed] an' thee daddy sal hug thuh; ur come an' goa to sleep on my knee a bit?" "Ad rātheast goa to

sleep on yuhr knee mammy." "Is yar barn bown to t' skoil, missis?" "He'd raathest stop awāay a good deal."

RATTAN. Rat. In *Piers Ploughman* it is *raton*; and *ratoner*, for rat-catcher. With us, however, the latter is a "ratten catcher," but a famous rat-catching dog, "a good rattener." In the single instance in which the word is used by Chaucer (*Pardoner's Tale*) it is *ratouns*; both examples serving to show that the pronunciation of the word may not have varied at all during the whole of the period between us and them.

RAUK. A thin mark, or scratch. "Rauks o' smook," said of those narrow spiral columns which issue from the bowl of a tobacco-pipe. "A rauk wi' a pin"—a scratch with a pin.

RAUMING. Said of a horse when it throws up its fore-legs and plunges. A man in violent anger, too, goes "rauming" or stamping about with his feet. "Went rauming abart t' house like mad!"

RAVVIN. To abuse. "Makkin a noise an' rav'ning abart nowt." "Shoo does nowt bud ravvin at fowks if thuh sāay a word tul her,"—does nothing but abuse people, &c.

RAW-COLD. (Pronounced *raw-cowd*). We notice this simple compound because it is not in general use, and occurs, most readers will know, in Shakspeare.

RAWMING. (Pronounced *rawahming*). Extensive. A large house, is "a gurt rawahming plāace." "If it worrant sich a rawahming hoil, yuh see, we could du better," says a woman whose notions of comfort in the way of a residence would find their ideal embodiment in a gardener's lodge.

REACH. (Pronounced *rēach* and *reich*). To strain, in the act of vomiting.

REAP-UP. To ferret out old grievances. "Nāay doan't start o' rēaping up i' that wāay; get coil'd darn a bit, an' then ah'll taw-ak tul thuh." "A chap shows what he's mādde on when he rēaps-up owd things i' that wāay." "Rept-up, an' nowt no moar."

REAR. Said of meat when "under-done"—under-roasted, or partially raw.

REARING-SUPPER. A supper given to the workmen when

the building of a house, mill, or other place has been completed.

REATH. Writhe. In describing the effects of a galvanic battery, the patient remarks, that it caused her to "reath an' dance agean."

REBBIT. To rivet. "Goa fotch us two brass rebbits like that, to ribbit thease together."

REBEL. One disobedient, is generally so stigmatized.

RECKON. An iron hook affixed to the "rannel-balk," for hanging pans upon. More modern, "reckons" consist of two parts,—a hook passed through the centre of the supporter at the bottom, up the perpendicular of which are holes at certain heights, to which the hook can be attached without removing the vessel in suspension.

RECKON. To pretend. "Nobbud just luke at them barns—reck'ning to be drunk!" "Ar wur nobbud reck'ning." "Doan't reckon onny moar then!"

RECKON-BALK, or "Rannel-balk."

RED-RUD Red ochre, used for marking sheep, &c.

or

RUD.

REEK. Smoke. "'Bacca-reek;" "Chimley-reek."

REEZED. Said of fat when in a state of rancidity.

REIGHT-ON-END. The right end up. "Set that brush reight-on-end; we sal want another when that's done."

REITCH TUL. The common form of inviting a person to help himself at meal-times. "Nah reitch tul [reach to] lad, and mak theesen at hoam." "Ah sal lad; ah sal bide noa assing."

RENCH. To rinse. "Rench that baasin out 'at t' cat's hed, an' goa fotch a penn'orth o' milk in't." "Renching cloas out." "Weel renched."

RENDER. To melt fat down.

RENK. Rank, in all its meanings. Old spelling.

RIDER-OUT. A commercial traveller is so called.

RIFF-RAFF. Amongst the ragged.

RIFT. To belch.

RIG. Ridge; or the back of anything. "T' rig o' t' roof."

"Splash'd up to t' rig o' t' back." "Bensil his rig for him!"
 "Horse-rigg'd,"—on horseback.

RIG. When cloth is folded, or doubled up, and cuttled, the two extremities are called respectively the "rig" and the "list" (where the lists meet). To "rig up,"—to fold up thus. "Thrawah that end into t' rig."

RIG. Also, a frolic.

RIGHTEN (pron. *reighthen*). To put to rights. "Reighthen thee hair, lass." "Reighthening-coamb,"—hair-comb.

RIP. A vile character.

RIVE. Tear. "Thah couldn't du but rive thee new coat then, t' first time thah's gotten it on!" "Rive us that sheet o' pāaper i' two wi' tuh?" "It's noa ūse riving that—here's one here rovven ready sithuh!" "He'd rive t' sod up if he could mak owt by't."

RIZM. Equivalent to "a bit," or "the least." "'A power o' good' it's done yuh, sāay yuh?—Wah it hesn't done me a rizm o' good, nut a rizm." "Couldn't du a rizm last neet ah wur so badly."

ROAD. Way. "If thah doesn't come this rōad, I'll help thuh, sharp."

ROAR. To cry. "A roaring youngster,"—a crying child. "Did shoo roar at awal?" is asked of a woman at her husband's funeral. "Noa, bud her barn did, an' ah left it roaring."

ROCK-TREE. The heavy wooden rod to which the two lesser ones, or trace-rods, in a two-horse vehicle are attached.

ROCKY. A blundering person.

ROINTE. When a cow presses too near the maid in milking, or when she cannot pass it with her pail, she uses this word. "Round thee!" is what it is tacitly associated with.

ROLL-PUDDING Or "Preserve-pudding," because preserved or fruit is oftenest used in their composition.

POKE-PUDDING. The dough, or "dōaf" is rolled out into an oval form, of a moderate thickness, and the fruit laid on. It is then rolled up, care having been taken not to lay the fruit too near the sides for it to escape at the two ends when the paste is thus being rolled up. It is then put into the

"poke," or bag, and the open end being sewn up, is dropped into the pan of boiling water on the fire.

ROOPY Hoarse. "Ye've gotten cowl, ah think, määster?" or "Aye, am a bit roopy." "Aye, wah, this is roudy

ROUPY. sort o' weather."

RORT. The bray of an ass. "Like a gurt donkey rorting!"

ROSSILL'D. Decayed; as "a rossill'd apple." Said only of this species of fruit.

ROVVEN. Torn, riven. "Rovven to bits!—nobbud just luke!" "Whos's rovven it?"

ROW. A "row," in an end of cloth, is a bar running the breadth of it of a different shade—a different coloured weft.

ROW. To work. "Rowing at it agean, dāame!" "Am barn to row abart a bit yonder." "Nah lad; it's thy turn nah, —ah've row'd till me arms warks!" "What wi' tuh gi'e us to row for thuh an harf?"—What will you give me to work for you an hour?

ROWLY-POWLY. Two children go into a carpeted room and play at "rowly-powly"—lay them down and roll about to their heart's content.

ROYSTERING. A "roystering" fellow is one of loose and boisterous habits.

RUCK. A heap; a number.

RUFFINER. A sturdy, wayward character, savage when excited. Children (males) are often styled thus.

RUMMLE. To rumble. "Rumling"—rumbling. These forms, many of them, are closely allied to the Belgic; this among the number.

RUMP AND STUMP. Entirely; completely. "Dish'd up, rump an' stump," is said of a man who has beggared himself. "Hetten it awal, rump an' stump." Eat, &c.

RUMPUS. A tumult. "A bonny rumpus i' t' street."

RUNS-THIN. A person "runs thin," or is "thin-i't'-kit," or when he breaks his engagement; implying a

THIN-I'T'-KIT. temerity of disposition.

RUN THE RIG. "He'll run the rig wi' thuh when tuh gets hoam!" is said to a lad when punishment from his father's hands is awaiting him. "Running the rig wi' that poor lad

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agean!"—subjecting him to continual annoyance. "Running the rig wi' that brêad and cheese,"—making a perceptible difference in the quantity thereof. "Running the rig wi' that pig,"—over-running it. These several examples, as is seen, implying *using badly*, whether the usage is deserved or not.

RUTTLE. To "ruttle," is the play of the breath in the wind-pipe when the power of forcing it naturally is lost. Persons are said to have the "death-rattle" or "ruttle" in their dying moments. Whenever this noise is heard, the person or persons who are sitting up with the sick one (supposing it to be night), always arouse the family.

SACKEY. A soft fellow; one easily duped.

SACKLESS. Daft; idiot-brained. "A poor sackless feal," or "foil,"—A poor brainless fool.

SAD. Said of bread when it doesn't rise in the dough. "It's as sad as liver."

SAD-CAKES. Cakes knodden with dripping, without "rising," *i.e.* yeast; and generally baked in a frying-pan over the fire.

SAFE. Often employed as *sure*. "Am saafe to goa,"—sure to go.

SAG. To hang with weight. A small bag of flour thrown over the shoulder, "sags" on both sides. "A saggy body,"—a very stout person, whose flesh appears to hang.

SAIG. (As pronounced). "What ah sal du, if it comes tul a saig, al be this!"—What I shall do if it comes to a point, will be this.

SAIG. A saw; also, to saw, or haggle.

SAIGIN'S. Sawdust.

SAIM. Hogs-lard.

SAL. Shall. Sometimes used, too, in the place of "will." "Sal tuh du it, does tuh think?"

Over the entrance-portal of Harewood Castle, near here, are the arms of a certain family, to which is affixed the motto:—"VAT SAL BE SAL;"—very good sense to the "Leeds-loiner," who gapes up at it.

SALLANT. Shall not. Probably belonging to the same class as "follant," (which see). "Doan't goa, lass." "Ah sallant."

"I sallant goa, soa lêave lowse on muh, one word's as good as a hunderd." "Sallant tuh goa, does tuh think?"—here used as *will*.

SALLIT. Lettuce.

SAM. To gather. "Sam up that corn." "Am barn to sam it up."—I'm going to gather it up.

In the sense that Spenser employs it (*Faerie Queen*, B. 1; C. 10; and again in his *Shep. Cal.*; *Ec.* 5.) we have never heard it so employed, namely, in that of *together*. In his eagerness to employ antiquated words, Spenser lays himself open to the charge of far-fetching his meaning occasionally, constrained, like Gascoigne, at a later date, "for the cadence of rimes, or *per licenciam Poeticam*," to employ these meanings and "inkhorne" terms, now and again, though only because he, like the latter, loved his own English tongue so well. *Sam*, as employed by him, is equivalent to the German *samtlich*; as employed in our example, to *sammeln*. *Sammer* (German, *samler*) we have, too, for one who gathers up or collects, together with the past and present participles.—*A. S. Samnian*.

SAMMY. Any soft character. "T' biggest Sammy ah iver seed i' my life!" "Gehr on wi' thuh Sammy, it wean't hot thuh mun!" says a mother to her little girl who fears to cross a field where a horse is grazing. "Sammy thro' Dewsbury!" (pron. *Daewsbre*) is an appellative bestowed on a similar character. The terms are employed, too, when persons blunder, and when the two qualities are to be combined there is the common phrase,—*"Thou blundering Sammy!"*

SAP. "Sap-weet,"—wet through. "Sapp'd,"—anything steeped. "It's teiming wi' rāan, an' am sapping to t' boan!"

SAR. Sat. "Sar him darn to rest a bit."

SARK. A shirt; more frequently one belonging to a child.

SAT. This word is used by children in a way we cannot account for. When a show-paper, called a "Pin-a-sight," has

SET. been made by one of them, the privilege of having a look at it being in exchange for a pin, he or she goes about making aware of the possession by the cry;—

"A pin a sight, a sat a sight,
A pin to look in."

Set is also employed, but this the least frequently.

SAY'D. Advised; controlled. "Av told her to du different or monny a time, bud shoo'll be say'd be noab'dy."

SAYN. "That barn o' yars is soin said missis." "Wi' tuh be sayn be muh then, ur wi' tuh go on just i' thee awan owd way?" "Am noan bown to be sayn be noaboddy." *Saying*, the present participle.

SAYN (pron. *Sāan*). Said. "Hes that barn gotten her lessons off?" "Aye marry heshur,—shoo's sāan 'em twice ower,"—Yes, indeed, has she,—she's said them twice over—would be the equivalent. "He wean't be sāan,"—won't be said, or governed by words.

SCADDLE. Easily frightened. "He's a scaddle horse to ride."

SCALES. That kind of coal which cakes, and burns white, produces "scales."

SCARPER. To give one leg-bail is to "scarper." "Ah kept weel up tul 'em wal thuh cam tul that plaace, an' then they scarper'd, an' ah couldn't owtak 'em noa rōad,"—couldn't overtake them at all. A horse takes fright and "scarpers," or runs away.

SCATTERBRAINED. Giddy.

SCAUP. A bare place in a pasture-field. "A scaupy pastur that."

SCOTCH. To injure partially; also, a piece of wood used in the place of a "break" to a waggon; also, too, the act of fixing it.

SCOUP. Scoop.

SCRAB. To steal. Oftenest used by juveniles where "taws" are concerned. In the matter of these, there are professional scrabbers, who are as noted in their line as ever certain of a class were or are in theirs. He strolls about from playground to playground, and levies black mail upon all players, in consideration of his foregoing all attempts at seizure. His honour may generally be relied upon, and if an extra "alley" is thrown in, he will look in upon them

from time to time, and stand guard over them to the length of time which his convenience may admit of. Of course he is not the least in size amongst them, but he is not always the biggest, yet the massy-set, lowering-eyed, red-haired, granite-faced, sooty-looking, tar-smelling, breeches-rent, waistcoatless, twine-braced, little rascal,—you feel there would be no other whom you would sooner avoid (were you a little boy with a bag of “taws” lumping it from one pocket) than him, and if you were at all chicken-hearted would think nought of fawningly asking him if he’d please to come and dine with you on the Sunday, if such an arrangement would be permitted. He is a character is this “scrabber.” We have often been led to study him.

SCRABBLE. A contest in gathering up anything from the ground upon the knees. A generous juvenile “scrammles” a handful “o’ peis,” which are instantly “scrabbled” for, to his lordly satisfaction.

SCRAFFLE. To quarrel. “A bonny scraffle atween ’em.” Also, in the sense of industrious,—“scraffles hard for his bit o’ living,”—works hard, &c.

SCRAMMLE. To scramble, in its various meanings.

SCRANNY. Lean.

SCRAT. A niggardly person. “T’ biggest owd scrat at ivver wur knawan!”—says a servant of her master who allows himself a pound of mutton-chops a week and “swēats” when they are done.

SCRAUK. A scratch. A school-boy makes “three scrawaks” on his pen, so that he may be able to “tell it agean.”

SCRAUM. To grope. “Scauming abart wi’art a cannell—what’s tuh thinking on pretha?”

SCRAY. A table of a very low level, made of rough or merely planed planks, fixed close, or nailed in pieces to the trussle, garden-seat fashion, upon which goods are piled in warehouses.

SCREED. The rim or edge part of a woman’s cap.

SCRIBBLING. After wool has been passed through the willey (*vulg.* “Devil”),—an instrument of cylinder-construction, armed with iron spikes for tearing up and mixing, (making

three or four hundred revolutions a minute) it is passed through another machine which cuts it very finely, reducing it to a filmy state,—preparatory to its being carded. This process is called “scribbling,” and a person so employed a “scribbler.”

SCROW. A quarrel, or tumult. “Fratching like cat an’ dog together,—ther’s bonny scrows atween ’em al hersüre yuh, at times!” “We’ve fittid that off reight!—we sal ha’ no more on her scrows.” *Fitted* is here used, as it often is, in the sense of ‘served off.’

SCROW. To scrub; and in the sense of work, the former sense no doubt springing out of the latter. “Tak t’ brush and scrow that täable darn.” “Scrow awäay lass!—gi’e it some elbow gräase!—Gi’e it some hod!” “Scrowing at it throo morn to neet!” “A rare scrower,”—A good worker.

SCUFF. The back of the neck. “He säazed hod o’ muh by t’ scuff o’ t’ neck.”

SCUFF. To beat with the fists.

SCURRICK. The smallest portion. “Mun I hev a bit o’ curn cäake, mother?” “Nut a scurrick!”—*The* boy of the family:—“Ther i’n’t a scurrick left, ah äate t’ last mesen.”

SCURVY-GRASS, or GOOSE-GRASS. Cleavers.

SEARCHING (pron. *sëarching*). “It’s sëarching cowd to neet, mother.” “Ne’er heed my lad, it’ll brek no böans.”

SEELING-GLASS. A looking-glass.

SEEING-GLASS.

SEEMING-GLASS.

SEHR. Set. “Sehr him on his rōad a bit,”—Set him on his

SUH. way a bit. “Suh it off,”—Set, or drive it off. “Say

SAY. it darn,”—Set it down. “Sahn’t ser him off no moar,”

SER. —Will not, &c.

SEHRAN (setten). “Whoa’s sehran that upan end i’ that rōad?” *Served*, is generally pronounced “sarrad” in the rural districts north; thus, for, “He’s got served out at last,” they would say, “He’s gitten sarrad oot at last.” We have only to strike out the *u* in the old spelling and it is *ser-ed*, a dissyllable, at once. *Themselves*, *ourselves*, *yourselves*, may, in like manner, have been pronounced *themsel’s*,

&c., and continued to be so, as with us (or, *thersel's*, *wursel's*, and *yersel's*, accurately speaking); and it may be easily supposed that the plan of assimilating the endings of the singular number with the plural, would suggest itself, and be carried out, making *himself*, *itself*, &c, to end with the *l*.

SET. A large piece of coal.

SET. Used in the sense of *accompany*. "Ah'll set yuh on your wāay a piece,"—will accompany you a little way. "Set him to t' three mile end, an' then come back agean!" "D'yuh think ah sud set him awalt' wāay nah?"

SET-POT. A stone boiler or "copper," with a fire-grate under, for the purpose of boiling and "stewing" dirty linen. It is generally built or "set" in a corner of the kitchen.

SHACKLE. The wrist. "Spreined one o' my shackles."

SHADE. A shed of any kind. A large, roomy place, entered by an arch, where coals and earthenware are sold, not far from where the writer of this is located, has been designated "The Shade" from "time immemorial," the lady-proprietor of which is generally known as "T' missis o't' shāade."

SHAFFLE. To wile away time. "Shaffling an' drinking t' dāay through." "Nobbud a shaffling sort 'n a fellah."

SHAFT. The handle of anything, as, the "shaft" of a besom, the "shaft" of a long-brush, the "shaft" of a spade.

SHAKES. Matters, or things. "How are yuh this morning then or māaster?" "Thenk yuh missis, noa gurt shāakes ah

SHAKS. think." "Thuh's nuh shaks o' nowt i't' wāay o' brēad ah think; tha'll ha' to kneid a bit to dāay lass." "He's noa gurt shaks of a wōrker, an' noa gurt shaks of a fellah noa rōad."—Not much of a worker and not of much account any way.

SHALE. To walk without lifting the feet, as a child with it's mother's slippers on.

SHALLOCK. To move slowly, trailing the feet from sheer laziness.

SHANKSMARE. A familiar appellation bestowed upon the legs. "Snaw ur blaw ther's nowt bud shanksmare for muh, so ah mud as weel be going." "Bown to ride?" "Noa, ah sal shanksmare it,"—walk it.

SHAULDISH. A corruption of *shallowest*, if, indeed, corruption

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SHAULDISH. A corruption of *shallowest*, if, indeed, corruption

it is. Generally applied to the shallowest part of a stream.
 "Wade t' watter at t' shauldish'd,"—Meet your difficulties
 in the easiest way.

SHEDDLE. To swindle. "Thar't a bonny un' ar'n't tuh, to
 goa sheddle a chap art o' fifty pound 'at's nivver done nowt
 bud reight be thuh nivver sin' he knaew thuh!" "Gottan't
 awal be sheddling."

SHEEVO. A shindy. "A bonny sheevo thuh wor."

SHEW. (pronounced *Shaew*) Show. The common, and most
 correct spelling. (A. S. *Scewan*.)

SHIFT. A chemise.

SHILL. To hull or unshell. "Shillin' peas;" "shillin' beins."
 —unshelling peas, and beans.

SHINDY. An uproar. "A bonny shindy."—A row and no
 mistake.

SHINE. A commotion; an uproar. "Ther's a bonny shine
 [among the children] when my back hesn't bin turned a
 minute!"

To "take the shine" out of people, is to humiliate them.
 "Ah'll tak t' shine out o' that afoar owt's long!" "Shine,"
 also, to appear to advantage.—"Less thah says an' more
 tha'll shine!"

SHIVS. Particles of husk. Oatmeal not properly dressed is
 "shivvy."

SHIVVY-DAN. The integument of the line plant. It is mixed
 up with the offal accumulations of a slaughter-house.
 Used also in stables to imbibe the ground moisture.

SHOCK. To run foul of heavily. "Cam wi' sich a shock up agean
 muh!—ah thowt he'd a knocked t' senses fair out on muh!"

SHOG. A cant word for *move*. "Come, shog on!" "Be
 shogging."

SHOIT. An imperfection in cloth,—a double thread.

SHOOL. A shovel, and *to* shovel. "Fotch t' shoool an' shoool
 that muck awāay." This is another word illustrating our
 remarks under the head "ABOON;" and as in Gower,—

"And of common his propre made,
 So that in stede of shouell and spade,
 The sharpe sworde was take on honde."

Confessio Amantis, B. 5.

SHOOL, TO. To acquire some benefit by insidious means ; to sneak. "Gotten it wi' shoolding." "He'll shool in onny-whear, whear ther's owt to be gotten."

SHORE. Sewer. "Common-shore."

SHORT-CAKE (pronounced *Sho't-cāake*.) Made of light paste and knead in with butter, or the best kind of dripping ; so called from its breaking short in the hands—crumbling into pieces on being broken. "Fatty-cakes" are for every-day use ; "short-cakes" for Sundays only, and which, when buttered, are reckoned a great luxury amongst the poorer sort of people.

SHOTTEN. Shot. One of a class of words having a participial ending in *en* which ordinarily have not. Here are a few of them :—*Slitten*, slit ; *licken*, licked ; *hotten*, hurt ; *missen*, missed ; *strucken*, struck ; *letten*, let ; *hitten*, hit ; "Heighen that rope !" —Pull that rope higher ! "Lowern it !" —Lower it ! *Stooden*, stood ; *duggen*, dug ; *ruen*, rued ; *freezen*, freeze ; *squēazen*, squeeze ; *spitten*, spit ; *liggen*, laid ; *kessen*, cast ; *cутten*, cut ; *putten*, put ; *sitten*, sit ; ["Thah's sitten thuh darn hes ta !—an' awal this wark to du ;—Lord help thuh if thah were left tul theesen !"] *thrussen*, thrust ; *loupēn*, leapt ; *cowden*, cold ; ["Let that watter stan' to cowden," or cool] *spredden*, spread ; *cos'en*, cost ; *stucken*, stuck ; *wetten*, wet ; *hodden*, held ; *tellen*, told ; *talken*, talked ; *shutten*, shut ; *laten*, late, i.e. cause to be late ; *hungen*, hung ; *wakken*, wake ; *foughten*, fought ; *soughten*, sought ; *kissen*, kissed ; *counten*, counted. Of those which go unmentioned, many are oftenest used in a different form. [See FOLLANT.] There are also past tenses of verbs obsolete in general literature but in vigorous use amongst us ; as *clave*, p. t. of cleave ; *stale*, of steal ; *rave*, of rive ; *wan*, of win ; *belt*, of build ; *sware*, of swear ; *bare*, of bear ; *tare*, of tear ; *ware*, of wear ; *bad*, of bid ; *gat*, of get ; *trad*, of tread ; *rade*, of ride ; *strade*, of stride ; *slade*, of slide ; *slat*, of slit ; *bate*, of bit ; *span*, of spin ; *swang*, of swing ; *clamb*, of climb ; *sprang*, of spring ; *stang*, of sting ; *rang*, of ring ; *wrang*, of wring ; *flang*, of fling ; *wave*, of weave ; *clang*, of cling ; *strang*, of string ; *slang*, of sling ; *shrank*, of shrink ;

stank, of stink; *lade*, of lead; *slank*, of slink; *stack*, of stick; *brast*, of burst; *band*, of bind; ["Band 'em together"—tie them together] *fand*, of find; (usually, however, minus the *d*) *crop* or *cropt*, of creep; *catch'd*, of catch; *brang*, of bring; *crawn*, of crow; *drave*, of drive; *share*, of shear; *mēaned*, of mean; ["nivver mēan'd to dew't"] *spat*, of spit; *strake*, of strike; *wrate*, of write; and we may conscientiously add, &c. &c.

SHOWTHER. Shoulder.—"Ah'll knock thee hēad off o' thee

SHOWDER. showther if tuh doesn't mind, nah mind that!"

SHOODER. "Showther 'em an' trudge on," the carpenter

SHOOLDER. says to a lad bearing planks who has been staying awhile to rest. "Fair putten my

SHOOTHER. shoother art o't joint." "Shoolder" is the most general use of the word.

SHRIMP. Anything very small is "a shrimp on a thing."

"What can sich'n a little shrimp as thee du nah, dus tuh think?"

SHUNT. To give way; applied either to men or things.

SHUT. One who gets rid of, or "shuts" his money. But the word generally implies a drinker. "A gurt shut," is a great drinker, or drunkard. "A nasty lounging good-to-nowt shut," is a character which, it is supposed, the public-houses alone can furnish.

SHUTHER. To shudder.

SHUTTER. Tilting the body of a loaded cart in the usual manner causes what is in it to "shutter" to the ground.

"Going to shutter a load o' coils ah declare!—an' nobbud just gotten t' flegs swill'd!"

SHUVVUN. A shoe-string. It is a mere corruption of *shoe-band*. We have heard "shubban" used not unfrequently, so that the transition to "shuvvun" is a likely and an easy one.

SIDE. To put in order. "Come, get sided up my lass!" "A rare sider-up; tha'll du somb'dy some good, ah see thah will;"—a delicate intimation. "Sidenin' t' house up a bit."

SIE. To expand. New boots fit tight, but in process of time will "sie out."

Sie, used, also, in the sense of a drop. "'Pennorth o' milk missis." "Nut a sie left."

SILE. To strain liquids; also, a milk-strainer.

Tb sile. To equivocate. "Doan't sile it awāay."

Also, figuratively, to faint,—“Poor thing! shoo siled awāay thear an' then.”

SIMILES. The speech of the lower classes, of those whose dialect is the broadest, abounds in similes. Whatever is affirmed is generally vivified by comparison, without which, indeed, little effect would be produced, and a sentence regarded, if not as decidedly incomplete, yet, as lacking an important adjunct. If the child of a slatternly woman is seen with tattered garments, it is pronounced at once to be “as regg'd as a sheep.” A profane man never swears but “he swears like a trooper.” A little stiffness in a man's limbs on coming in “black as a poaker” after a day's work, is to be “as stiff as a poaker,”—this is said of a corpse too;—not to mention his being both “as hung-ery as a dog,” and “as dry as a fish;” and, when going to bed earlier, the wife follows him a while after, she finds him “snoaring like a pig i' a muck-midden.” A sprightly child is “as peart as a robin;” another, “as stupid as a pot-mule,” and both apt to be “as fierce as buck rats” when excited by passion. A fact somewhat startling the narrator affirms to be “as true as gospel,” or, “gospel-truth.” A family may be “as proud as” a certain personage is of his tail, and their “barns as saucy as come-out,” but the lot of them “as poor as owls,” for all that. If an event is *sure* to take place, it will, “as sūre as gun-shot.” A noted propagator of untruths is “as big a liar as Tom Pepper,” who, as the legend runs, was turned out of his Satanic majesty's dominions for lying. A cross-tempered person “grarls like a bēar wi' a sore head;” and a brawny-fisted fellow who takes a pen in hand to communicate with a brother “i' Ameriker” once a year, is “like a bēar wi' a muck-fork;” while, in the process of manufacturing the same, if he comes to a dead lock for a word, albeit just at his “tongue-end,” forthwith declares himself “as fast as a thief;” and having to make mention of

a mutual friend who is in the last stage of consumption, can see that he is "going" or "boun, as fast as dyke-watter," and gives it as his individual opinion that "he weant be long i' his shoes;" and, by way of parenthesis, wonders what will become of his widowed wife; inferring her inability to "fend fur hersel" from his knowing her to be "as gaumless as a brick-wall;" intimating, confidently, that she will have no chance of changing her name again, since everybody knows that she has got a head "as soft as a boiled turnip;" at which his wife, sat by him, knitting a yard-long stocking, to whom he audibly repeats every word as he writes it, stops her busy fingers, and seems half in a mind to box his ears for the unchivalrous sentiment, but, after looking at him for a second or two, goes on with her knitting, with the outspoken reflection that "we can't expect no more through a a pig nur a grunt."

There are a great many too which may be arranged anti-thetically. Here is a fair sample, done into rhyme for the gentle reader:—

As weet as sap—as dry as a chip;
 As black as coil—as white as drip;
 As boud as a thief—as flaad as a spadger;
 As clēan as a penny—as grey as a badger;
 As mum as a mouse—[Shoo] dins like my patten;
 As tāame as a pigeon—as fierce as a ratten;
 As lēan as a lat—as fat as a mawk;
 As slaw as a sneel—as sharp as a hawk;
 As wake as a kitling—as strong as a ox;
 As sweet as a nut—as ram as a fox;
 As soft as a fuzball*—as hard as a flint;
 As poor as a church-mouse—as rich as a mint;
 As dēad as a hammer—as wick as a whin;
 As dull as ditch-watter—as breet as a pin;
 As hoat as a couk—as cowl as a clot;
 As sound as a bell—as crack'd as a pot;
 As limp as a glove—stiff as Burton-dog;

* A fungus.

As leet as a cork—heavy as a clog ;
 Tough as a bull's lug—as brittle as glass ;
 As shy as a barn—as brazzant as brass ;
 As cleán as a ribbon's—as cleán as a lick ;
 As dark as a coil-hoil's, as dark as pick ;
 As straight as a loitch *—as cruked as a sickle ;
 As fair as a May-flower—as sour as pickle ;
 As blunt as a couter—as sharp as a awal ;
 As flat as a pancāake—as round as a bawal ;
 As yellow as pawms—as red as a ferret ;
 As blue as a whetstone—as glum as a sperret ;
 As faew as white crawahs—as full as a fitch ;
 Like a wax doll 'tis, or, as black as a witch ;
 As peart as a lop, is, as peart as a robin ;

and

As cleán as a whistle's as cleán as a bobbin ;
 As fine as a fiddle ; as proud as my leg ;

but

As fond as a bass, an' as black as a bleg ;
 As grey as owd Grissle—as red as a hep ;
 As white as a clout—as black as a skep ;
 As whisht as a mouse ; as still as the deep ;

but

Black as a boggard, an' lost as a sheep ;
 As brazzant as Hector ; as chuff as a cheese ;
 But soft as a dumpling, an' wake as a sneeze.

There are a few more, one or two of which cannot again
 be disposed of antithetically :—

As dēad as a door-nāal ;
 As tough (pron. *tuff*) as pin-wire ;
 As rotten as pash—as sound as an acorn ;
 As black as punky—as white as the driven snaw ;
 As dry as snuff—as wet as muck ;
 As foul as thun'er—smiles like a basket o' chips (an Irish-
 man's basket no doubt) ;
 As civil as my garter—as saucy as a blynd cat ;

* Probably *larch*.

a mutual friend who is in the last stage of consumptio see that he is "going" or "boun, as fast as dyke-wi and gives it as his individual opinion that "he weant t i' his shoes;" and, by way of parenthesis, wonders will become of his widowed wife; inferring her inabi "fend fur hersel" from his knowing her to be "as gat as a brick-wall;" intimating, confidently, that she wil no chance of changing her name again, since ever knows that she has got a head "as soft as a boiled tur at which his wife, sat by him, knitting a yard-long sto to whom he audibly repeats every word as he writes it, her busy fingers, and seems half in a mind to box h for the unchivalrous sentiment, but, after looking at h a second or two, goes on with her knitting, with th spoken reflection that "we can't expect no more thrt a pig nur a grunt."

There are a great many too which may be arranged thetically. Here is a fair sample, done into rhyme f gentle reader:—

As weet as sap—as dry as a chip;
 As black as coil—as white as drip;
 As boud as a thief—as flaad as a spadger;
 As clēan as a penny—as grey as a badger;
 As mum as a mouse—[Shoo] dins like my patten;
 As tāame as a pigeon—as fierce as a ratten;
 As lēan as a lat—as fat as a mawk;
 As slaw as a sneel—as sharp as a hawk;
 As wake as a kitling—as strong as a ox;
 As sweet as a nut—as ram as a fox;
 As soft as a fuzball*—as hard as a flint;
 As poor as a church-mouse—as rich as a mint;
 As dēad as a hammer—as wick as a whin;
 As dull as ditch-watter—as breet as a pin;
 As hoat as a couk—as cowl as a clot;
 As sound as a bell—as crack'd as a pot;
 As limp as a glove—stiff as Burton-dog;

* A fungus.

As leet as a cork—heavy as a clog;
 Tough as a bull's lug—as brittle as glass;
 As shy as a barn—as brazzant as brass;
 As cłean as a ribbon's—as cłean as a lick;
 As dark as a coil-hoil's, as dark as pick;
 As straight as a loitch *—as cruked as a sickle;
 As fair as a May-flower—as sour as pickle;
 As blunt as a couter—as sharp as a awal;
 As flat as a pancāake—as round as a bawal;
 As yellow as pawms—as red as a ferret;
 As blue as a whetstone—as glum as a sperret;
 As faew as white crawahs—as full as a fitch;
 Like a wax doll 'tis, or, as black as a witch;
 As peart as a lop, is, as peart as a robin;

and

As cłean as a whistle's as cłean as a bobbin;
 As fine as a fiddle; as proud as my leg;

but

As fond as a bass, an' as black as a bleg;
 As grey as owd Grissle—as red as a hep;
 As white as a clout—as black as a skep;
 As whisht as a mouse; as still as the deep;

but

Black as a boggard, an' lost as a sheep;
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 man's basket no doubt);
 As civil as my garter—as saucy as a blynd cat;

* Probably *larch*.

Mak's on as if t' lice were dropping off'n him—as sharp as winking ;

As monny rōads as here an' thear one ; it ad puzzle a parson to leet ont' reight un—as plāan as a pike-staff ;

As sad as liver—

or

As sad as wax—as leet as a dumpling ;

As quiet as a little āangel—as queer as Dick's hat-band, 'at went nine times rarnd an' woddant tee ;

As plēazed as Punch—as mauangy as an owd cat ;

A man describes a thing as being “as flat as a pancake” (*antithe*.—“as round as a dumpling”), but he “fells” an antagonist “as flat as a poaker ;”

As fat as mud—as thin as poddel ; or, if applied to an individual,—as thin as a lamp-poast ;

As cōwd as charity (said of a child's feet, *e.g.*)—as hoat as a bakston,—a woman will say of herself when perspiring.

Many of these phrases are common, but they season the conversation of the lower classes to a degree that would be new to many people.

SINGLET. An under-garment worn by men, generally made of flannel.

SINK. An elevated stone slab in a kitchen, trough shape, having a hole at one corner, connected by a pipe with the drain, to carry off waste water.

SIPE. To drop. The act of water ridding itself by droppings, quick or slow,—by odd drops, or in a continuous downward stream. “Hing art thēas sheets,” says the char-woman, “an' let 'em be siping.” “Fling t' watter art o' that bowl an' turn it upside darn an' lehr it sipe.” “Somebody hed flung a can o' watter on him an' he cam in siping.” “A siping wet neet.”

SIPPY. A half-brained person gets this appellation.

SISS. To hiss. “Thuh siss'd him wal he loked fair 'shāamed on hizeen an' didn't knawah whether he wur stanning on his hēad ur his feet.”

SIX. “Let's hev a six,”—a pull [at your pipe].

SKELLER'D. Blistered by heat.

SKELP. To beat with a stick or a strap of any kind. To horsewhip a person would be to "skelp" him. "Skelp that dog an' then he'll gee ower yowling!"

SKEN. To look askance. "Sken'd him art o' me ee corner."

SKEP. A gardener's basket,—wider at the top than bottom, with either side-handles, or, a large bow-handle;—also used as "coil" or coal—"skeps."

SKEW. To twist, or move round suddenly. A man startled by something behind him "skews" round on his heels, or on a heel.

SKILLY. Oatmeal, and water in which meat has been boiled, prepared.

SKINNY. Niggardly. "Ommast tuh skinny tuh live."

SKIP-JACK. The merry-thought of a fowl. By means of a piece of band stretched across and secured end to end, together with a short piece of wood fastened midway thereon, the bone is made to spring a distance, or "skip," and so forms a plaything for children. The "skip-jack" of a goose is always preserved, and the younger members of a family, or the servants, break it, by one taking hold of each end. The one retaining the longest piece will be the first to be married, it is affirmed.

SKRIKE. Shriek.

SKRIMPY, Very small.

or

SKIMPY.

SKUT. To make haste.

SKYRACK. The "Wapentake of Skyrack,"—a division of the West Riding, and in which, for the most part, is Leeds; so named from a very ancient oak at Headingley, just out of the town, the *Skyr-ac*,—"Shire-oak," A. S.

SLACK. Has several meanings:—

To plunge a heated substance into water, as a blacksmith cools his shoes, is to "slek" it.

To slake, or quench the thirst is to "slek" it. "Here, drink this lad! it'll slek thuh!" Any weak liquid, water excepted, which may be applied to satisfying the thirst is also called "slek." Thus, in hot weather, milk and water is good

"slek," as is also treacle, or nettle—"drink," as it would be called, because it can be drunk every time you are thirsty without fear of injury, and is likewise very palatable.

Slack, also, in the sense of impertinence. "Come, noan o' thee slack now!"

Slack, also, a flat, low piece of ground.

In these two last, the word is pronounced as spelt; in those preceding, sometimes "slack," but most generally "slek."

SLACK. Under-done. "Slack-oven,"—an oven which bakes slowly.

SLAKE. Badly-washed things are "just släaked ower." A "bone-idle" youth takes a wet towel and "slakes" over his face instead of washing himself properly, leaving a "rauk" from ear to ear, or visible line of demarcation, and having, as an observant comrade remarks, "a neck fit to set täasties in."

SLAM. To pull or send to the door with violence, is to "slam" it.

SLAM. To trail the feet in walking, raising the heel out of the shoe or slipper at every step.

SLAMMOCKS. A lazy, untidy person.

SLAP. To strike a blow with the open hand. The word is also much used in speaking of collisions. "T' other trään ran slap into t' first, an' mash'd t' hynd carriage to bits." "T' flash cam slap into me fäace." "Flour al be coming darn wi' a slap in a bit,"—Flour will settle greatly in price shortly.

"Slap," also to spill. "Hug that watter steady ur it al awal be slap'd out in a bit!"

Weak tea is also called "slap." A poorly woman "hes lived o' nowt but slap this six week." "Slap," also, direct. "Goa slap on an' thou'll fin' it." "What mun E du when E get thear?" "Goa slap up to t' door an' ax if he's in."

SLAPE. Slippery. "Släape as glass,"—said of the ground in frosty weather.

SLAPE-HEAD. A blockhead.

SLARE. To cleanse carelessly and imperfectly. "'Ti'n't horf weshed; nobbut just slared ower."

SLART. To sprinkle, or splash water upon. "Luke at that or dolly!—slarting t' barns wi' t' dish-clart, astēad o'

SLOUT. gehring wesh'd up,—wāa worth her! ah can mak nowt on her."

SLASH. A gash.

SLEAT. "Sleat thee dog at Sugar's cock, Bill!"—A youth, awake to mischief, proposes that 'Bill' should set his dog upon their mutual friend Sugar's (a byname) fancy bird.

SLECKING-OUT-SUPPER. A prevailing and old custom amongst some of the weavers of this district, of having a supper to celebrate the event of the first putting out of the lights, generally at the latter end of February. It is an ordinary affair, toasting being the chief feature of the proceedings.

SLEDS. Worn-out shoes, used as slippers. A store of "owd sleds" is sometimes kept to be ready for wedding occasions.

SLEEVE. To gash. A mother's wordy threat towards a mischievous child, is that she will "sleeve" its "hēad" if it "does it agean!"—if it commits the mischief again. "*Slovven*" is its perfect participle. "He wur varry near gehring his hēad slovven." "Slovven t' hēad on't."

SLEEVELESS. Helpless, idle, shiftless. "Nivver sawah sich a sleeveless thing i' my life!—shoo'l du nowt." "A sleeveless barn that o' hers!" "Well, of a sleeveless barn ur a towel, gi'e me t' first I sāay, fur a sleeveless barn nobbud does nowt, bud a towel does nowt an' war na nowt fur he's awalus shappin' an' duing o' summat 'at he owtant to du—what d'ye sāay Betty?"

SLIMMER. Terms of approval. A nice dog or horse, is "a or slimmer." A piece of good news to the party

SLIMMING. concerned is "slimming."

SLIP. A pinafore.

SLIPE. To cut quickly and at-random, and conveys the idea of largeness. "Slipe us a piece off o' that loaf mother, will yuh?—Tom Smith's wāating on muh." "Slipe him some off, an' lehr him be going pretha!" "Ah sal slipe nowt abart it," is the rejoinder, meaning that she shall use the knife leisurely, and, at least, with an equal regard to the loaf as to Tom Smith's, or anybody elses wants.

SLISTER. To idle away time; to be lazy and careless. One sent upon an errand, on being overtaken by the sender, as the former is walking leisurely along with a companion, is asked what he is "slistering thear at." "A gurt slistering fellah, good for nowt bud sweeping t' streets."

SLITHER. To accomplish after a lazy or slovenly fashion. To "slither along,"—to walk lazily, not lifting the feet properly. To "slither" over work,—to do it slovenly, with a view of getting it speedily done. A church minister too often "slithers ower what he's gotten to sâay," having certain duties to perform, and a certain time to do them in.

SLOT. To go with speed. "Nah slot! an' let muh ha' to tell thuh agean!" "He awlus slots off when thah leets on us,—does he owe thuh summat, ur owt?" Also, a sliding-bolt or band. "Curtain-slot."

SLOUGH. (pronounced *Sluff*.) One who cannot tell the cause of a grief, by reason of quick-coming sobs, is said to be "sluffed." "Doan't sluff that barn, nah pretha doant." "Poor barn! shoo's ommast sluffed." "Sluffing at it agean! —gi'e her a smack, its awal her nasty bit o' temper."

SLUBBING. The first process in the manufacture of cloth which forms a thread. After the wool is carded (a carding-machine levels and divides the wool into short breadths or "cards") it goes through the "Billy," (another machine of a certain number of spindles—generally sixty to one hundred) being joined by the "piecer"-lads by a slight movement of the hand. The "Billy" running out, stops at a certain distance, when a beam falls, and the threads being stretched put the twist into them, and this continuously; the former movement producing fineness, and the latter strength. The distance at which the stretching process begins, regulates the fineness of the thread, which is ordered, when in the card, to be slubbed so many skeins—the higher the number, the finer the material; and being wound on the spindles are afterwards detached, and are styled "slubbings." After the slubbing process comes the mule-spinning, and then the weaving. The man in charge of the "Billy" is a "slubber."

Condensing-machines have, however, superseded the carding-machine, as well as the slubber's and piecer's work; and the "coppins" of the latter are exchanged for the "bobbins" of the former.

SLUED. Partially drunk. "Wor they drunk?" "Wah, thuh wur slued, awalt' lot on em—ther's nos saying nāa."

SLUG. To beat. "Been an' slugg'd muh wi' a stick as thick as his neive!" "Gi'e him a good slugging lad!" "Nay he wean't slug muh, 'cos he darrant!"

SLUMMER. Slumber. The more correct spelling.

SLUR. To slide. "Doan't be slurring t' shoes off o' thee feet."

SLUTHER. "Sluthers ower her wark,"—does it carelessly, with little regard *how* it is done providing that it *is* done. "Sluthers along i' wawaking,"—too lazy to lift up the feet properly.

SLUTHERMUCK. A dirty, slovenly female.

SMACK. "Went smack up tul him,"—stood face to face with him. A London cabman asks a Leeds sight-seer where he is to drive to.—"Haw, smack on somewhear" he replies; and, no doubt, on his stopping near Buckingham Palace Gateway, would be as politely asked to "drive him smack up to t' door."

SMALL-SIEVE. Having to "goa throught' small-sieve" is to be called over the rolls for some action, or word uttered; the having to undergo an ordeal for proving or substantiating the matter of an offence.

SMIDDY. A smithy. Any house of disreputable character is "a bonny smiddy."

SMITE. The least portion. "Mother! ah want a bit o' bread!" "Ger awāay wi' thuh; āant a smite it hoil!" "Am luki' fur a bit o' pāaper lass!" "An' thah may weel luke lad, fur ther' isn't a smite i't' house: an thah may luke long an' keen fur kin'lin' to morn if tuh doesn't chop some to neet, ["kin'lin'"—*chips*] fur we āant a smite o' that norther!"

SMITS. Particles of soot. "Smitted" clothes, or rather the "smits" themselves, are the plague of the housewife on the washing day; being those particles brought downwards by

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SMITS. Particles of soot. "Smitted" clothes, or rather the "smits" themselves, are the plague of the housewife on the washing day; being those particles brought downwards by

the density of the atmosphere, and, settling on the moist things hanging out to dry, necessitate their being washed over.

SMITTLE. To infect. "Smittled,"—having caught the infection of a contagious disease. The word is used noun-wise, as,—
 "D' yuh think ah may ventur' up?—is ther onny smittle to be flayed on?" "Nāay barn ah wodn't if I wur ye, it's smittle to du it!" "Little Tom hed t' mezzles t' last winter; Jimmy slept wi' him one neet an' we awlus blāamed that fur smittling on him." "Let my barn come an' lāake wi' yowers 'at's gotten t' hooping cough!—nāay, that's smittle,"—infectious.

SMOETH. Smooth. Pure Saxon.

SMOORED. Smothered. "Ommast smoor'd to dēath!" "Doan't smoor that barn's fāace up!" "Th'a't smooring t' fire art—what's tuh duing on!"

SMUCE. A contemptive epithet applied to any place. "Sich a smuce!" a teetotaler would say in relating his experience of a gin-shop. "A rum smuce," would be said of a building, the architectural arrangements of which puzzled the brain and the vision of a visitor. "A bonny smuce!" (iron.—as of an house where disreputable characters resort.) "What a smuce!" says the housewife on opening the door of some closet or cupboard, and finding everything within topsyturvy.

SMUDGE. A thing is in a smudgy state when it has sooty particles adhering. "Thowt thuh were a nice druft, soa hung t' shirts art, an' when ah went to luke ar 'em agean, thuh wur smudg'd awal ower!—worn't it grievous nah?"

SMUTTY. "Luke smutty, an' doan't let t' grass grow under thee feet,"—Make haste, &c. "Varry smutty,"—Very active. "A smutty lass," in the same sense.

SNAP. Hard-baked ginger-bread-cake, extremely thin,—brandy-snap, called from a tradition that brandy is used in its composition, which is not the case, for having been at the pains of investigating the matter, we find that flour, treacle, sugar, butter, ginger, and a little carbonated soda for "rising" it in the dough are used only, excepting a bit of mutton suet, used

for greasing the tins. An article always in request, but especially so at feast and fair-times. It is so hard, that when broken at all it *snaps* into fragments, and thus, we suppose, it gets its name.

SNAPE. A change. "Fine morning, Roger!" "Wah, yes; ah think it's ommast ower fine—ah think we sal hev a bit of a snāape,"—meaning a re-action, or change.

Snape, also, to offend. "He's snāaped hard eniff is yof!—mf
Ah didn't mēan snāaping him norther."

Snape, also, to check. "Thuh want snāaping i' ther duings, ur ther's noa knawing how far thuh may goa."

SNATTEL. To waste by small quantities.

SNAVEL. To snivel in speaking.

SNAW. Snow. *Snaw*, *A.S.*

SNECK. An iron pin, with a thumb-plate at the outer-end, acting in the manner of a lever to the latch inside the door. By pressing the disc outside downwards, the latch inside (horizontally fixed) is raised, and the door opens.

SNERT. To sneer.

SNICKLE. A snare for birds, constructed of horse-hair; also, or any kind of bird-snare. To "snickle" or "snittle,"

SNITTLE. —To snare.

SNICKSNARLS. "I' snicksnarls,"—in a state of entanglement, —said of thread only, to our knowledge.

SNIFTER. To snivel.

SNIG. To steal after a mean fashion, as a man who undertakes any business, or interests himself any way in the property of a person, and is "snigging" away at it all the time.

SNIG. To cut at random; to damage by cutting, as a child amuses itself with a newly-found pair of scissors in "snigging" over its pinafore.

SNIPS. Shares. "Let's goa snips!"

SNITCH. To inform. "Ah doan't like t' job Dāavid, fur if thuh leet on us thuh'r sūre to snitch, as sūre as gunshot." "Tell us!" "Wi' tuh snitch on us then?" "Ah nivver wor a snitcher."

SNITE. To blow the nose without making use of the pocket-handkerchief.

SNOD. Smooth. "A snod piece o' cloath—as snod as a bit o' silk!"

SNOTTER. To breathe through the nostrils when the passage is impeded. "Could hardly snotter i't' neet-time ah wur so bad i' my hēad!"—having got cold in the head.

SNOW-BONES (pron. *snow-bōans*). The patches of snow seen stretching along ridges, in ruts, or in furrows, &c., after a partial thaw.

SNOW-BROTH (pron. *snow-broth*). Snow melted in a vessel is so called.

SO (pron. *soa*). Used to check movements or actions of any nature. A child teasing its father desists at the word "Soa!" rebukingly uttered; and one man helping another to adjust a well-filled hamper on his shoulder knows that it is in a right position when the "Soa; thenksta lad," is said.

SOIL. To be off with speed. "Come, soil off lad! we can du wi'hart thee!" "Hey-up, either! yon chap's coming this wāy! whear sal us soil it tul?" This word may be a corruption of *sole* (which is pronounced "soil"), and mean to make use of the soles; though, in a note to Ben Jonson's use of the term soil—"to take soil"—in one of his plays, it is said that "a stag is said to take soil when he takes to the water to escape the hounds." The words may thus have a close and another connection.

SOLDIER (pron. *sowger*). A herring. Perhaps applied to *red herrings* at first, and then to all kinds.

SOOZER. A good wetting. "Someb'dy tem a pāal o' watter art 'n a winder as ah wur barn under—didn't I gehr a soozer!"

SOPS. Bread broken preparatory to being added to any liquid, or when so added. *Sops*, also, the name given to portions of "haver," or oat-"cakes" soaked in the gravy-tin underneath the beef roasting before the fire, and given to customers by the public-house keepers at feast-time.

SOSS. To fall heavily. "Went soss on his rig ont' rōading,"—Fell heavily upon his back on the roadway. "Pool'd t' chair through under him, an' he went soss ont' flōar."

SOSS. To lap like a dog.

SOU. A drain. "Sou-hoil,"—the grated mouth of the drain.

SOULING. "Gotten a good souling,"—been made the subject of very pointed remarks and invective.

SOWL. To plunge in water. "Gi'e it a good sowling!"
"Come, goa gi'e theesen a good sowling," says a mother to a sooty child,— "don't spare the water," that would be, freely rendered. "Sowl it weel!"—Duck it well.

SPADGER. A sparrow. "Spadger-pie" is an article of diet occasionally.

SPAN. A definite portion. A certain length of road to traverse is a "span" of some kind, long or short. An amount of work is a "span," good, or bad; and the working-hours "a long" or a "short span."

SPAN-NEW. Quite new.

SPANE. To wean.

SPANWHENGLE. To shake, or knock about violently. "Let *me* nobbud fin' onny on 'em at it an' al spangwheng-el ther necks rarn'd!"

SPANGWHEW. To hurl with violence. "I spangwhaew'd him horf wāay across o't' rōad; ah wur so mad as that."
"Māade no moar to du, bud tuke t' thing an' spangwhaew'd it art o't' winder."

SPARRABLES. Clog-nails.

SPELK. A splinter; or, a pointed stick for thatching.

SPELL. A splinter of wood, or a folded piece of paper to light a pipe or candle with.

SPENK. To chastise. "Spenking,"—a chastisement.

SPETCH. A plaister for a wound.

Spetch, also, to bind the soles of clogs with leather, a task the wearer generally undertakes himself.

SPICE-CAKE. Christmas fare. Currants, candied lemon, and raisins, hold a conspicuous part in the manufacture of this article. It differs from plum-cake in being less rich, and more adapted as an article of food than of luxury, though the name of "plum-cake" is all but unknown amongst the poorer classes. Together with cheese it forms pretty nearly the staple of food with the working-classes during the last

week of the old, and the first week of the new year, and, as a matter of course, is placed before all visitors. "Hev yuh gotten t' spice-cāake bāaked?" is a question of never-ending occurrence during Christmas week and the week before.

SPIFF. Extra-polished; smartly dressed. "My word missis, ye are spiff to dāay!"—alluding to house arrangements. "Hah spiff he is to dāay!—he mud be bown tul a wedding!" "He's spiff eniff for't!" A fall of good luck is a "spiffing" announcement to the party concerned; and a husband avers his better-half to look "spiffing" in her new gown. It is one of those terms of extravagant approval which human nature cannot do without. Says a father to a child exhibiting itself in buttoned clothes for the first time,—“Well nah th'art spiffing!—that bēats thee granmother, hi-ivver. Hah mich hāsel hes tuh gottan nah? Come here wi' thuh! let's feel, an' we'll goa jogs o' awal we can fin'!”—a proposal not at all in collision with the “inkling” capacity of the child. Each article of dress is then declared in its turn to be “a regerler spiffer!” interspersed with grave doubts as to whether it would have resulted in any material improvement had he “māade it hīssen!”

SPINNING JEE. A spider.

SPIT. When rain drops at intervals it is said to “spit.” “It spits o' rāan; we sal hev a shar soin,”—a shower soon. “It spits, soa ad better nut ventur', ah think, this after-noin.”

SPLAUDER To stretch out arms, or feet. “Splauther-
or foited,”—splay-footed; one whose heels prox-

SPLAUTHER. imate closely in walking.

SPLIRT. To throw water upon gently. The re-bound of spill'd water “splirts.” To spurt with the mouth.

SPONGE. To sneak. “Goas sponging abart fur owt he can get.”

SPRENGLED. Spreckled.

SPRINT. To run on the toes. The sort of running practised in-doors.

SPRINT. To sprinkle lightly. A woman “sprints” water on clothes “rough-dry” as she is folding them up for the

mangle. A gardener in watering his plants can't help sprinting his boots in at the bargain sometimes.

SPUDS. The cant name for potatoes.

SPURRINGS. Banns of marriage. "He's off to put t' spur-rin's in,"—to announce his desire that the banns of marriage be published.

SQUAD. A number. "Squads,"—numbers; abundance. "Worther onny apples i' t' market to-dāay?" "Aye, squads." "Thah sud a seen what squads o' fowks cam art when t' chapel lows'd!" "Hah monny can tuh eit on 'em?" "Haw, a whoal lot—a squad; am noan pertickalur." "What's that chap gotten i' his basket?" "A squad o' dēad crabs, if tuh wants to knawah."

SQUAT. A juvenile game similar to "Hide and seek." To get hid; to crouch down, or rest upon the haunches. "Squat thuh down lad, ther's norther stoils nur binks here, thah sees," says the man at field or hedge-work to his little child who has brought him his dinner.

STAA A wharf, but restricted to the coal-wharves. "Coil or stāa." "Barn to t' stāa."—Going for coals, that is.

STAITH.

STAGGING. A "stagging" person is an awkward-gaited one. "A grēat stagging" or "stegging fellah." There are two equivalents of "great,"—"gurt," and "grēat" in two syllables. The last would, as a rule, be used always in such a connection as in the phrase we have given; thus helping the speaker in no small degree to express himself thoroughly.

STAIL. The handle of a brush, besom, or pan. "This bezom-stail is ower short be horf." "Awlus lēave a brush-stail down'ards, it'll last soa mich long-er." "As ah wur hugging t' panshon, t' stail brak off."

STALL'D. Tired out. "What's tuh think o' theesen! isn't tuh a bonny jewel, thinksta?—bud am stawal'd a tawaking tul thuh,—reight fair darn stawal'd, I am; it's noa ūse i' the blessed world; ah mud as weel just spit out." "Al ha' no more o' that stuff—am gehring stawal'd on't,"—getting tired of it.

STAND. A small pillar-table.

STANG. A pole. "Riding t' stang,"—an old custom. When a man has ill-used his wife, the youths "ride the stang" three nights for him. A long pole is obtained, upon which one of their number is perched and borne upon the shoulders of others, while he repeats a "nomony" before the house of the individual, at the conclusion of which the crowd hurrah. They then parade the neighbourhood, going into the yards and courts where there are most inhabitants, and repeat the same doggrel rhyme (too coarse for insertion) and the like cheering follows. The house of the culprit is visited in this way several times each night, and to finish up with, the doors and window-shutters are violently battered, and every means tried to get the man to show himself; but however exasperated he may be, he rarely chooses to do this, for he has a mind to keep the coat on his back, and his body skin-whole. Upon extraordinary occasions the individual is burnt in effigy before his own door. It is commonly supposed, that if the perpetrators go through the ceremony three nights successively (which they always do) and make the circuit of a church, that they are not amenable to law.

STANG. To sting. Sting is rarely used; a tooth decaying, or a bruised limb "stangs wi' pään." A bee "stang" a person, and he verily believes it was the same "'at stang him yesterder,"—the past and present tenses being alike here.

STANSIONS. Iron bars before a window.

STARKEN. To stiffen. Boiled treacle or rendered fat "star-

STURKEN. kens" as it cools; and a man's legs are "stark"

STORKEN. after a day's tramp. "Starkening,"—the act of stiffening.

START. The handle of a vessel. "Pot-start."

STATUTES. (*Stattis* as pronounced). These are held on the 9th day of November in each year, being the last day of the winter fair. The attendance of servants for the purpose of being hired—in the main country girls—is numerous. They range themselves on either side down the

principal street (Briggate), and are there inspected and questioned by those who are in quest of servants. The great bulk are engaged by publicans, to whom decent town servants are at a discount. It is for this reason only that we are inclined to regard this ancient custom as now a source of much evil.

When hired, a "God's penny" is offered, and taken by the servant, as a mutual pledge of engagement.

STAUK. To walk in an awkward manner, unmindful of appearances. Alluding to a country visitor, the sensitive better-half says, "Gotten shut on her at last, an' glad am on't, a gurt stauakin thing,—ah wur 'shāamed to be seen out o' doors wi' her."

STAUP. To staupe, is to lift the feet high in walking. An animal with two legs "staups along as if he wur proud an' didn't knowah what to mak of hizsen;" but an animal with four, i.e., a horse, high-mettled and high-stepping, "staups along grandly."

STAVE. Turn. Speaking of an itinerant minister, it is remarked, that he is about to give such a chapel "a stave next Sunday,"—going to preach there.

STEE. A ladder.

STEG. A gander.

STEIK. "Steik t' door."—Latch the door.

STEIM. To bespeak. "Steimed a plāace fur t' meeting."—Bespoke a seat for the meeting. Has the meaning of "Stein" (*below*), the *m* and *n* being interchangeable.

STEIN. A deposit. A man buys an article of furniture, and his wife asks him (knowing that he couldn't pay for it at once) how much he has "steined it wi'?"—left as a deposit.

STENCILS. The posts of a door.

STENG. Sting. "It'll steng thuh if thah touches it." "It did steng; it fair määde muh donce agean."

STEPMOTHERS. Hang-nails.

STEVVON. To shout lustily. "What's that fellah stevoning at! he mud think he wur i' t' middle o' Woodhus moor." Also, in the sense of filling the ears. "Mak a less o' thee din, wi' tuh! it's fit to stevvon onnybody."

With us the word is never used but that it implies unnecessary and displeasing loudness; so that a "mild stevvn," a "fayre steuen," a "sweet" stevvn—"so sweet a steuen, Like to the melodie of heauen," as old Gower has it, is unknown amongst us, as is it too in the sense of *time*;—"At unset steven," &c. Nor is it thus employed in the rural districts north, where the dialect is most pure.

STEW. "A bonny stew ye're kicking up, lasses," says a father to his girls when he comes home to dinner on the washing-day, and finds the apartment in which he has to dine full of vapour. When a fast-trotting horse kicks up the dust beneath it as it speeds along, there is "a stew." Also, a tumult.

STICK AN' STIVER. All that one is worth. "Dish'd up, stick an' stiver."

STICK-I'-THE-MUD. A helpless person; one who requires unnecessary assistance.

STICK AND STOW. Completely, altogether. "A nasty, thratching hussey!—shoo wants bundiling art o't' street stick an' stow,"—with all belonging to her, so as to insure a complete riddance.

STICKING-PIECE. A part in the neck of a beast, so called, from the gummy substance and fatty film upon it, which causes the fingers to *stick* to it.

STIFF. To be proud of. "He's stiff eniff on't al hersüre yuh!"

STILLER. A piece of wood placed on the surface of water in a pail to steady it, when carried any distance.

STIVE. To stifle. "Doant thrust soa thear!" exclaims a woman in a crowd, "ye're fit to stive abody!"

STOB. A post; a short stake.

STOCK-STILL. "He stood stock-still,"—never moving a muscle or gazing but in one direction—becoming post-like, —*stock*, a post.

STOIT. Expressive of indignation at some ungainly and unbecoming action. When a child, *e.g.* conducts itself foolishly, but with an evident attempt at appearing clever, the mother calls her a "gurt stoit." There goes along with the

word, too, a feeling of shame for the object of it on the part of the person who employs the epithet. It is also applied to one who with claims to be considered a man or woman, commits a childish action merely to provoke laughter and mirth.

STONEY. A marble, supposed to be of stone, painted and polished, worth half a dozen "common Johns," or clay ones, according to juvenile law of barter.

STOPPEL. A stopper, as "pipe-stoppeL."

STOWN. Stolen. "Stown stuff does noab'dy no good."

STRACKLE-BRAINED. One who in action is apt to be daft; who can't take orders without looking stupid, and can't execute them without a tendency to go the wrong and obviously foolish way to work.

STRAG. A pigeon. "A young strag." "An owd strag." "Strag-hoil,"—Pigeon-cote.

STRAP. Credit. "Yuh mun strap muh this missis wal Seterder neet." "But when yuh're boun to päay what ye ha' gotten strapp'd?" "D' yuh strap here mäaster?" "Noa strapping here at awal missis."

STRAPPER. Anything large. "T' biggest fellah ah ivver saw i' me life; sich'n a strapper he wor!" An audacious lie is "a strapper."

STRANGER. A name given to the soot-flakes which peel off, and flutter on the bars of fire-grates. The appearance of one of these is regarded as a sure sign of the approaching visit of some one who has been long absent. There is one condition, however, attached thereto,—if the particle is drawn into the fire the stranger comes to a certainty, but if it drops on the hearthstone he or she will stay away, having, (we presume) changed their minds.

STRENG. Strong.

STRENGLE. Strangle. (pronounced *streng-el*)

STRETCHER. An exaggeration; a lie. "Tell'd muh 'at he'd a uncle somewhear i't' Indies wi' noa end tul his brass, an' how he hed a lot o' black fellahs to wäat on him, an' how he'd thowt o' going ower to live wi' him once—thinks I, 'Thee owd fath-er could'nt bëat thee at stretching, lad, nut

if he tuke boath hands tul an' gar hod wi' his teeth,'—bud ah nivver said nowt; ah lehr him go on."

STREUK, p. t. of Strike. "He streuk him twice; ah saw him!"

STRINKLE. To sprinkle.

STROKE. A half-bushel, or two pecks; so called from the measure (when upheaped) being *stroked* off with a thin piece of wood, (half an oval in shape), called a "strickle," which leaves the quantity of wheat, or whatever it may be, level with the top, or brim.

STRUM. "A tãaty-strum,"—potatoe-crusher.

STRUNCHEON. A parenthetical portion. If, in a temperance lecture, a person took occasion to advocate another "cause," for a while—the freedom of the slave, say,—it would be said that he "gav'em a struncheon" on that.

STUB. To break;—"Stubb'd up,"—done for.

Also, to grub up, as, to "stub" the hedge-rows and gain more land for cultivation.

STUFF. Furniture. In auctioneer's bills of sale, "Household stuff" generally does this duty. Also, any kind of equipments or baggage.

STUNT. "Tuke t' stunt an' went off wi'art speaking,"—Took the hig, &c.

SUCCOUR. A compound of treacle, sugar, vinegar, and butter, boiled, and spread out in "pudding-tins," till cool, when it is broken up and is ready for use. On the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, the boiling of "succour" is very general, even amongst the better class of tradespeople.

SUCKING-DUCK. "As simple as a sucking-duck."

SUCKING THE HAMMER. Having to "suck t' hammer," is to have to stand by the consequences of a misdeed. "He wodn't tak my advice an' goa yonder, an' now he hes to suck t' hammer." A mother tells her 'prodigal' that, he'll "ha' to suck t' hammer some dâay as sûre as God's aboon, fur what he's done tul her."

SUG! Used in calling pigs. The Anglo-Saxon for a sow was *sugu*.

SUMMAT. Something. "Ther's summat to du if ther's nowt

to tak,"—plenty of work if there's nothing for doing it—said of a disturbance too.

SUSS. To drink.

SWADDY. A soldier. "A regiment o' swaddies." "Bown to be a swaddy!" "Tha'd mak a rare swaddy!"

SWADS. The shells of peas or beans. "Pei-swads;" "bēan-swads."

SWALLACK. "Gi'e him thrippence fur swallack,"—to get beer with.

SWAP. p. t. of sweep. "Swap it off wi' his arm,"—Swept it off with his arm.

SWAPE. The handle of a machine, or instrument, as, a windlass, a mangle, a box-organ. Strictly speaking, it is a loose wooden handle, having an iron one within; the top handle, roller, or "swape," to turn with the hand-movement, so as to prevent soreness by friction. "Tak t' swāp off o' that hannel, it's so clogg'd wi' muck wal it wean't turn."

SWARM. To climb a pole, a rope, lamp-post, or anything similar, where the legs are wrapped round the object, would be to "swarm" it. It has this convenience more than "climb," that whereas the latter may only be used for the action upward, "swarm" may be used for either upward or downward action.

SWAT. p. t. of sweat.

SWATCH. A piece of anything. "Gi'e us a swatch o' that!" "Nobbud a few swatches on 'em left."

SWATH. The skin of pork, ham, or bacon.

SWATHE. The entire length of a sea-wave.

SWAYMOUS. Shy and squeamish.

SWEAL. To melt, as a candle when subjected to a draught of air. "Fotch a shooll-ful o' round coil [*i.e.* little lumps—no small coal, or smudge] an' mind an' doan't sweal t' cannel."

SWEGGAR. Swagger.

SWELT. To be in a state of profuse perspiration; to melt. "Tha'll swelt that cannel awal awāay if tuh doesn't bring it art o't' draught o't' door-hoil." "Swelted to death if iver onnybody wor." "Am ommast swelted."

SWEY. To "swey ont' box lid," would be to press upon it

while the key in the lock is being turned. A plank is balanced on an object several feet from the ground and forms a "swey-poul," or sway-pole.

SWEY. To rise and fall by mechanical means. "Let's hev a swey-poul lads"—a sway-pole, or 'see-saw.'

SWIDGE. A swidging pain, is a pulsing pain. A person complains of having got "a head-wark 'at fair swidges agean,"—a headache accompanied with arterial motion.

SWIG. To drink. "Axed him to tak a swig (to luke deacent thah knawahs.). 'Well,' say's he, 'al just hev an odd swig.' When he gah muh t' pint agean ah leuked in an' thear begow! if * * * hedn't swigged it awal! Does tuh cawal that swigging? says I."

SWILL. To cleanse the flags by emptying pailfulls of water upon and mopping them. "Awāay wi' thuh get t' watter ready fur swilling t' doorstans; it's no ūse weshing 'em, it lukes as if it ad rāan."

SWILLINGS. The food of pigs.

or

SWILL.

SWINGE. To singe; also, to beat with a rod.

SWINGLE-TREE. The trace-rod of a vehicle.

SWIPE. To drink off hastily. "Swipe that off lad wal t' owd cock's noaze is turned!"

SWISH-SWASH. Any weak liquid. "What's tuh geen muh this swish-swash for—I can noan sup it!"

SWITCHER. Used in the sense of great or extensive.

SWITCHING. "A gurt switching horse," or, "a switcher on a horse." "A switching garden." "A rare switcher,"—an extraordinary size. "Is it a big house then?" "Switching lad!" An audacious lie is pronounced "a switcher." "That switches yowers!"—outdoes yours.

SWITHER. To scorch, as with a heated poker.

SWIZZEN. To singe, as the hair, with a lighted candie.

TAAT. Tart, or sour. "Tāat" is used oftenest. The last is or pure Saxon.

TEART.

TACK. Take. "Tack it back agean, here tack hod on't!" "I a bonny tacking,"—In a sore plight. "Nut mich tackings at this job,"—Not much to take at this job.

Tuke, *p. t.* Elsewhere the word is written *tak*. The *c*, however, points to the source from whence it may be supposed to be derived.

TA'EN UP. Captured by the police and taken to the lock-up. "He's gotten tā'en up at last." The words in this combination have generally this reference.

TALLY. Agree. "They doan't tally weel together." "Ah bowt a remnant at a auction-sāale; ah thowt it ad du to mend me garn wi' if t' colour didn't tally like." "Does that bit tally?" "Aye, it tallies weel eniff." Used as a noun too. "Whear's that bit o' tally I gah thuh this morning?"

TAN. To beat. To "tan" one's "hide," is a common threat of taking vengeance.

TANTRUM. To be "in a tantrum" is to be very cross, and fussy to boot; to exhibit marked displeasure in the features. "Some on 'em said summat wreng some wāay, an' shoo up off her chair an' awāay shoo flung, in a bonny tantrum!" "Th'a't on wi' thee tantrums agean then?" says a mother to an ill-tempered daughter, who is in one of her fits.

TAR. A mischievous character.

TARESTRIL. When a man or woman is angry with a juvenile, their indignation is apt to find vent in "Thou tarestril!" a word implying the mischievous rather than the really vicious, and is only used either in play, or when indignation runs high. "Nāal him weel, a young tarestril! for he desarves it—to goa pick t' lass ower it' chennel afoar shoo ivver spak a word tul him!" "Come thee wāays here, thou young tarestril, an' let's kuss thuh!"

TAWS. Marbles.

TEAM. To empty; to pour. "Teim t' watter art o' that jug!"

TEEM. "A teiming sha'r,"—"A teeming shower." "Going

TEIM. to teem a load o' coil, an' nobbud just wesh'd t' doorstans!" In the slightly altered sense of 'abounds' or 'abounding' the different soundings of the word are also common, as, "T'loin teims wi' better sort o' fowk!"

TECKTAILS. "Turning tecktails,"—Turning somersaults.

TEDIOUS. Restless. "How's t' barn this morning missis?"

"Haw he's better [a little better] thenk yuh, bud he's had a varry tedious neet."

TELL-PIE. A tell-tale. The "pie-tit" perhaps a corruption of "pyet," a name given to the magpie,
or

TELL-PIE-TIT. —noted for its chattering propensity.

TEMPLAR-CROSSES. During the time of the Crusades, out of the many privileges granted to the Knight's Templar, was the exemption of their lands and possessions from certain taxes. The houses in the manor of Whitkirk, as part of the possessions of the Knight's of Temple-Newsam, were thus free of the Soke of the Mills, [see **KING'S-MILLS**] and, at a later period, were marked by stone crosses on the front (a number of these may be seen in the neighbourhood of Templar Street). A refusal, however, to pay a trifling septennial demand, subjected the proprietor or resident, to a renewal of the claims of the Soke.

In 1787, an attempt was made by the proprietors of these mills to deprive the inhabitants of these houses within the manor of Whitkirk of this exemptive right, and an action was instituted against one of these who had withdrawn his suit and service from the mills, for this purpose. But the rights of these were confirmed after a long trial at York, and it was after this trial (known as the "*Leeds Soke Cause*") that the houses so privileged were thus distinguished. Shortly afterwards, the proprietors of the mills were prosecuted in turn, but their rights, too, were fully confirmed.

TEMPLE-NEWSAM, in the neighbourhood, deserves a mention upon account of its historical associations. When we say 'Temple-Newsam,' we don't mean especially and particularly the house called by this name, which, in an architectural point of view, exteriorly, is no more than a plain, ugly, and interiorly, a substantial, roomy brick building, built upon Quaker principles, during the reign of somebody—Edward the Sixth, or George the Fourth, it is hard to say which; but of that place, which, if we had been living hereabouts during the time when the domesday survey was accomplishing, we

should have heard spoken of as "Newhusum." Newhusum had a settlement of Knight's Templar's at so early a period as 1181, from whom it received the additional name of 'Templa.' The establishment of the order of Knight's Templar (so called from the vicinity of their House in Jerusalem to the Temple) began under Baldwin II., King of Jerusalem, whose purpose was the defence of the Holy Sepulchre, and the protection of Christian pilgrims. After the ruin of Jerusalem, they spread themselves over Europe, and acquired by their valour and fame immense riches. Amongst other benefactions conferred upon them, one William de Villers presented to the English Knight's Templar the manor of Newhusum, where they soon after founded a preceptory. By the licentious course of conduct which they pursued after the acquirement of power, they very soon begat the enmity of the people, insomuch that their privileges were withdrawn, and the members of that order suffered severely for their infamous doings. In 1311, they were suppressed by the Council of Vienne, and became outcasts.

Their revenues were in general bestowed upon other orders, and the rival fraternity, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, became, for the most part, the inheritors of their revenues and fame. Temple-Newsam, however, never fell into the hands of the Hospitaler's, but was granted by Edward III. to Sir John Darcy. In this line it descended to Thomas, Lord Darcy, who, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, was beheaded, and his estates forfeited to the crown, for joining the northern insurgents, denominated the "Pilgrims of Grace," in their unsuccessful attempt at compelling Henry to restore the monastic institutions. After the death of Lord Darcy, the manor of Temple-Newsam was granted to Matthew, Earl of Lenox, who resided here at the birth of his son, afterwards the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the reputed father of James the First. On the death of Lenox, Temple-Newsam came into the possession of this king, by whom it was conferred on his kinsman, Esme Stuart, Duke of Richmond, who turned the English bricks into English gold as fast as he could, meeting with a pur-

chaser in a Sir Arthur Ingram, who pulled down the old fabric, once tenanted by the Templars—the “Templestowe” of *Ivanhoe*, and reared the existing structure. Sir Arthur made ample atonement however, by founding the Irvine peerage, and those in descent are, no doubt, very proud of him.

The only noticeable thing outside “the Temple,” as it is designated by the Whitkirk villagers, is the main-entrance porch, which, we suppose, dates from 1796, when the south wing (where it is situated) having been destroyed by fire, was rebuilt, after the “old plan,” whatever that may mean—Sir Arthur’s, we suppose. The carvings and fittings-up of the interior give some idea of the baronial magnificence of the seventeenth century, though the ‘appointments’ are perhaps of too miscellaneous a character, and the elegances too numerous to give the general harmony sought and required. The building, however, (saving its very ugly exterior) is one which a town ought to be proud of, and the man of lofty descent, who keeps up its antique grandeur, and owns the magnificent sweep of country which comprise its domains, ought in all conscience to be a baron, but yet it ought only to be regarded for what it is, and not for what it is not, nor can scarcely in any degree be associated with, unless by the tactics of a modern schoolman.

A man may vex the world for the three-score years of his lifetime while he is getting together his gold, and then, just for the sake of self again—to pave the road which he finds he must travel—propose the rebuilding of some old church that has stood for ages and gathered associations which gold can but attain and insult. We only see here again the “ruling passion strong in death,” or such an one would spend a little more and get another site for his building. But he prefers reducing them, and of course by means of that pelf which these associations are designed to draw men’s minds from, and as much as anything to counteract the world’s sordid appetite for, with the specious and altogether unsound state of things which attend it. Real benefactors, as was John Harrison and perhaps Sir John Cutler,

of old memory,* to Leeds, are not often met with ; still, we think that if the first had left Rookley Old Hall standing, in lieu of the mean and paltry tenements built by him which now occupy its place ; and the second had not pulled down Harewood Castle for the sake of its timber, they would have commended themselves more to the good graces of an enlightened posterity, panting in the race of life in a way which would have astonished these worthies had they been alive to see.

But great as is the rage for pulling down old churches (let us stick to these) and erecting new ones on the site, with their extinguisher spires, looking for all the world as if they were the dunces of the tribe of buildings, and wore the cap (though they certainly *do* suggest "a finger, ever pointing to the stars," as a mill-chimney does) ; worthy the inventor of Sandy's bagpipe : yet the rage for restoring and altering is greater, because it is cheaper. Country parsons, too, have so precious little to do that they cannot help but get into mischief, and as they are not always poet's in disguise much poetry is lost to the world by their meddling. While the townsman is toiling and sweating, and doing his best to keep the gear on the world, and its machinery in going order, it is a little too hard for any man, who has nothing else to do but listen to the buzz, to be demolishing these remnants of things—not valuable in themselves, but measured and valued insomuch of having descended to them from common

* *Query*.—Could the parsimonious Cutler alluded to by Pope, and the Cutler of the same Christian name (and *both of Harewood*), noted for his church endowments and benefactions, be one and the same ? There seems to be no doubt of the existence of the first, and the "Meer-stones" which were (and perhaps are yet) upon Blackmoor inscribed "J. C." in honour of the latter, is proof that he was more than commonly charitable, or his memory would never have been sought to be so perpetuated, and our cursory research does not show us that there was more than one person of that name.

ancestors,—it looks so much like taking advantage. Our old churches are all going piece-meal after this fashion—the fashion and vainness of endeavouring to assimilate them with the town churches. That of Whitkirk, near Leeds, affords a good example of this finger-work. It is an old Gothic structure, but the interior has been so “renovated,” so eked out with stone, rounded, pointed, smoothed, and fashioned—so utterly divested of old pews, and so belabbered with new paint, begrained, bepolished—made so highly respectable, in short, that it would be a very difficult thing for a person to imagine himself in an old church at all. Instead of spending a couple of thousands in spoiling an old church, why not spend a little more and build a new one? To see an old church, too old and decayed to worship in, closed, would continually suggest an amount of true and deep thinkings, to say little. It would be an added source to thought.

Addle Church is not what it was. One end of it has been partially “restored,” and is of no better worth now than a brick wall in a city street. The inside of it has undergone several little alterations and modifications. The pulpit has been shifted, and its old carven sound-board has disappeared. To be sure the reverend gentleman is out of the draught of the door-way now, and he will feel himself a little cooler while in the exercise of his ministerial duties, but there was no great danger to be feared from either.

TEMS. A sieve.

TENG. To deprive an insect, or reptile, of its sting. “Catch’t a hummle-bee, Bil!” “Let’s teng it, then!”

TENG. To sting.

TENT. To watch; to hinder; also, to take.

TENTERS. Wooden frames, erected for the purpose of stretching and drying cloth during the finishing process. The tenter-frames are upright bars placed at a short distance from each other and connected by other horizontal ones, top and bottom, having an array of hooks at equal distances on which the cloth is fastened by the listing of both sides. Formerly, tenter-fields abounded in and about the town;

some mills having several; and this no doubt accounts for the numerous fields and patches of green existing in the central parts of the town. Tenter-fields, though still in use, are not near so numerous, because of their only being adapted to dry weather. The process is now being carried on within the mills.

TEW (pron. *tæw*). To labour at. "Taews hard for a living." "Nah just sea bud!—nobbud to luke here! ye may rive-an'-tug-an'-taew an' yuh can't hardly brek 'em," says a vendor of bootlaces, accustomed to hold forth in the market-place.

TEWSOME (pron. *tæwsome*). Restless. "Doan't be so tewsome!" a mother says to her baby.

THACK. Long straw for thatching purposes. "Bown wi' a load o' thack."

THAT. The pronoun *that*, holds, in our vocabulary, not only a relative and a demonstrative position, but also a personal. *E.g.*—"That" (says a mother, speaking of her married son) "ne'er comes near-hand now, nut even so mich as to ass muh how E gehr on!" meaning, *He* never comes, &c. "To think 'at I've a good bed to lig on an' that's noan!"—and *he* has none. Then again,—"*Patty* cawal'd o' Munday, an' ah gav' *that* what belonged her." "Whoas is that bonnet?" "It's *that's*," says the person asked, with a side inclination of her head towards her daughter; meaning in the two cases, *her* and *hers* respectively. A woman, to a neighbour, extolling the virtues of her wage-bringing-home husband, says, "*That's* worth his weight i' gold onny dāay, nobbud ah moan't tell him soa!" and of a poorer friend who dropt in to see her, she says, "Ah māade *that* sit darn an' gehr a cup o' tea intul her, an' did a bit o' ham an' gav' her it, an' rare an' weel shoo liked it!" A woman, in speaking of her husband or her children, will invariably allude to them as "*ours*." Instead of saying 'My husband did this,' she would say, "*Ours* did this;" and if the children are the subject of allusion, instead of saying 'My children went there too,' she would say "*Ours* went there too."

THEIK. Thatch. "Theiking t' hynder-end o't' laithe—time it wor theiked tu."





by cries of "Go it tigers!" "Awāay wi' thuh tigers!" "Tigsur al lick him." &c. There was in Leeds, not many years ago, a 'James Searle,' *alias* "Tigers," who was a noted walker. Supposing the word to be capable of this reference it has still to be accounted for, as there is no proof that it was merely a proper name.

TILE. An audacious thief; one audaciously mischievous. "Tile" and "File" [see] are frequently applied to those young in years.

TIMMERSOME. Timid. "Doan't du nowt to flāay that barn, cos it's varry timmersome!" "My heart fair loup'd up tul my mouth—but ah wur awalus reckon'd timmersome."

TING-ELIN. Used by children in the sense of *tingle*, upon the occasion of the school-bell ringing;—"Ting-elin, all in," as it is set to a rhyme. It is not *tingling*; such a sense is not admissible; *tingle in* is a better supposition; but even this appears a weak compound, and it is only by the remembrance of the old Dutch equivalent *tingelen* that the word appears in its true light. "Its ommast ting-elin now," one child will say to another during the play half-hour in the school yard,—almost time for the bell to begin to *tingle* or tinkle. Other words in this Glossary will be found traceable to the Dutch, and obviously so,—the sound of those bearing an exact correspondence with the spelling of these, for the most part.

TINKLER. A tinker.

TIPPER. Anything of the first order. A first-rate story is "a tipper;" an audacious lie "a tipper;" a fast-trotting horse "a tipper to goa."

TIT. Used for calling a cat. Welsh, *titw*, cat.

TITE. As soon; as near. "As tite one wāay as t'other."

TITIVATE. To tidy. "Then al goa titivāate mesen up a bit an' be ready agean ye cawal on muh"—and be ready by the time you call upon me. "Then, ye're titivating up a bit missis are yuh?"—tidying the house. "Tak this an' titivāate it up a bit an' al fotch it to morn at neet."

TIZAKY. One "tizaky," is drunk, or partially so.

- TO.** Frequently *as for*. "It's good to nowt,"—Good for nothing. "Fit to nowt." "If he doesn't come al ha' nowt tul it,"—or for it, *i.e.*, if he doesn't come I shall be surprised. "Gotten nowt to fetching it"—Got nothing for fetching it. "'T' fittingest boddy to duing it."—The most fit person for doing it. "Whear's tuh tul this morning lad?" "Am tul Beverla'" (Beverley). A woman who is travelling with a child upon the railway, finds, to her indignation, upon arriving at the far-end that she will "hevt' barn to pāay tul,"—will have to pay for it as well as for herself.
- TOMMY.** Bread. "Two pund o' tommy missis!" "Gi'e that barn a bit o' tommy, it's horf hung-er'd!"
- TONE.** The one. It is generally used as one word. "T'tone o' them two did it." "T'tone on 'em." In the same way "Tother," or, literally, "the other," is treated. To be sure it is often used correctly (as is the first) and so is apt to be treated as a contractile of little consideration, yet it has a well-established existence in this form.
- TOO.** Not often disjoined from *over*. It is seldom *over many* but *over to' many*:—"Ower to' monny;" "ower to' big," "ower to' soft," "ower to long," "Thear, doan't teim no moar, ther's ower to' mich as it is."
- TOPPER.** Anything excelling is "a topper." "A topper for mischief;" but it is the father's own fault for buying his child "a topping," or first-rate whip, with which he commits himself. "A topper fur wark,"—an excelling workman.
- TOPPIN.** A tuft of hair on the fore part of the head.
- TOPPLE.** To fall. "Toppled ower-an-end,"—Fell as it was standing straight up.
- TOPPLE-OWER-TAAL.** (Topple-over-tail.) To turn summer-saults. "Let's see thee topple-ower-tāals Tom, then thah sal see me stand o' me hēad an' wawak, wi' a pipe i' my marth!"
- TORFIL.** "To torfil," is to die. In some cases it implies over-exertion. "Am ommast torfild wi' me long wauak." "Shool nivver get better; shool torfil yet."
- TOT.** A very small drinking-glass (for ale), accompanying the half-gallon or gallon pitcher.

- TOUCH.** The wood of decayed trees, which when once
or ignited, or *touched* with fire, smoulders away
- TOUCHWOOD.** till it is all consumed. It is in great request
on bonfire night, to be constantly in readiness for firing off
cannons, &c. *Touch*, also, cotton-band, which has a
similar property.
- TOUCHER.**—"As near as a toucher." "Tummled hēad first
off o' t' stee, but happened to leet on a hēap o' sand,—a bit
farther on an' he'd ha' goan pesh ameng a lot o' bricks—he
wur killed as near as a toucher." "Ad likened tuv hed
conn'd [hit] that lamp-poast; it wur as near as a toucher."
"Thah wur as near as a toucher fur dropping in for't them,
fur either! ther's t' bobby watching thuh." "Hes tuh
done that job lad?" "As near as a toucher."
- TOUGH.** This word is often pronounced "tuff." Those
familiar with Scott will remember the two lines of an "old
song" quoted in his "Surgeon's Daughter,"—
"Bachelor Bluff, bachelor Bluff,
Hey for a heart that is rugged and tough!"
- T' OWD UN.** The old one. One of the *devil's* designations.
- T' OWD CHAP.** The devil.
- T' OWD LAD.** The devil.
- TOWEL.** A wild, or bad character, is so styled. "Th'art a
towel!" "He's gehring a reg'lar towel is that lad o' theirs!"
"Mun, he's a towel if ivver ther wor one!" "He's gotten
to be a bonny towel hes that, ne'er mind if he hesn't!"
- TRAIL.** A journey. "Av hed a long trāal an' stan' 'need on
a bit o' rest." "Tak 'em awal at once, it al sāave a trāal."
- TRAILS.** Attached to an old-fashioned form of dress which
trained or "trailed" long behind, looped up at convenience,
by means of the pocket-holes. Very aged persons still speak
of them as having been worn by all classes in their younger
days, and imparting a degree of grace which, of course, the
thrice-blessed economy of the present generation doesn't
care to ape.
- TRASH.** A vile woman.
Trash, also, a cord, employed as a check—to keep hounds
together, *e.g.*

Trash is a name, too, for a feeble-minded, and physically weak person.

Trashes; Old shoes.

TRASHED. Much fatigued.

TRIBBET-STICK. A "primstick." (*see*)

TRIG. To fill. "Trig thee guts weel lad wal tuh art duing!"

TRINKLE. 'Trickle. "T' kettle's trinklin' mother." [Trickling (the water, that is,) down the sides when full and boiling.]

"Then trinkle it off ontat' hood-end can't tuh!"

TROLLOPS. A slatternly female.

OR

MUCKY TROLLOPS.

TRUCK. Communication, or intercourse. "Ah can't abide them fowks 'at lukes one wāay an' steers another; ah teld her soa, an' av hed noa truck wi' her thro' that dāay tul this."

TUDGY. Diminutive. "What a tudgy little thing." "A tudgy horse." "A tudgy loaf." "Hah mich did he gi'e thuh?" "Nobbud a tudgy bit."

TUG. To work incessantly. "Tugging ar it yet ah see?" "Aye barn, a body may tug thersens to death, an' ne'er ha' done."

TUGS. Boots or shoes. "Howsta like me new tugs Tom?"

TUL. To. The frequent repetition of this word throughout the volume render examples here needless. What would be regarded as the more correct form, "*til*" we have heard frequently, but "*tul*" is by far the commonest.

It is not quite easy to account for the present orthography of this preposition. Probably *til* has been all along the refined (as in all our old classics—Gower's works excepted), and *tul* the vulgar pronunciation, which last found expression only in what emanated from, or appealed especially to, the lower class of people, as in ballad-lore. Take, for example, (indeed, the only one we know of), the ballad of "*Gilderoy*," given in *Percy's Reliques*, which, in this instance, we may quote from:—

"Gilderoy was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone."

* * * * *

"He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane e'er tull him was coy."

* * * *

"And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik,
'My benison gang wi' thee.

God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart."

Substituting "goa" for "*gang*," and "aun" for "*ain*," the orthography of the last quotation entire would be exactly that of our own, supposing the words were spelt as they are pronounced. Of this, we may be certain, however, that *tull* is no late corruption, but extends very far back into the period of our history; only brought out to view as the status, political and intellectual, of the mass who employed it became higher.

TUL'T. To it. "Nowt tul't,"—Nothing to it. "Hod wal ah gehr up tul't,"—Stay till I get up to it.

TUM'LEERS. Mountebanks. Also, a kind of pigeon which fly in a tumbling fashion.

TUNNEL. A funnel.

TUP. A dull-headed fellow; one stupid and blundering.
or "Luke at t' surly tup!"

TUP-HEAD.

TUP. A ram.

TUP-TACK. Would be here exactly defined as "t' bëatum of all,"—a quality of noun we do not possess in general; meaning something more than "one who beats all," as a pair of legs, in ordinary parlance, means something more than a pair of broken, or wooden ones. "Av seen some capping things i' my time, bud this is t' tuptack,"—I've seen some wonderful things in my time, but this beats all, clean. "Th'art tup-tack," a mother says to her disobedient child, after much vain talking to. "It's noa ùse tawaking tul her, for shoo's t' tup-tack o' awal I've iver seen." A man who has contradicted himself in argument frequently, and issues a last gross contradiction, gives occasion for his opponent to say, with a look of eager triumph,—“Well nah, that's tuptack!”

TURMOPS. Turnips. "Does thah heit turmops Bil?" "Aye, what for?" "Wah thah's as bad as that chap 'at heits cabbidges!—Tha'll like turmopy milk then, ah sudn't wonder?" "Well, an' if ah du, what then?" "Wah t' soiner thah's i't' pig-boil an' better!—We'd turmop thuh reight thear!"

TUS. A tooth. "Gehring his tussies nicely," says a woman of an infant.

TUSSY-PKG.

TUSSLE. To struggle. "Sich'n a tussle as ah nivver hed i' my life afoar to get through t' crowd." "Yon fowks 'r' awal on a tussle, what's t' smatter ah wonder!" "Tussled awalt' stren'th art o' me bōans ommast."

TUV. To. "Tether t' foil tuv a stāake,"—Tether the foal to a stake. "Th'art a bonny un to send fur sorrow, ar'n't tuh nah!—thah's as sūre as gunshot to get intuv mischief!"

TWILT. A quilt. Also, to beat. "That's him 'at wur twilting ar Jim!—let me goa an' gi'e him a twilt ont' lug mother!" "Ah'll gi'e thee two if thah does, nah mind that, young savage!"

TWINGE. An earwig.

TWINK. A twinkle. "Ah'll be wi' yuh in a twink,"—in an instant. "He wur splauadering ont' floor in a twink!"—received a blow which laid him low, quick.

TWINY. Peevish and fretful.

TYKE. "A sad tyke." Curiously enough there exists the same expression in a modern garb, which, though not the exclusive property of those above the common class, is still, perhaps, most used by them. The phrases "a sad dog," and "a sad tyke," are synonymous; "tyke," in the Norse tongue (*tík*), meaning a bitch. The conservative nature of our provincial dialects is, we conceive, admirably illustrated in this. The word "tyke" is used implying pity, but it is used otherwise, too, as in the phrases "A nasty tyke;" "a fat owd tyke." The first example of the word's usage we find to be a literal one, directly referable, but in those of the latter the connection ceases, for here it is supposed to be derived from the Danish *tyk*,—gross, corpulent.

TYPE. To lose one's balance, or to throw out of position, used figuratively, as well as literally. "A glazener wur puhring a square i' a chäämer winder, an' he typed ower an' wur taken up as dead as a hammer!" "Stood o't' end o't' plenk an' sum'dy gav it a shuv an' he typed." "Type that box off o' that cart,"—cause it to tipple over. "He'll type off i' his turn,"—will die in his turn.

UNDER-DRAWN. When roofs have ceilings, they are "under-drawn." It is in very common use, though less so than formerly, when the first question put to a landlord by house-applicants was generally, "Is it under-drawn?" and, with the "bare balks," the word is passing away.

UNGONE (pronounced *Ungoan*). Not gone. "What! ungone yet?"

UNMELL'D. "Unmell'd on."—Unmeddled with.

UPHOD (pronounced). Implying, on the speaker's part, a warrant in supposing. A child has got a half-penny given it, and, spending it at an apple-stall, in going to school, tells its mother upon arriving at home, who replies "I'll uphod tuh?"

UP-ON-END. Perpendicular. "Straight up-an-end it wor." "Sehr it up-an-end."

UPSA DAESY! A common ejaculation when a child, in play, is assisted in a spring-leap from the ground. "Up so," as used by our older poets, is generally interpreted "upside." "Daesy" may be but a softening down (too harsh a word, corruption, in this case) of "days-eye," here pronounced "days-ee;" altogether, a beautiful phrase, and one that we should be loth to lose;—perhaps as old a word as "daisy" itself.

UP TO T' HEFT. Full of anger. "Tha'll ha' to mind how thah speiks tul him to neet lad, he's up to t' heft."

URCHIN. A hedge-hog.

URPLED. Starved. "He lukes urpled to deäth."

URPLING. Starvling. "A little urpling beggar."

US. Often does duty for *me*. "Wakken us up soin i't' morn-ing," meaning his individual self. "Cawal on us to morn, witta, an' we'll goa together?"

VARGISS (*g* soft). "As sour as vargiss." When a youth is cranshing goose-berries of more than common sourness, he, making a wry mouth, exclaims "Vargiss!"

The word is but a corruption of *Verjuice*, yet there is never a one who uses it who knows what it means, further than that it is expressive of extreme sourness; and it is never used on any other occasions than these, though, "as sour as vargiss," is a phrase common enough.

VARMENT. Vermin.

WACK. Prepared flour and water. "Skilley an' wack,"—gaol fare.

WACKER. To shake. "Flaad as a mouse he wor, luke! he's wackering yet!"—shaking yet!

WAG. Stir. "Thah sahn't wag wal thee faather comes hoam!" "Wag a pin an' tuh durst!"—Stir a leg if you dare!

WAH. Why; well. "Doan't fond wi' [play with] them barns so mich pretha Tom." "Wah thah wur a barn theesen at one time." "Mun E goa now?" "Wah."

WAIR. To spend. "Whear ther's nowt coming in, ther's nowt to wair." A mother sends her little one to ask the butcher to "wair her sixpence,"—a common practice with poor people, who get a quantity of scrag and shank ends and tit-bits by this means—"a good penn'orth,"—having sent previously to "luke whoa's i't' shop," *i.e.* master, or mistress, knowing well from whom most, and the best assortment, is likely to come. "Waired at t' end on't an' bowt t' best o' ivvrything,"—expended extravagantly and constantly.

WAL (While). Until. "Wal t' sun reeses we moan't go."—Until the sun rises we musn't go. 'Till then, farewell! would be, "Wal then, fareweel!"

WALLOP. To beat.

WALLOPER. Of an extraordinary size. "By the Megs! or what a walloping pig!" "My eye! it is a

WALLOPING. wolloper tu!—bud av seen one 'at wallop'd that—Dick Smith hes it,—it wallops awal 'at ivver I've seen!" "A walloping lie;" also, "a walloper,"—a notorious lie.

WALT. To throw down. "Walted,"—Thrown down, or much inclined from the perpendicular. "Yuh muh tak that tree up; its roit-walted." North and eastwards, the word is in use, but having the *a* changed into *e*. Thus, when a sheep has got thrown upon its back it is said to be "rig-walted."

WANG-TOOTH (pronounced *weng-toith*). An "axle-tooth," or grinder.

WANTY. A rope, several yards in length, terminating at one end in about four feet of girthing to which a hook is fastened. It is thrown several times over, and passed under, the horses back, when carrying a load of corn or pack of wool.

WAR. Worse. "That's war nur nowt, hahiver." "T' world gets war and war ah think." "What's tuh mēan pretha?" "At t' fowks 'at's in it gets war an' war."

"Well, ah doan't knawah what tuh mēans yet, bud it just comes to this i' my wāay o' thinking;—'at t' fowks at owt to du good does less an' less. Sin al awalus be i't' world, an' it al nobbud show itsen an' mak t' world warrer an' warrer, as thah calls it, as fowks cares less an' less abart it, an' begins o' hodding up ther fine ee-glasses to luke ar it. An' all tell thuh summut else: tares al grow wal a chap's lukiug consaatedly at t' [admiring the] whēat as weel as when he ligs hizsen darn an' goas tuh sleep;—think o' this when thah hears a church-body bregging what *thaay've* done, an' a Methody-body bregging what *thaay've* done. Nah good neet to thuh!—Hawah, stop!—ad furgotten tuh ass thuh: hah's thee mother to neet?" "Wah, shoo gets warser on't ah think." "Well, tell her to luke to the Lord, an't' doctor's war an' war al be her better an' better. Good neet lad!"

WARBLE. A small hard lump upon a horse's back, produced by the pressure of the saddle, collar, or any part of the gear.

WARDAYS (*Query* worse-day: *war*—worse). Week-days. "Am at it through morn to neet, Sunday an' warder awal elike." "Keep thee warder cloas to goa yonder in; tha'll dish thee Sunday un's up soin eniff, al warrant thuh." It

is possible that the word may be but a mere contraction of "wark," that is, "work-day."

WARK. Ache. "Head-wark." "Belly-wark," or cholic. "Gotten t' back-wark, shoother-wark, leg-wark, an' t' awal-ower wark, ah think—ne'er wur so done up i' my life."

WARRANT. "Am so badly ah can hardly hod up; ah think fursüre ah sal ha' done wi' yuh awal soin." "I'll warrant thuh!—mun, thah's noan done wi't' world yet thah needn't be flāa'd."

WASHBOARD. (pron. *Weshboard*.) The wainscot.

WASSAIL-BOB. (Perhaps a corruption of wassail-bough.) A bough of evergreens, decorated with oranges, and ornamented profusely, having a wax representation of the infant Jesus placed in the midst; the whole generally enclosed in a case (sometimes a cloak is simply thrown over), and screened. It is carried round, from house to house, by children, at Christmas-time, who make known their coming by the strains of the old carol, "Here we come a wassailing," &c.

WASTEHEART! An interjection. "Wāasteheart barns! ye knawn't what's let on yuh, God help yuh!" "How are yuh to-dāay then like?" "Noa better, thenk yuh." "Ah, wāasteheart! wāasteheart!" *Wa* is the common pronunciation of 'woe' in the rural district, hence *wae's t' heart*, or, *wae is the heart*! Severing the first word in its connection, it would be pronounced "woa" with us, and, to a certainty, a person who pronounced it "wae," as exhibited in its connection above, would not be understood, so that we may well infer these ejaculative phrases ["Wae worth thuh!" is another of them] to be very ancient indeed, taking into consideration the pronunciation of these words simply.

WATER-CAKE. (pron. *watter-cāake*.) Flour knead up with water, and baked in a frying-pan.

WAX. To grow. "Be süre an' mak it big eniff, an' leave him plenty o' roum to wax in."

WEDDING-CUSTOM. It is usual here, as in other places, to fling the shoe after the bridal conveyance, or in the wake of the blissful couple, if they are obliged to trudge afoot,

"for good luck." At the sight of a wedding-party, children may be heard calling out,—

"A wedding a woo,
A clog an' a shoe."

and make feint of taking off their shoes and throwing them at or after the couple.

WEET. To rain *slightly*, very frequently; but never to denote a *heavy* fall. "It's weeting a bit, missis, an' yower clōase is art, ah see!" "Is it bown to weet a bit thinksta?" "It's weeting awalready: doesn't tuh see?"

WELL. To overflow. A person continues pouring into a vessel, looking at some other object the while, not seeing that the liquid is "welling awal ower."

Also, to weld. Not unfrequently has the housewife to send her wedding-ring to the watchmaker's for this purpose; the nature of her work, not tending, as a rule, to its benefit.

WELL-HOUSED. "Ther rarely off 'at's weel-housed sich a neet as this; thuh wodn't grummle at poakering t' fire a bit,"—wouldn't grumble to stir up the fire when asked to do so.

WELL, LADY ANNE'S. On the south-east side of Howley ruins [see **MORLEY**] is a well, with this appellation, to which, "annually, on Palm Sunday, the surrounding villagers have for ages been accustomed to resort to drink its waters on account of their supposed preternatural efficacy, for, at six o'clock on that morning it was believed that they assumed different colours." It was at this early hour that the well was visited. This "Lady Anne" was Lady Anna Villiers, who, in her widowhood, was married to Savile, Earl of Sussex, resident at Howley Hall, where she was known to have been living in 1663. What gave rise to the superstition is not known, though the well is said to have been a favourite haunt of hers. The probabilities are, that the lustre of the family name, and splendid acquirements, did not outshine her charitable deeds, and the precincts of the well (which was at a distance from the hall, and in a declivity) being a favourite haunt of hers, it was thus named afterwards by her dependants, to whom her memory was sacred. It

is very possible, too, that it may have been, as has been supposed, "a place of annual resort for ages," before.

WELLY. Almost. "Welly done up,"—Almost done up,—greatly fatigued.

WELT. To beat. "Gehring welted." "Catch him a welt,"—Give him a blow. "He deserves welting."

WELTER. To beat; to soak. A very rainy night is "a weltering neet."

WENG. To clash with violence. "Shoo wengs t' door i' my faace ivvry time ah goa by," says a woman of her malicious neighbour.

WER. Our. "Ah may tawak tul thuh wal wer tongue flees art o' wer hēad an' be no better;"—the plural is here used for the singular, as in many other cases. "That's wer awan business, māaster, nut yowers,"—our own business, not yours. The word might, with propriety, be spelt "wur," which would be nearer the Anglo-Saxon *wre* than 'our.'

WERSENS. Ourselves. "Us two were thear wersens an' saw or it." "We needn't swēat wersels; ther's another

WERSELS. dāay to morn."

WHACK. To beat.

WHACKER. A large object. "A whacking fellah!" "A whacker on a pig!" "A whacking lump o' brēad!" Also, a severe blow.

WHACKEY. A foolish person; a blockhead.

WHALE. To beat. "Gi'e him a good whāaling!"

WHANGBY. (pron. *whengby*). Old milk cheese. Anything tough is "as tuff as whengby." This sort of cheese is of about the consistency of leather, and about as tasty.

WHEFFLE and WHEFF. Diminutives. The noise, half bark, half snarl, but both suppressed, with which a dog greets the appearance of a stranger; or, the singing noise, and cough-barks, with which it greets its master upon his return home.

WHELM. To turn upside down. "Whelm them cans, an' let t' watter sipe art!"

WHEN. "Say when,"—the common form of desiring a person to call out when sufficient has been received, or a thing

accomplished. A wife pours coffee into the basin for her husband, and says, "Nah s̄āy when!"—tell me when there is enough. "Go on; I'll tell thuh when." In hoisting a bag of wool by means of the crane, one instructed to "s̄āy when" calls out when the particular storey has been arrived at.

WHEWT (pron. *whæwt*). A sort of suppressed whine, unaccompanied by any motion of the features. A dog "whæwts," partly by its nostrils and partly by its mouth, but closed, when shut up in a room as a punishment, not daring to whine aloud; and one told by its owner to hie back home, turns about, and "whæwts" its way onward with its tail between its legs, looking back occasionally.

WHEWTLE. To whistle; to whistle in an under-tone;—this oftenest.

WHIMPLE. To fret and make a noise with the mouth, child-like. A child "whimples" up in a corner when it has been forbidden to cry aloud.

WHIMSEY. A machine of simple construction for hoisting goods to upper stories.

WHIM-WHAMS. Knick-knacks.

WHINS. Furze.

WHIP. A dexterous movement with the hand. A thief steals into a room, "whips up" an article, "an' awāy he goas."

WHIPSTOCK. The handle of a whip.

WHISHT. Silent; a command to silence. "As whisht as a mahs." "Whisht barns!—t' babby's asleep."

WHITE. To pare down wood, as "whiting" a stick for a plug. To shave wood thinly, as in cutting a pencil.

WHITTLE. A diminutive. To reduce by cutting. A person wouldn't be "whittling" if he was cutting down a brush handle by an inch at a time; he only "whittles" his lead-pencil, and the piece of wood which is to serve him for a toothpick. In preparing a plug he would first cut and rough-shape it, then "whittle" it to perfection. A large knife.

WICK. A weed. To pull up bad grass; and *wick*,—alive. "T' thing's wick an' crowling abart,"—The thing is alive and crawling about. "Av rovven me nāl into t' wick." "I'll

wicken thuh up if ah come to thuh,"—a parental threat towards a dilatory child. "Ah'll skin thuh wick if tuh ivver does it agean." "Wicksilver."

VIDENESS. Width. "An' a rare wideness it wor."

VIGGIN. The mountain ash, a sprig of which is often found fastened to the inside of a stable-door as a charm against witchery.

VIND-EGG. An imperfect egg, being covered by a pellicle instead of shell.

WINMOOR. Three to four miles distant, and in the parish of Barwick (where was a granary in the time of the Northumbrian Kings, and which was the seat of Edwin, the builder of a large castle on "Hall Tower Hill," all substantial traces of the same having, of course, disappeared: the "vast fortifications" which remain in earthworks here has led to the belief of their surpassing every similar work in the kingdom). Winmoor bore the name of *Winwaedfeld*, and here, in 655, was fought the great battle between Penda, the old Pagan King of Mercia, with his thirty vassal princes, and Oswy, King of Bernicia, which Bede alludes to when he says, that "more of the Mercians were drowned, as they fled, in the river Winwaed (then having overflowed its banks), than had fallen by the swords of the Northumbrians." *Winwaed*, it seems, was then the name of the river—probably only in that part. This moor, or common, which is now enclosed, was, too, the scene of an engagement in 1643 between the parliamentarians under Sir Thomas Fairfax, and the royalists under Lord Goring, the former being defeated. There is an old superstition, having, it is supposed, a probable origin in the battle of the Saxon era,—that, immediately after a person's death, the soul flitted over Winmoor; and anciently, down into the seventeenth century, a woman came upon the occasion of a funeral, and sang thus over the body:—

"This can neght, this can neght,
Every neght and awle;
Fire and fleet, and can'le leght,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

"When thou fro' hence dost pass away,
Every neght and awle,
To Whinny-Moor thou com'st at last,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

"If ever thou gave either hosen or shun,
Every neght and awle,
Sit thee down and put 'em on,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

"But if hosen or shun thou never gave nean,
Every neght and awle,
The whinnes shall prick thee to the bare beane,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

"From Whinny-Moor that thou may'st pass,
Every neght and awle,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

"Fro' Brig o' Dread that thou may'st pass,
Every neght and awle,
To Purgatory Fire thou com'st at last,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

"If ever thou gave either milk or drink,
Every neght and awle,
The fire shall never make thee shrink,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

"But if milk or drink thou never gave nean,
Every neght and awle,
The fire shall burn thee to the bare beane,
And Christ receive thy sawle."*

WINTER-HEDGE. A clothes-horse.

WIPE. A blow. "Wipe him!"—Strike him! "Fotch him a

* In this instance we are indebted to a little volume published in 1835, entitled, *Walks through Leeds*, emanating from a respectable publishing firm, who appear to have been the authors.

*Quoted by Bishop Kennett, as an "Old North
over a dead corps." MS. Lanad. 10d
let. See also Antiq. Repert. IV. 46*

wipe, he's bin wiping that little un thear—if he wur niver wiped afoar he desarves it now!" "That wur a wiper!"—a blow of great violence.

WISE MAN. A character not altogether defunct yet. He holds a place above mere fortune-tellers, for these are, after all, often supposed to arrive at their knowledge by very ordinary means, and are held in a lower estimation, though, the wise man undertakes this branch of the profession likewise.

We know of three or four of these characters, who, up to a very few years ago, carried on a thriving business in the town. With a witch story in *extenso*, the reader will not care to be troubled, however the truth of the facts might be vouched for, or we could supply the demand. Nevertheless, here is one of another sort, with the recommendation of brevity, along with truthfulness, or rather veracity, for there is that in the one which there isn't in the other oftentimes.

A poor fellow had lost a donkey, so the most economical plan, he thought, would be to go to the wise man at once. He went, and was told to look in or through a glass, which he did, and saw the very identical going along a thoroughfare, trotting behind a coalman's cart. He was told to watch it awhile, so he watched it, through street after street, as seen in the glass, till it turned a corner and entered a yard, where he lost sight of it. The wise man asked him if he knew the quarter, to which he replied that he did, and, at the former's instance, after paying his fee, set off without delay in that direction. He walked boldly up to the house within the yard, and at once demanded his donkey. No such thing as *his* donkey was there! but, making a decided stand, and venting his threats against them, he was at last pointed to a stable, and bid go look for it there, which he did, and finding it, led it away, no doubt in triumph.

Of course the world would get on quite fast enough without these "wise men" and women, whose kind of knowledge is born but to o'er-leap itself, yet, as they are in the world, we cannot lose sight of their doings altogether, nor doubt altogether (speaking for ourselves) their knowledge of the good and evil of a man's life, for

—“who can tell

The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magick spell !” nor, maybe, the price of it. One of these characters died a few years ago, and the neighbours tell for sure how that Satan claimed his own in this instance, if a suffocating stench of brimstone, and other and sundry occurrences in his bed-room at the time of his death, was evidence of it. It isn't in the nature of him (if his vile compound may be dignified with this appellation) who goeth about as a roaring lion (“Sin!—typified Sin!”—you say,—in which case the devil is cut up piece-meal, is down inside most of us, and roaring his hardest the day long) to pass on and take no note of affairs; and being, as a rule, supposed to know what's what, his accredited agents may be here and there. There are those in abundance who won't stickle to do business with him, and certainly there is nothing very alarming about it to those who have got a bit used to him and his ways.

WISSUNDAY. Whiteunday, when the youthful generation don “bran-naew” clothing. “Wissun-Monday,” as it is called, is the general anniversary day of the Sunday-Schools, and a holiday.

WIT. Sense. “Ad ha' nivver goan an' done that!—it lukes as if thad nos wit abart thuh.” “Nut t' wit 'at a barn hes!”

WIT ON'T. To get “t' wit” of a thing, is to come to a knowledge of it, by some means,—to be acquainted privately, or gather by inference. “He thowt tuh manage it nicely, an' noab'dy be onny wiser for't, bud ah gat t' wit on't yester-neet.” “Ther's bown to be a wed here to morn, ah reckon!” “Aye, av gotten wit on't.” The word is separated frequently from the pronoun, and at times (though very seldom) from both this and the preposition. “Ha' ye gotten wit o' his duings?” “Aye, marry hev E.” “Well, well, ah mun get wit somehow or other,”—must arrive at the knowledge by some means.

WITHER. To hurl, or throw down violently. “Ah sent him to t' other side o' t' room wi' a wither!” “He yark'd t' whip art o' me hand an' sent t' box an' t' brass off t' tåable

wi' a wither!" "He wither'd it off t' pēak!" "He wither'd t' stick art'n his hand an' sent him spang-whewing to t' other end o' t' hoil like mad!"

WITTER. "Wittersome."—Fretful and plaining. "Tha'll witter or theesen to dēath!"—a husband says to his wife

WETTER. who continues fretting and plaining at the loss of a child.

WIZZAND. The throat.

WOBBLE. To sway unsteadily from side to side in walking. "He wobbles like a drukken man."

WOE-BE-GONE. (Pronounced *woa-be-gōan*.) When a person has sorrow, melancholy, or despair, featured upon him, he is said to be "woa-be-goan ower summut." Add to these a mixture of surprise, as when one already in such a state of mind receives tidings of an uncalculated-upon, sad event, and the picture of a "woe-be-gone" man is complete. "Nivver sawah onnybody luke more woa-be-goan i' my life then he did when thuh tell'd him."

WOE WORTH! A common exclamation. "Woe worth that lad! he's awalus i' mischief o' some mack." "Woe worth the thing!"

WOODY. Greatly vexed; mad with anger. "He's stark woody, let him alōan preya!"

WOR. Was. In the rural district nearer, and round about, York, *a* takes the place of the *o*, making a still nearer approach to the Danish *var*.

WORRANT. Was not. "It warrant me mother!" "Noa, it warrant thee; thou's a lily-white hen an' nivver lāays awāay."

WORSIT. Worsted.

WRENGLE. Wrangle (pron. *wreng-el*).

WROWT. (Wrought.) Worked. "Ower-wrowt hissel,"—over-worked himself.

WURRIT. To plague. "Wurritted to dēath, what one thing an' what another." "God help them 'at hes barns say I, fur, wurrit, wurrit, wurrit, thuh'd wurrit abody's life out on 'em."

YAFFLE. To bark gently.

YARK. Jerk; to throw quick. "Yark that bawal out o' his hand!" "Yark it here!"

YATE. A gate. Employed exclusively in the rural district about.

YEAD. Head. "Gotten cowl into me yead." "Went yead-first down." "Yead to yead, like blynd owls."

YOKEY. A rascal; a fine fellow (ironically).

YON'-SIDE. In an opposite direction, whether at a distance, or near at hand. "Abart two miles off, ower at yon'-side." "Yon'-side o't' rōad,"—the other side of the way.

YOOIN. As "HOIN," (*which see*.) "Ower-yooiin'd,"—over-fatigued.

YOWER. Your. This was the old pronunciation. "Yower barn's issant in ah see missis?" "Noa, ther off a lāakin' somewhear;—how leedst 'at yower's hesn't goan wi' 'em?"—how comes it that your's hasn't gone with them?

YOWL. To howl. "Ther's barn to be a dēath ameng some on us lad, furt' dog's done nowt bud yowl awalt' neet!" Paddy gives "a yowl" as he rushes upon his antagonist, and is "sent yowling back agean backkards-wāay!"

b,
WITHEA.

to t' othe.

whip art o'

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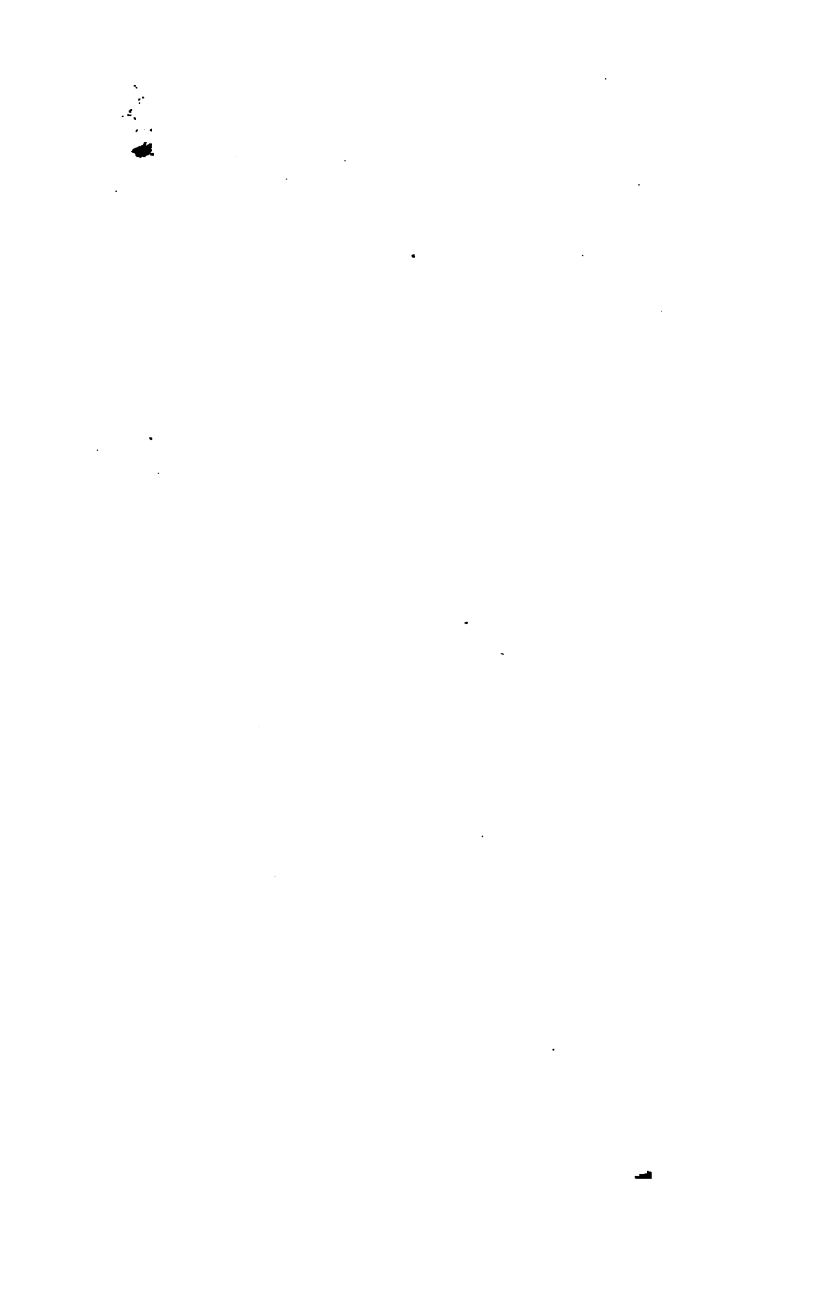
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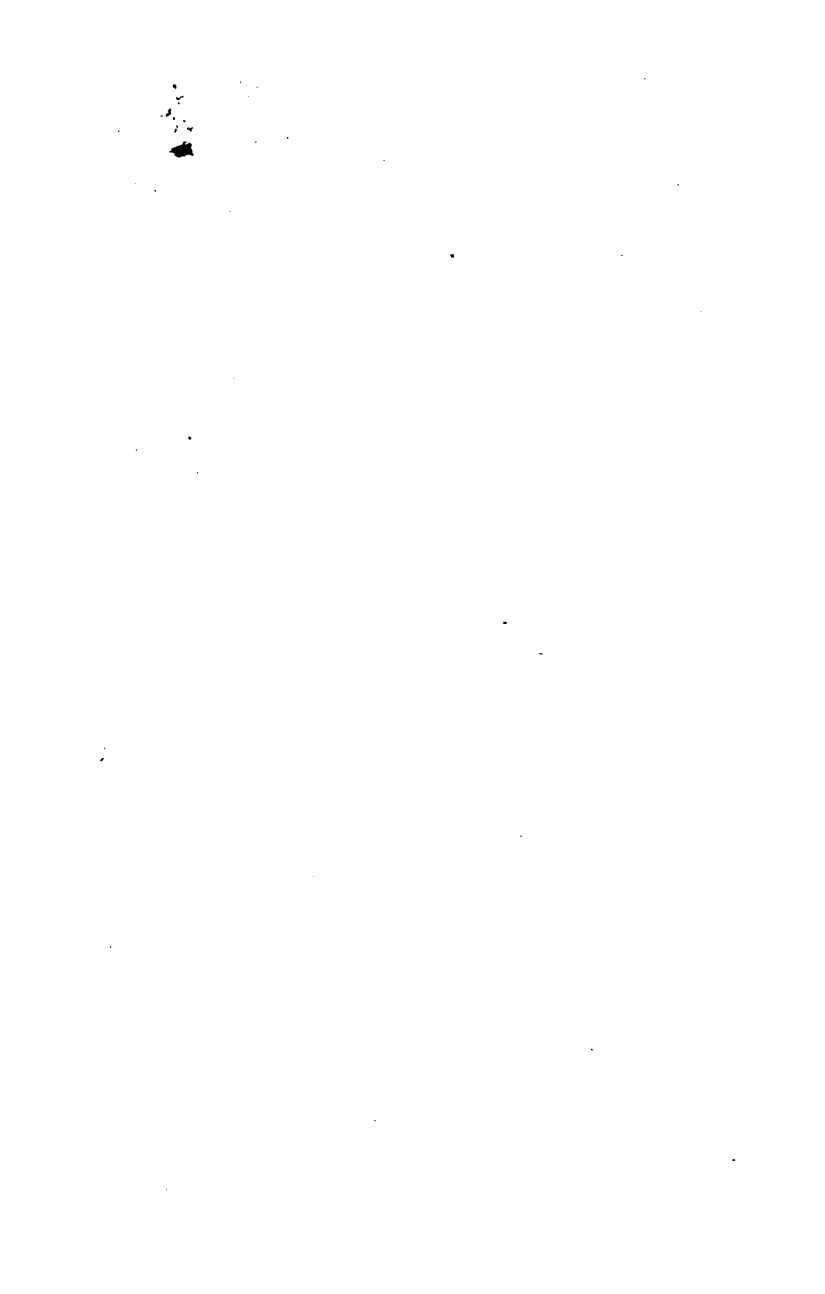
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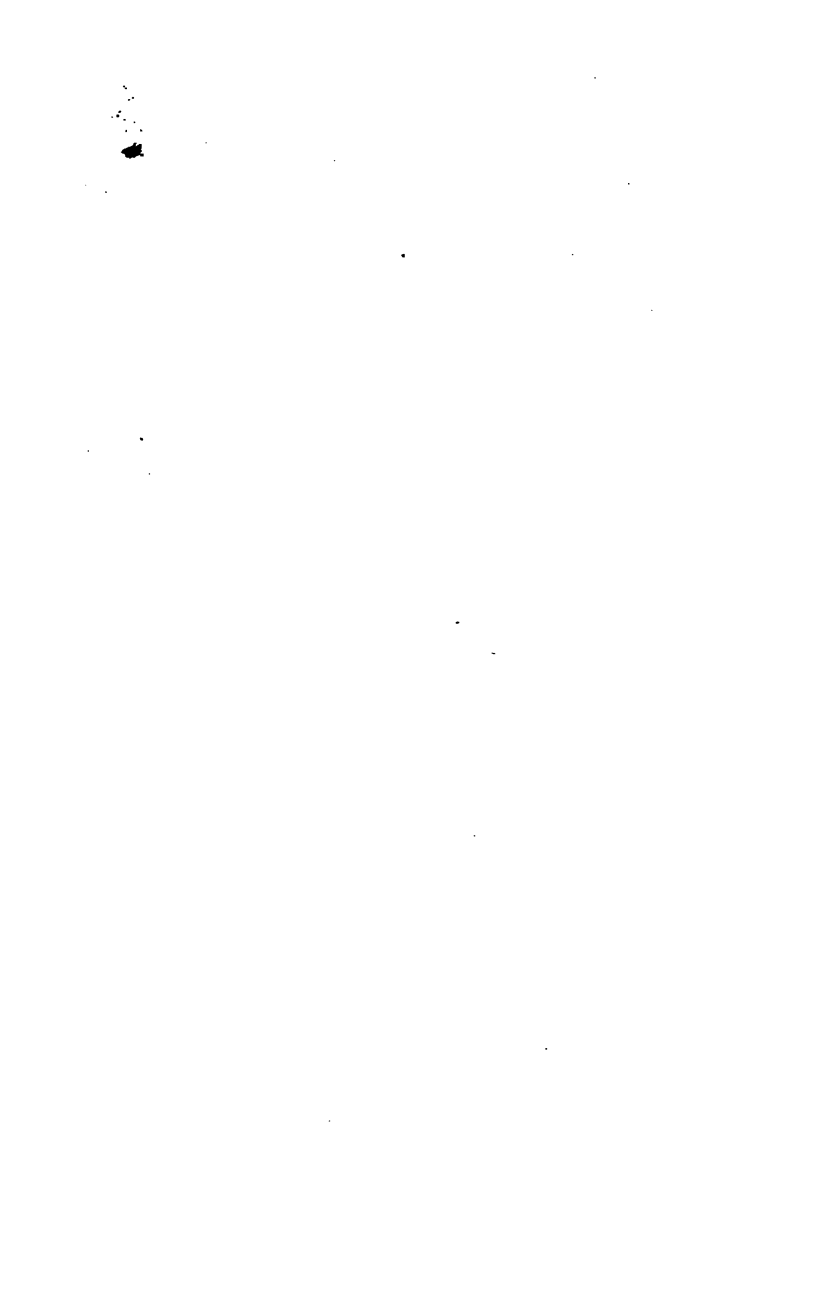
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